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A POETICAL TRANSLATION OF THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS; AND OF THE POEMS of SULPICIA.

WITH

The ORIGINAL TEXT, and NOTES Critical and Explanatory.

BY

JAMES GRAINGER, M.D.

VOL. II.

Μοισας Ερως καλεοι, Μοισαι τον Ερωτα φερόιεν,
Μολπαν ται Μοισαι μοι αει ποθεοντι διδοιεν
Ταν γλυκεραν μολπαν, τας φαρμακον ἀδιον ȣδεν.

BION.

LONDON:
Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand.
MDCCLIX.

ALBII TIBULLI

ELEGIÆ.

THE

ELEGIES

OF

TIBULLUS.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the Second Book.

THIS Book, though ſhorter than the former, is not inferior to it in point of poetical Fancy and amorous Tenderneſs; the numbers flow with the ſame eaſy Correctneſs, and perhaps the Sentiments are more delicate; for, being wholly dedicated to rural Devotion, Friendſhip, and Love, the Reader will meet with nothing in it, offenſive to the ſtricteſt Chaſtity.

If the verſion of the following Books of TIBULLUS ſhould be found leſs liable to Cenſure, than that of the former Volume, it is chiefly to be imputed to the kind obſervations of a Friend, who alſo obliged the Tranſlator with the elegant notes marked *B.*

ALBII TIBULLI

LIBER SECUNDUS.

ELEGIA PRIMA.

QUISQUIS ades, faveas; fruges luſtramus, et agros,
Ritus ut a priſco traditus exſtat avo.
Bacche veni, dulciſque tuis e cornibus uva
Pendeat: et ſpicis tempora cinge Ceres.

Luce

We may, without Heſitation, embrace the Opinion of Muretus, That this Elegy is a Deſcription of the Ambarvalia, a Feſtival inſtituted by Acca Laurentia, and honoured with a ſolemn Sacrifice, for procuring a Bleſſing on the Fields. We may even, with great Probability, ſuppoſe this Poem to make a very intereſting Part of the feſtal Entertainments. But it appears from it, that the Romans, in Tibullus's time, had added many a refined Improvement from the Grecian Ritual, to the plain Inſtitution of the good old Nurſe of Romulus; ſince we find our Poet alluding to all the remarkable Cuſtoms of the feſtal Sacrifices of Greece. Firſt the ſacred Silence is proclaimed, the Εὐφημισμὸς of the Greeks, which reſtrains the Worſhippers from the Uſe of Words of unlucky

TIBULLUS.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ELEGY THE FIRST.

ATTEND! and favour! as our Sires ordain;
The Fields we luſtrate, and the riſing Grain:
Come, Bacchus, and thy Horns with Grapes ſurround;
Come, Ceres, with thy wheaten Garland crown'd;
This

lucky Import. Next follows an Addreſs to the Deities, to whoſe Honour the Feſtival is dedicated. The Holiday being then proclaimed, and a ſtrict Reſt injoined, there follows the Excluſion of all thoſe, who had contracted any Pollution, and an Invitation of the Pure to come with clean Hands and Veſtments to join in the Sacrifice. The Victim is then introduced, going without any Force to the Altar, attended by a Crowd of Worſhippers crowned with Garlands, from the Tree ſacred to the rural Deities. After this, is the Prayer for Bleſſings on the Countryman and his Fields, and Proſperity to the growing Crop. The offering up the Victim ſucceeds, and lucky Omens appearing, the

Luce ſacra requieſcat humus, requieſcat arator ; 5
Et grave ſuſpenſo vomere ceſſet opus.

Solvite

Worſhippers are encouraged to indulge themſelves in Joy and Feſtivity. The ſacred Hymn cloſes the Whole, celebrating the Honours of the rural Deities recounting their various Gifts, and the Bleſſings which they have poured out upon the Country.---Whoever will look into the Collectors of Antiquities will find that theſe are the very Particulars of the Ritual of refined Greece. We may obſerve, that the Proceſſions, Luſtrations, as well as the Buſineſs of the *fratres Arvales*, whoſe Office it was, upon this Occaſion, to ſettle Boundaries, have found their way into a Religion which in its original Inſtitution, was little concerned with Pomp and Ceremony, but has been forced to receive many a ſcenical Foolery from Pagan Rome. B.

1. *Attend ! and favour !*] The Roman Poets alſo expreſs this by

Dicamus bona verba.

Both theſe Forms of Speech intimate a Deſire, on the Part of thoſe who prayed at the Feſtival, that all who were preſent would ſincerely join with them in putting up the ſame Petitions.

The Mythology of the Antients has been aſſigned as one of the Cauſes which have contributed to render their poetical Compoſitions ſuperior to thoſe of the modern.

And no Doubt, that Enthuſiaſm, which is ſo natural to every true Artiſt in the poetical way, was conſiderably inflamed by the whole Turn of their religious Doctrines. When all Nature was ſuppoſed to ſwarm with Genii, and every Oak and Fountain was regarded as the Haunt of ſome preſiding Deity ; what wonder if the Poet was animated by the imagined Influence of ſuch exalted Society ; and found himſelf, as a late Writer elegantly expreſſes it, hurried beyond the ordinary Limits of ſober Humanity. Hence aroſe the Proſopopeia, which, as it is one of the boldeſt, ſo is it one of the moſt pleaſing Figures in Poetry. But may not the Omnipreſence of the one true God afford the Chriſtian Poet

This hallow'd Day ſuſpend each Swain his Toil,
Reſt let the Plough, and reſt th' uncultur'd Soil :

Unyoke

Poet a more exalted Aſſiſtance ? When true Genius is fired with Devotion, Poeſy then ſhines out in all her Splendor.

2. *The Fields we luſtrate*] Macrobius informs us, That the Verb *luſtrare* ſignifies to go round ; eſpecially on a religious or myſtical Account. The Ceremony here alluded to, as has been ſaid, was the *Sacrum Ambervale*, which in ſome old MSS. is placed as a Title to this Elegy. This moſt ſolemn of the rural Ceremonies had the Morning and Forenoon allotted for its Celebration. Cato de R. R. cap. 141. and Virgil, have particularly deſcribed it. And as it may not be unpleaſing to moſt of our Readers, to compare the different Manners of Maro and Tibullus, in repreſenting the ſame Objects, we ſhall here place before them the Picture of this rural Ceremony as drawn by the great Mantuan.

Imprimis venerare Deos, atque annua magnæ
Sacra refer Cereri, lætis operatus in herbis,
Extremæ ſub caſum hiemis, jam vere ſereno,
Tum agni pingues, et tum molliſſima vina :
Tum ſomni dulces, denſæque in montibus umbræ,
Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agreſtis adoret,
Cui tu lacte favos, et miti dilue Baccho ;
Terque novas circum felix eat hoſtia fruges ;
Omnes, quam chorus et ſocii comitentur ovantes,
Et Cererem clamore vocent in tecta.

Geor. I. Ver. 338.

Some Criticks contend, that Tibullus, in this Elegy, does not deſcribe the Ambarval Ceremony, becauſe he mentions ſome Circumſtances relating to it, which Virgil omits, and relates others differently from that Poet. This Argument needs no Confutation.

3. *Come Bacchus.*] This God is frequently called *Taurifor-nis* by the Poets ; but why Horns were planted on his Head Mythologiſts are greatly divided. Some of them look upon Horns as a Mark of Divinity ; but why then do the other

Solvite vincla jugis: nunc ad præſepia debent
Plena coronato ſtare boves capite.

Omnia

Deities appear without this Badge? Others of them aſſign Horns to Bacchus, becauſe Drinking Cups were anciently formed of Horn; and there are, who contend, that he is thus diſtinguiſhed, becauſe he was the firſt who ploughed with Oxen. Thoſe who recollect the old Sentence,

Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus,

may haply be able to afford as ſatisfactory a Reaſon for the cornuted Appearance of this Deity, as any ſuggeſted above. River Gods are frequently repreſented with Horns; but on a very different Account. Pindar makes Bacchus the παρέδρος, or Aſſeſſor of Ceres: and in the Orphic Hymn, addreſſed to that Goddeſs, ſhe is called Βρομίου σύνοχος. They were commonly worſhipped together. See Callimachus's ſixth Hymn.

Some Critics, ſuperſtitiouſly bent to deduce from Scripture the Origin of every mythological Practice, have, from the *Cornuta facies*, common to Moſes and Bacchus, ſuppoſed, that the Lawgiver of the Jews, and that Heathen God, were one and the ſame Perſon. But theſe perſpicacious Critics ſhould have conſidered, that as Adoration is natural to Man, and Ignorance and Conjecture were prior to Wiſdom and Philoſophy, Idolatry, which is the Offspring of Devotion and blind Fancy, never was, nor could be, confined to thoſe few Regions bordering on Judea; nor conſequently derived from the Jews, or any of their Heroes. Were we permitted, becauſe of ſome faint Reſemblances between them, to form one Perſon out of two, we ſhould rather chuſe, from the ſimilar Circumſtances of their Births, Deaths, &c. to make a Romulus, than a Bacchus, of Moſes. Chronology indeed forbids this odd Incorporation; but Writers would do better to interdict their Pen, as Lord Bacon expreſſes it, all Liberties of this Kind, and not offer ſtrange Fires at the Altar of the Lord. G

The Grecians had moſt probably an Hero-God of their own, named Bacchus, to whom they were indebted for ſome of the Improvements of Life. But it is very certain, that many of the Actions, Inventions, and Symbols of the Æ-

gyptian

Unyoke the Steer, his Racks heap high with Hay,
And deck with Wreaths his honeſt Front To-day.

Be

gyptian Oſiris, were, in after times, attributed to him. We have here one Inſtance of it. The Bull was the eſtabliſhed Hieroglyphic of Oſiris, as the Inventor of Agriculture. Greece adopted the Invention for their own Bacchus; but not having the Uſe of the hieroglyphic Characters, they contented themſelves with borrowing an Attribute for their Deity, and aſſigned him the Horns of the Animal, by whoſe Labours he was ſuppoſed to cultivate and introduce Agriculture into the Country. I might add, that whenever Bacchus and Ceres are ſpoken of together, as rural Deities, almoſt every thing applied to them, more properly belongs to Oſiris and Iſis. See a remarkable Inſtance of this, Virg. Georgics, B. 1. Lin. 5. *et ſeq.* to the 9th.

Vos, ob Clariſſima Mundi, &c.

Here Bacchus and Ceres, the humble Inventors of Wine and Agriculture, are exalted into the Heavens, and become Sun and Moon, the great Leaders of the Year through it's Seaſons. We know there is nothing in the Grecian Mythology to ſupport this; and that thoſe heavenly Luminaries are attributed to other Deities. But it is certain, that the Sun and Moon were worſhipped by the Ægyptians under the Denomination of their Hero-Gods Oſiris and Iſis. Vid. Div. Legation, B. 4. Sect. 5. *et alibi paſſim.* B

7. *Unyoke the Steer.*] It was uſual at the Time of theſe Sacrifices to dreſs the Cattle with Garlands, and to give them a Reſpite from Labour. Vid. Faſt. Lib. I. Ver. 663. Lib. VI. Ver. 311.

The ploughing Ox was held in great Eſtimation among the Antients; reſpecting this, Varro, de R. R. Lib II. I. 53. Columella in the Preface to his 6th Book, and Pliny, Lib. VIII. c. 45. may be conſulted. But though we refer to theſe Paſſages, the Tranſlator cannot deny himſelf the Pleaſure of tranſcribing from Ovid the following good-natured Apoſtrophe, in favour of thoſe uſeful Animals.

Omnia ſint operata Deo: non audeat ulla
Lanificam penſis impoſuiſſe manum.

Vos

Quid meruere boves animal ſine fraude doloſque
Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit curvi demto modo pondere aratri
Ruricolam mactare ſuum; qui trita labore
Illa, quibus toties durum renovaverat annum
Tot dederat Meſſes, percuſſit colla ſecuri.

Met. Lib. XV. v. 120.

How did the toiling Ox his Death deſerve?
A down-right ſimple Drudge, and born to ſerve?
O Tyrant! with what Juſtice canſt thou hope
The Promiſe of the Year, a plenteous Crop;
When thou deſtroy'ſt the labouring Steer who till'd,
And plough'd with Pains, thy elſe ungrateful Field?
From his yet reeking Neck to draw the Yoke,
That Neck with which the ſurly Clods he broke;
And to thy Hatchet yield thy Huſbandman,
Who finiſh'd Autumn, and the Year began,

DRYDEN.

Accordingly we find, that in the antient Times of the Roman Republick, a Perſon was publickly condemned, for having felled a labouring Ox *(Bos domitus)* in order to gratify the Longings of one he was fond of. Valer. Maxim. Lib. VIII. l. 1. And, in the Declenſion of that Empire, Conſtantine ordained, that no ploughing Ox ſhould be either diſtrained for Debt, or taken from the Traveller, to ſupply the Place of ſuch, as were wanting to compleat the Number required at the publick Sports and Races.

Scaliger, on the Authority of ſome old MSS. reads the Original of the laſt Line, as follows:

Plena coronato vertice ſtare boves:

Yet moſt MSS. and the beſt Editions read it,

Plena coronato ſtare boves capite.

But without their Concurrence Broekhuſius juſtly obſerves, that Tibullus muſt have thus wrote it, as his Ear taught him

Be all your Thoughts to this grand Work apply'd!
And lay, ye thrifty Fair, your Wool aſide! 10
Hence

him ſollicitouſly to avoid every Combination of harſh hiſſing Conſonants, ſuch as SC. SP. SQ. ST.

Ex Tibullo probanda eſt Tibullianæ ſcriptionis conſuetudo.

10. *And lay, ye thrifty Fair, your Wool aſide.*] There are ſome Things, ſays Servius, which, if done on a Holiday, pollute it. Hence it was, that the Pontiffs, when they were to perform a Sacrifice, ſent out their Beadles to prevent Artificers from working, leſt the ſacred Ceremony ſhould be contaminated. Serv. ad G. Lib I. Ver. 268. And Macrobius tells us, that a Herald alſo was employed on theſe Occaſions to prohibit the People from all ſecular Buſineſs. Thoſe, who unknowingly tranſgreſſed, were obliged to purchaſe their Expiation by ſacrificing a Hog; but the wilful Guilt could not be expiated, in the Opinion of Scævola the High-prieſt. Sat. Lib. c. 16.

Theſe Heralds, from their Office, had the Names of *Præclamitatores & præciæ* beſtowed upon them.

Yet was not all Work forbidden to the Huſbandman; for as Cato de R. R. informs us, they might, even on the moſt ſacred Holiday, clean their Ditches, mend the Highways, cut down Briars, dig their Garden, burn Thorns, weed their Meadows, cleanſe their Fiſh-ponds, bind Withies, and do every Office of Cleanlineſs in their Houſe. C. 2. BROEKHUS.

Pictures of Life and Manners, when truly copied from Nature, however low the Subject, never fail to delight us. And we have here a very faithful one exhibited to us. When the Poet had diſmiſſed Man and Beaſt to reſt, proclaimed a general Holiday, and a Vacation from all Buſineſs, he recollects that his laſt moſt difficult Taſk was, to ſnatch the Diſtaff out of the Hands of the Country Houſewife. Whoever has peep'd into a Farm-houſe, muſt have obſerved the notable Miſtreſs, whatever the reſt of the Family were doing, always in an Hurry, and acting as eagerly upon the leading Principle of the Country, Frugality, as a Court Lady in Pur-

Vos quoque abeſſe procul jubeo, (diſcedite ab aris)
Quis tulit heſterna gaudia nocte Venus.
Caſta placent Superis; pura cum veſte venite,
Et manibus puris ſumite fontis aquam.
Cernite, fulgentes ut eat ſacer agnus ad aras, 15
Vinctaque poſt olea candida turba comas.

Dii

ſuit of Pleaſure. Perhaps one general Reaſon might be aſſigned for the Impetuoſity of both. And the fine Lady Harriet, with the Help of a little Change of Education, might have made a very notable Amaryllis in the Country. B.

12. *Who ſpent in amorous Blandiſhments.*] All matrimonial Converſe with Women was ſtrictly prohibited, during a certain Number of Days preceding the amberval Sacrifices.

Annua venerunt cerealis tempora ſacri.
Secubat in vacuo ſola puella toro.

Complains the amorous Ovid, El. Lib. III. El. 9. but not only the Unchaſte, but Perſons defiled with recent Blood, or polluted with the Touch of a dead Body, were forbidden to approach the Altar.

14. *But come, ye Pure, in ſpotleſs Garbs array'd.*] The pure Veſtment mentioned in the Original, was white, as Ovid, in that wonderful Work of his, the FASTI, informs us.

Alba decent Cererem, veſtes Cerealibus albæ
Sumite; nunc pulli velleris uſus abeſt.

Lib. IV. Ver. 619.

16. *Come! follow thrice the Victim.*] Altho' the ambarval Sacrifice was, generally, either a Sow with Pigs, or a Lamb, yet the Goat and Bullock were ſometimes alſo uſed. But whatever was the Animal, it was conducted thrice with great Solemnity round the Field! (*ter ambiens agros*) and thence obtained the Name Ambarval.

If either in the Proceſſion, or at the Altar, it ſpurned, or ſhewed the leaſt Reluctance, they removed it, as diſpleaſing to

Hence I command you Mortals from the Rite,
Who ſpent in amorous Blandiſhment the Night,
The vernal Powers in Chaſtity delight.
But come, ye Pure, in ſpotleſs Garbs array'd!
For you the ſolemn Feſtival is made!
Come! follow thrice the Victim round the Lands!
In running Water purify your Hands!
See! to the Flames the willing Victim come!
Ye Swains with Olive crown'd, be dumb! be dumb!

From

to the Deity; and ſubſtituted another Victim in its ſtead. Hence the Verb *Eat*, in the Original, and the Epithet *Willing*, in the Tranſlation. At the Altar the Victim was unbound; for, as Servius obſerves,

Piaculum eſt, in ſacrificio aliquid eſſe religatum.

There is a ſenſible Epigram in the Anthology, which informs us, that not only Ceres and Bacchus, but Hercules and Mercury had Offerings made to them by the Huſbandman. Hermes indeed was contented with Milk and Fruits; but, to the former, Sheep and Oxen were ſacrificed. This, it ſeems, diſguſted the penurious Farmer; who being told, Hercules deſerved Victims of that Value, he made this ſpirited Reply; What Difference is there to me, whether my Flock is deſtroyed by Wolves, or by the Keeper?

Τι το πλεον ει το φυλακτεν
Ολλυται ὑπο λυκου ειθ ὑπο του φυλακος.

17. *In running Water purify your Hands!*] Clean Hands were neceſſary in all Sacrifices. Thus Heſiod,

μηδε ποτ' εξ ηους Διι λειβειν αιθοπα οινον
Χερσιν ανιπτοισιν, μηδε αλλοις αθανατοισιν.
Ου γαρ τοιγε κλυουσιν αποπτυουσι δε τ' αρας.

Εργ. ἢ Ημερ. Ver. 724.

Accord-

Dii patrii, purgamus agros, purgamus agreſtes,
Vos mala de noſtris pellite limitibus.
Neu ſeges eludat meſſem fallacibus herbis,
Neu timeat celeres ſegnior agna lupos.
Tunc nitidus plenis confiſus ruſticus agris
Ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco.

Tur-

According to Macrobius, when the Romans ſacrificed to the *Di ſuperi*, they waſhed the whole Body with River Water; but, in Sacrifices to the infernal Gods, a bare Sprinkling was ſufficient. Sea Water was alſo ſometimes uſed for the ſame Purpoſes.

19. *From Ills, O ſylvan Gods.*] The following is the Form of Prayer uſed by a Farmer, upon a like Occaſion:

"O Father, I conjure and entreat you, that you will be "propitious to me, to my Houſe and Family; that you "will diſperſe all Maladies, known and unknown; Cala- "mities, Barrenneſs, Mortalities, and Peſtilence; that you "will give Encreaſe to my Fruits, Corn, Trees, and Vines; "that you will preſerve my Shepherds and my Flocks; and "give Health and Safety to us all." Vid. Cat. de R. R. c. 141.

24. *So ſhall the Hind.*] I ſhould not have hazarded an Explanation of this Paſſage, if I had not obſerved that the meaning of it had eſcaped the Notice of all the Commentators. One of them has produced from Horace, by way of Explanation,

Ædificare caſas, pleſtello adjungere mures.

And again,

Ædificanti caſas qui ſaniet. Lib. II. Sat. 3.

This is Learning! this is that happy Talent of Criticiſm which explains a Paſſage by Authorities from his ſplendid Fellows. But could this ſolemn Trifler think, that an Action which Horace repreſents as the Play of Childhood, which he ſtigmatizes as a glaring Mark of an unſound Head in any

one

" From Ills, O ſylvan Gods, our Limits ſhield,
" To-day we purge the Farmer and the Field;
" O let no Weeds deſtroy the riſing Grain;
" By no fell Prowler be the Lambkin ſlain;
" So ſhall the Hind dread Penury no more;
" But gaily ſmiling o'er his plenteous Store,
" With liberal Hand ſhall larger Billets bring,
" Heap the broad Hearth, and hail the genial Spring.

" His

one that had attained to Manhood, could be conſidered by ſo exact a Writer as Tibullus, as a proper Expreſſion of Gratitude from a Country Village to its divine Protectors? The Words, we ſee, are Part of an Addreſs to the *Dii patrii*, upon a ſolemn Luſtration of the Villagers and their Fields. Firſt, their Protection is invoked for their Harveſt and Flocks, upon the Grant of which an Aſſurance is given, that the happy Farmer and his Family would ſhew their Senſe of the Bleſſing by heaping high the Hearth, and running up haſty Huts of Twigs; both of which muſt be ſuppoſed to be done in Honour of thoſe very Deities to whom the Promiſe is made. Conſider then, that the Lares, the Guardians, and Protectors of Families, muſt be eſpecially deſigned by, or at leaſt included amongſt the *Dii patrii*. Now comfortable Houſes, and warm Fires, were conſidered as their proper Gifts, as peculiarly under their Tutelage: And nothing could be more in the Spirit of Antiquity than for the Farmer and his ſportive Family, in the midſt of their feſtal Joy, and in Gratitude to the bounteous Givers, to exhibit the Repreſentation of the very Gifts which they were ſuppoſed to have received from them. The warm Hut and the blazing Fire were as proper Expreſſions of Gratitude to the Lares, as Arms which had been uſed ſucceſsfully to Hercules, the Firſt-fruits to Ceres, and the Image of a reſtored Limb to Æſculapius, or the Hermæ to Mercury the Guide and Protector of Travellers.

Turbaque vernarum, ſaturi bona ſigna coloni,
Ludet, et ex virgis exſtruet ante caſas.
Eventura precor. Viden' ut felicibus extis
Significet placidos nuntia fibra Deos?
Nunc mihi fumoſos veteris proferte Falernos
Conſulis: et Chio ſolvite vincla cado.
Vina diem celebrent; non feſta luce madere
Eſt rubor, errantes et male ferre pedes.

Rura

27. *His numerous Bond-ſlaves all in goodly Rows.*] Theſe certain Indications of a wealthy Farmer, Horace, with his uſual Courtlineſs of Expreſſion, calls *Ditis examen Domus*; but as that would have appeared flat in Engliſh, Mr. Francis has judiciouſly paſſed it over in his Verſion. So peculiar are Languages!

The *Vernæ* were Slaves born of Slaves.

35. *Pour'd from the Caſk.*] The Original of this cannot be rendered into intelligible Engliſh. The Romans marked their Wine Caſks with the Name of him who was Conſul at the Time when they were filled. They then faſtened them down with Chains. The older the Falernian and Chian Wines were, they became the more eſteemed. They were often mixed together; and this heightened the Flavour of both.

Might not theſe Lines have convinced Dacier, and the other Commentators, who repreſent Tibullus as an indigent Perſon, of their Miſtake? A poor Man could not have afforded to treat a whole Village with old Falernian and Chian Wines. G

Though the Romans, by a very unlucky proverbial Expreſſion, uſed *Græcari* for playing the good Fellow, yet I think that Debauchery and Intemperance were the characteriſtic Manners, neither of the Greeks nor Romans. At their Feſtivals, they indeed thought them an indiſpenſible Part of their religious Rejoicings; and if they were not wholly con-

" His numerous Bond-ſlaves all in goodly Rows,
" With wicker Hutts your Altars ſhall incloſe.
" That done, they'll cheerly laugh, and dance, and play,
" And praiſe your Goodneſs in their uncouth Lay."
The Gods aſſent! ſee! ſee! thoſe Entrails ſhow,
That Heaven approves of what is done below!
Now quaff Falernian, let my Chian Wine,
Pour'd from the Caſk in maſſy Goblets ſhine!
Drink deep, my Friends; all, all, be madly gay,
'Twere Irreligion not to reel To-day!

Health

confined to theſe, it is certain that by their means they firſt got footing amongſt them. Athenæus Deipn. L. III. ch. 3. tells us, that the Antients never indulged themſelves with Dainties, nor drank any Quantity of Wine, but at ſuch times. As a convincing Proof of which he obſerves, that the very Names for luxurious Eating and Drinking have ſome Relation to their religious Sacrifices. Thus Θοινη, a Banquet, is ſo called, becauſe they thought themſelves obliged δια Θεους οινουσθαι, to be drunk in Honour of the Gods; and to be drunk they called μεθυειν, becauſe they were accuſtomed to do it, μετα το θυειν, after Sacrifice. The Romans had adopted the ſame Principles and Practice, as appears from this very ſober Exhortation of the Poet. B

38. *And not a Letter of his Name be loſt.*] Upon certain Occaſions the Romans drank a Bumper for every Letter of their Friend or Miſtreſs's Name. They received this Cuſtom from the Grecians.

40. *Thou nobleſt Splendor of an antient Race.*] The firſt Romans wore Beards, and were repreſented accordingly in their Statues and Pictures. The *Intonſis Avis* of the Original, there-

Sed, Bene Meſſalam, ſua quiſque ad pocula dicat,
Nomen et abſentis ſingula verba ſonent.
Gentis Aquitanae celeber Meſſala triumphis,
Et magna intonſis gloria victor avis,
Huc ades, adſpiraque mihi, dum carmine noſtro
Redditur Agricolis gratia Coelitibus.
Rura cano, ruriſque Deos; his vita magiſtris
Deſuevit querna pellere glande famem.
Illi compoſitis primum docuere tigillis
Exiguam viridi fronde operire caſam.

Rure

therefore ſhews the Antiquity of Meſſala's Family. Varro de R. R. informs us, that Flavius Mena was the firſt who introduced Barbers into Rome; and he brought them from Sicily, A. U. C. 454. Such Circumſtances, though ſeemingly inconſiderable, are yet neceſſary for a thorough Underſtanding of the Claſſics.

48. *And thatch it o'er with Turf, or leafy Sprays.*] Such were the rude Beginnings of Architecture! and ſuch wretched Hovels are ſtill to be ſeen in the barren and mountainous Parts of this great and civilized Iſland! See Vitruv. Archit. L. II. c. 1.

Houſes at firſt being only a Defence from the Weather, and built of whatever rude Materials the Country afforded, Rome was originally compoſed of mud-walled, ſtraw-thatched Cottages. Even Romulus's Palace was a Hut, and as ill furniſhed as thoſe of his Subjects.

Parva fuit, ſi prima velis elementa referre,
Roma: ſed in parva ſpes tamen hujus erat.
Mœnia jam ſtabant populis anguſta futuris;
Credita ſed turbæ nunc nimis ampla ſuæ;

Quæ

Health to Meſſala, every Peaſant toaſt,
And not a Letter of his Name be loſt!

O come, my Friend, whom Gallic Triumphs grace,
Thou nobleſt Splendor of an antient Race;
Thou whom the Arts all emulouſly crown,
Sword of the State, and Honour of the Gown;
My Theme is Gratitude, inſpire my Lays!
O be my Genius! while I ſtrive to praiſe
The rural Deities, the rural Plain,
The Uſe of foodful Corn they taught the Swain.
They taught Man firſt the ſocial Hut to raiſe,
And thatch it o'er with Turf, or leafy Sprays:

They

Qua fuerit noſtri ſi quaeris regia nati,
Adſpice de canna fraxinibuſque domum:
In ſtipu'a placidi carpebat munera ſomni.

Ov. Fast. L. III.

We are certain, that Rome at firſt was only a Huddle of Cottages, without any regular Openings and Streets; nay ſome Philologiſts have conjectured, that that City never had regular Streets like ours, as there is no Latin Word which properly ſignifies a Street: Neither were Rome's firſt Places of Worſhip much more ſuperb than its Houſes, ſince we know, from Pliny, that, till after the Conqueſt of Aſia, the Romans had only wooden, or at beſt earthen Gods in their Temples.

The Tranſlator muſt finiſh this Note with correcting an Error into which he has fallen, in his Notes upon the firſt Elegy of the firſt Book. There, p. 16, it is aſſerted, that no Purchaſer was intitled to the Spoils with which any

Houſe

Illi etiam tauros primum docuiſſe feruntur
Servitium, et plauſtro ſuppoſuiſſe rotam.
Tunc victus abiere feri; tunc inſita pomus;
Tunc bibit irriguas fertilis hortus aquas.
Rure levis verno flores apis ingerit alveo,
Compleat ut dulci ſedula melle favos.

Agri-

Houſe he might buy, was adorned. But the Fact is quite otherwiſe; for Pliny expreſly ſays, it was unlawful to take down theſe Trophies; *Affixis boſtium ſpoliis, nec emptori refigere liceret.*

NAT. HIST. L. 35. c. 2.

Thus it was that the Romans endeavoured to perpetuate the martial Glory of their Anceſtors.

55. *And to their Cells.*] Broekhuſius, contrary to the Opinion of moſt of the Commentators, joins *Verno* to *Alveo*; and, in a far-fetch'd manner, juſtifies this Conſtruction by a Paſſage from Columella. The Tranſlator cannot however help joining *Verno* with *Rure*. It is certain that Martial couples *æſtivum* to *rus*, Lib. 8. Ep. 61. Fruterius reads it,

Rure levis vernos flores, &c.

But the Ear may eaſily convince any one, that Tibullus never wrote it ſo.

59. *Pip'd to his Houſhold Gods.*] A noble Origin this of Poetry! After the Hymns and Sacrifice were over, the Villagers devoted the reſt of the Day to Feaſting and Merriment. Their Merriments, as Horace informs us, chiefly conſiſted in alternate, gay, extempore, innocent, and awkward Jokes.

Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit.

This Holiday Wit, and rude Species of Poetry, was called *Feſcennine & Saturnine*, from the Places in Tuſcany and Latium, where it chiefly prevailed.

From

They firſt to tame the furious Bull eſſay'd,
And on rude Wheels the rolling Carriage laid.
Man left his ſavage Ways; the Garden glow'd,
Fruits not their own admiring Trees beſtow'd,
While thro' the thirſty Ground meandring Runnels flow'd.
There Bees of Sweets diſpoil the breathing Spring,
And to their Cells the dulcet Plunder bring.
The Ploughman firſt to ſooth the toilſome Day,
Chanted in meaſur'd Feet his ſylvan Lay:
And, Seed-time o'er, he firſt in blythſome Vein,
Pip'd to his Houſhold Gods the hymning Strain.

Then

From being practiſed by Ruſticks, and only on theſe Occaſions, this Species of witty Raillery ſoon became the Entertainment of Towns, at their public Diverſions. Then it was, probably, that Muſick and Dancing, with Geſtures ſuited to the Subject, were added, and the Raillery levell'd not only at the Actors, but Spectators. The Succeſs of this motley Entertainment ſuggeſted in time the Idea of another Poem, as various and ſarcaſtic as the former.

From the Country Cuſtom of making Preſents of Baſkets filled with Fruits, Flowers, &c. (*Satura Lances*) upon particular Occaſions, this new Entertainment aſſumed the Name of *Satura Poemata*, or Satyr. By Degrees, both theſe kinds of Raillery became ſo petulant, that Worth and Virtue were often treated by them, with the ſame Severity, as Vice and Folly. This obliged the Magiſtrate to interpoſe his Authority; in conſequence of which, a Law was made, A. U. C. 302, ſubjecting not only the Authors of theſe *Mala Carmina*, but thoſe alſo who recited and acted them, to a Drubbing; and hence the Puniſhment was called, *Fuſtilegium*. Thus

was

Agricola aſſiduo primum ſatiatus aratro,
Cantavit certo ruſtica verba pede.
Et ſatur arenti primum eſt modulatus avena
Carmen, ut ornatos diceret ante Deos.
Aurea tunc preſſos pedibus dedit uva liquores:
Miſtaque ſecuro ſobria lympha mero eſt.
Rura ferunt meſſes, calidi quum ſideris aeſtu
Deponit flavas annua terra comas.
Agricola et minio ſuffuſus, Bacche, rubenti
Primus inexperta duxit ab arte choros.

Huic

was illiberal and dangerous Wit reſtrained; and chaſte Satyr, by the ſucceſſive Endeavours of Lucilius and others, advanced to an eminent Degree of Perfection. But as Policy ſoon diſcovered that theatrical Entertainments, of one kind or another, were neceſſary; a Company of Tuſcan Hiſtors, or Players, (for the Tuſcans were then the beſt Actors) were invited to Rome about forty Years after the Law abovementioned had paſſed. The Language of theſe Tuſcans not being underſtood at Rome, they endeavoured to ſupply this Deficiency by a dumb Sort of Declamation, or eloquent Action, wherein the Motions and Geſtures of the Body were regulated by the Flute, in ſuch a manner as to repreſent every Sentiment and Paſſion to the Eye of the Spectator. This pantomimical Entertainment ſoon, however, fell into Diſuſe, either through the Death of the Tuſcan Performers, or becauſe it poſſeſſed not the poignant Raillery of the former Pieces. Accordingly we find, that in A. U. C. 390, when a Peſtilence (for ſo Hiſtorians call it) raged at Rome, the Magiſtrates were admoniſhed to avert the Anger of the Gods, by exhibiting Plays. In conſequence of this, a ſecond Company was ſent for from Tuſcany; and now they began to act (as Mr. Dryden expreſſes it) a kind of civil cleanly Farce, the Muſic, Dancing, and Geſtures being

Then firſt the Preſs with purple Wine o'er-ran,
And cooling Water made it fit for Man.
The Village-Lad firſt made a Wreath of Flowers
To deck in Spring the tutelary Powers:
Bleſt be the Country, yearly there the Plain
Yields, when the Dog-ſtar burns, the golden Grain:
Thence too thy Chorus, Bacchus, firſt began,
The painted Clown firſt laid the tragic Plan.

A

ing retained. Theſe Exhibitions, which had ſomething in them to entertain the Senſes, and were not withal devoid of Wit and Ridicule, continued in quiet Poſſeſſion of the Roman Theatre for 124 Years. Livius Andronicus was the firſt who brought a regular Play upon the Roman Stage. His Plays were divided into Acts, and modelled after the old Comedy. Andronicus was a Grecian by Birth, and had been taken Captive by the Romans. Having acquired a competent Knowlege of the Language of that People, he was preſented with his Freedom, by his Maſter Salinator, whoſe Children he had educated. This grand ſcenical Revolution, as Tully informs us, happened a Year after the firſt Punic War, and a Year before Ennius was born. Now it was that, among the Romans, the Learned began to ſtudy the Greek Authors: and as the tragic Poets of Greece had carried the Buſkin to ſo great Perfection, thoſe among the Romans, who wrote for the Stage, thought they could not better employ their Talents than in tranſlating thoſe great Originals, for the Entertainment of their Countrymen: And it was not till the Age of Auguſtus, that any Piece, intirely Roman, was introduced upon the Stage.

Although Horace, as well as our Poet, attribute the Invention of Poetry to the Huſbandman, yet many Critics, and eſpecial Scaliger, beſtow that Honour on the Shepherd: And indeed, when we conſider that Flocks were tended before the Earth was ploughed, their Opinion is not improbable. But

as

Huic datus a pleno memorabile munus ovili
Dux pecoris; hirtas duxerat hircus oves.
Rure puer verno primam de flore coronam
Fecit, et antiquis impoſuit Laribus.
Rure etiam teneris curam exhibitura puellis
Molle gerit tergo lucida vellus ovis.
Hinc et femineus labor eſt, hinc penſa, coluſque,
Fuſus et appoſito pollice verſat opus.

Hic

as Poetry is natural to Man, and peculiar to no Nation, who can aſcertain its Inventor?

64. *Bleſt be the Country.*] Broekhuſius ſays, the Poet means the Sun by the *Calidum ſidus*. It ſeems rather that he meant the Dog ſtar. Tibullus calls the growing Corn the Earth's annual Hair. This Metaphor will not do in Engliſh.

66. *Thence too thy Chorus.*] Tragedy was at firſt nothing but an annual Hymn, ſung by Peaſants, in Honour of Bacchus; and he who acquitted himſelf beſt upon this Topic, was rewarded with a Goat. Hence the Greek Name Τραγῳδία. But as the Sameneſs of the Subject muſt at laſt have proved irkſome, not only to the Poet, but to the Audience; it was no Wonder that this Entertainment was afterwards diverſified. Theſpis, a Native of Icaria, a mountainous Part of Attica, where this Ceremony firſt obtained, interrupted the Bacchic Chorus, A. Mund. 3530, by Recitation, on Pretence of eaſing the Chorus, and varying the Amuſement. He happily ſucceeded; and what, at firſt, was only a ſubſidiary Interlude, ſoon became the principal Entertainment. Rude, doubtleſs, it was; for Theſpis, as Ariſtotle hints, employed but one Interlocutor. The Entertainment yet ſcarce merited the Name of Tragedy, which cannot ſubſiſt without Dialogue. Succeeding Poets ſaw this; and, by improving on one another, carried Tragedy to Perfection.

The

A Goat, the Leader of the ſhaggy Throng,
The Village ſent it, recompenc'd the Song.
There too the Sheep his woolly Treaſure wears;
There too the Swain his woolly Treaſure ſhears;
This to the thrifty Dame long Work ſupplies;
The Diſtaff hence, and Baſket took their Riſe.

Hence

The Chorus was retained; but then, it was no longer a Hymn in Honour of Bacchus. The Subject of the Song aroſe from the Subject of the Play; and thoſe who performed it in the Chorus, became eſſential Perſons in the Drama.

Although the Greeks fix upon Attica, as the Place where Tragedy made its firſt Appearance, yet as Man is an imitative Animal, the Source of this Species of Poetry, as well as of the other imitative Arts, is to be ſought for in human Nature. The Chineſe, from the earlieſt Antiquity, have had dramatic Entertainments; and that excellent Hiſtorian Garcilaſſo de la Vega, informs us, in the firſt Part of his *Commentarios Reales*, that the Peruvians compoſed and acted ſeveral Tragedies and Comedies.

The Reaſon for ſacrificing a Goat to the God of Wine, the Antiquarians tell us, was this: Bacchus, having found out the Secret of cultivating the Vine, and of making Wine from the Grape, taught his Diſcovery to one Icarus (Vid. Bulinger. de Theat. L. 1. c. 1.) a Native of Icaria, who ſucceſsfully continued the Practice. One Day, as Icarus was viſiting his Vineyard, he caught a Goat, which had made great Havock among his Vines. Intereſt, and Gratitude to his Inſtructor, equally conſpiring, he ſacrificed the Creature to Bacchus. His Peaſants, who doubtleſs had been invited to ſee the Foe immolated, danced around the Sacrifice, and joyfully ſung the Praiſes of the God. Inſtitutions of this kind, need but be begun, to make them continual. Hence what at firſt was merely accidental, became a Part of annual Devotion.

71. *There too the Swain his woolly Treaſure ſhears.*] See a fine Deſcription of Wool-ſhearing in Mr. Thomſon's Summer.

Atque aliqua aſſiduæ textis operata Minervae
Cantat, et adplauſo tela ſonat latere.
Ipſe interque greges, interque armenta Cupido
Natus, et indomitas dicitur inter equas.
Illic indocto primum ſe exercuit arcu.
Hei mihi, quam doctas nunc habet ille manus!
Nec pecudes velut ante petit: fixiſſe puellas
Geſtit, et audaces perdomuiſſe viros.

Hic

74. *Hence too the various Labours of the Loom.*] Weaving was held in ſuch Eſtimation by the Antients, that the Goddeſs of Wiſdom patronized that Art. Hence not only the greateſt Queens of old, but Circe, the Daughter of the Sun, and a Goddeſs, practiſed it. The Reader, who chuſes to ſee this Subject treated of, with all the Importance it deſerves, muſt peruſe that moſt elegant of dydactic Poems, the Fleece.

76. *Mid Mountain.*] The Author of that delicate Poem, the *Pervigilium Veneris*, alſo makes the God of Love to have been born in the Country.

Ipſe amor, puer Dionæ, rure natus dicitur.
Hunc ager, cum parturiret ipſa, ſuſcepit ſinu;
Ipſa florum delicatis educavit oſculis.

Which are thus elegantly tranſlated by Parnell,

E'en Love (if Fame the Truth of Love declare)
Drew firſt the Breathings of a rural Air.
Some pleaſing Meadow, pregnant Beauty preſt,
She laid her Infant on its flow'ry Breaſt,
From Nature's Sweets he ſipp'd the fragrant Dew,
He ſmil'd, he kiſs'd them, and by kiſſing grew.

G

This Birth of Love is very prettily imagined; and the epiſodical Addreſs to him, in a precatory Hymn to the rural Deities, is not without its Propriety. We know, that to gratify the Farmer's Hopes, his Cattle muſt increaſe as well as his Grain flouriſh, and that Beaſts as well as Men were ſuppoſed to feel the Influence of Almighty Love. Poetry animates

Hence too the various Labours of the Loom,
Thy Praiſe, Minerva, and Arachne's Doom!
Mid Mountain Herds Love firſt drew vital Air,
Unknown to Man, and Man had nought to fear;
'Gainſt Herds, his Bow th' unſkilful Archer drew;
Ah my pierc'd Heart, an Archer now too true!
Now Herds may roam untouch'd, 'tis Cupid's Joy,
The Brave to vanquiſh, and to fix the Coy.

The

mates every thing. In an Heathen Poet's Creed, not only Hills, Trees, Fountains, are inhabited by ſuperior Intelligences, but the very Paſſions themſelves muſt be exalted into Deities. If we ſtrip the Deſcription of Tibullus of its poetical Ornaments, it will be found to agree very well with Truth and Nature. The Workings of the Paſſions in Minds rude and uncultivated, ſuch as an Heathen Poet muſt ſuppoſe the firſt Men to have been, muſt needs be tumultuous and undiſtinguiſhing. Love in this Caſe would be meer Luſt, without either Choice or Diſcernment, raiſed and gratified by the firſt Object that offered; and when exalted into a Perſon, may juſtly be ſuppoſed to have his Birth amongſt Beaſts, or Men little ſuperior to them, and to throw his Arrows about at random. But when the Mind begins to admit of Refinement, becomes curious about its Objects, and delicate in its Purſuits, then Love will only be excited in it by Excellence, either real or imagined; and, deſpiſing promiſcuous Concubinage, and the Poſſeſſion of eaſier Gratifications, it will, with much Pain and Anxiety, and ſevere Diſtreſs upon Miſcarriage, confine itſelf to the Purſuit of ſome favourite Object. Then it is, that the deified Paſſion muſt be ſuppoſed, to become ſkilful in its Buſineſs, to take exact Aim, and neglecting the beſtial Throng, to wound thoſe Hearts deepeſt that are capable of the moſt exquiſite Feeling. Thus does our Poet keep cloſe to Nature, even when

Hic juveni detraxit opes : hic dicere juſſit
Limen ad iratae verba pudenda ſenem.
Hoc duce cuſtodes furtim tranſgreſſa jacentes
Ad juvenem tenebris ſola puella venit:
Et pedibus praetentat iter ſuſpenſa timore,
Explorat caecas cui manus ante vias.

Ah

his Language is moſt figurative, and ſpeaks of the Paſſions, almoſt with as much Preciſion, as the moſt curious Theoriſt. B

88. *With out-ſtretch'd Arms.*] Arioſto, as Broekhuſius remarks, has happily imitated our Poet, in his Fable of Jocondo and Aſtolphus.

Il Greco, ſi come ella li diſegna
Quando ſente dormir tulla la torma,
Viene a l'uſcio, e lo ſpinge, e quel li cede.
Entra pian piano, e va à tenton col piede.

Fa lunghi i paſſi, e ſempre in quel di dietro
Tutta ſi ferma, e l'altro par che mova
A Guiſa, che di dar tema nel vetro
Non che'l terreno habbia calcar, ma l'uoua;
E tien la mano inanzi ſimil metro
Va brancolando in fin che'l letto troua, &c.

CANT. 28. St. 62, 63.

Which is thus rendered by a late Tranſlator,

The Greek, juſt as ſhe had deſign'd at Night,
When all the Crowd he ſleeping did perceive,
Came to the Door, and puſh'd it, and it op'd;
He enter'd ſoftly, and on Tiptoe grop'd.

He makes long Strides, ſtill on his Foot behind
Reſts firm, and ſeem'd as if he cautious led
His t'other Foot, as fearing Glaſs to find,
And that an Egg, not ground, he had to tread:

And

The Youth whoſe Heart the ſoft Emotion feels,
Nor ſighs for Wealth, nor waits at Grandeur's Heels;
Age fir'd by Love is touch'd by Shame no more,
But blabs its Follies at the Fair One's Door!
Led by ſoft Love, the tender trembling Fair
Steals to her Swain, and cheats Suſpicion's Care,
With out-ſtretch'd Arms ſhe wins her darkling Way,
And Tiptoe liſtens that no Noiſe betray!

Ah

And forward, keeping Time, his Hand inclin'd,
Still tottering on, until he found the Bed, &c.

This Sweetneſs, however, the Author of the *Pervigilium Veneris* has attained to.

Ipſa Nymphas Diva luco juſſit ire Myrteo,
It puer comes puellis, nec tamen credi poteſt
Eſſe amorem feriatum, ſi ſagittas vexerit.
Ite Nymphæ, poſuit arma, feriatus eſt Amor.
Juſſus eſt inermis ire, nudus ire juſſus eſt;
Nec quid arcu, nec ſagitta, nec quid igne læderet.
Sed tamen Nymphæ cavete, quod Cupido pulcer eſt.
Eſt in armis totus idem, quando nudus eſt Amor.

Now fair Dione to the myrtle Grove
Sends the gay Nymphs, and ſends her tender Love.
And ſhall they venture? Is it ſafe to go?
While Nymphs have Hearts, and Cupid wears a Bow?
Yes, ſafely venture, 'tis his Mother's Will,
He walks unarm'd, and undeſigning Ill,
His Torch extinct, his Quiver uſeleſs hung,
His Arrows idle, and his Bow unſtrung.
And yet, ye Nymphs, beware, his Eyes have Charms,
And Love that's naked, ſtill is Love in Arms.

Ah miſeri, quos hic graviter Deus urget: at ille
Felix, cui placidus leniter afflat Amor.
Sancte veni dapibus feſtis; ſed pone ſagittas,
Et procul ardentes hinc procul abde faces.
Vos celebrem cantate Deum, pecorique vocate.
Voce, palam pecori, clam ſibi quiſque vocet.
Aut etiam ſibi quiſque palam; nam turba jocoſa
Obſtrepit, et Phrygio tibia curva ſono.
Ludite, jam Nox jungit equos, currumque ſequuntur
Matris laſcivo ſidera fulva choro.
Poſtque venit tacitus fuſcis circumdatus alis
Somnus, et incerto ſomnia vana pede.

And again,

Ruris hic erunt puellæ, &c.

To fill the Preſence of the gentle Court,
From every Quarter, rural Nymphs reſort.
From Woods, from Mountains, from their humble Vales,
From Waters curling with the wanton Gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful Train, the laughing Queen
In Circles ſeats them round the Banks of Green,
And "lovely Girls, ſhe whiſpers, guard your Hearts,
"My Boy, tho' ſtript of Arms, abounds in Arts."

93. *O come—but throw.*]

Come Cupid then, but throw thy Shafts away,
Thy burning Shafts, &c.

Hæc ſunt belliſſima, as Broekhuſius juſtly remarks, *et amænæ ſimplicitatis lenocinio amabiliſſima. Fruſtra ad hanc ſuavitatem adſpirant illi, qui perſpicere non poſſunt, quid ſit pulchritudo naturalis.*

97. *Your*

Ah wretched thoſe, on whom dread Cupid frowns!
How happy they, whoſe mutual Choice he crowns!
Will Love partake the Banquet of the Day?
O come—but throw thy burning Shafts away.

Ye Swains, begin to mighty Love the Song,
Your Songs, ye Swains, to mighty Love belong!
Breathe out aloud your Wiſhes for my Fold,
Your own ſoft Vows in Whiſpers may be told.
But hark! loud Mirth and Muſick fire the Crowd —
Ye now may venture to requeſt aloud!

Purſue your Sports; Night mounts her curtain'd Wane;
The dancing Stars compoſe her filial Train;
Black muffled Sleep ſteals on with ſilent Pace,
And Dreams flit laſt, Imaginations Race!

THE

97. *Your own ſoft Vows.*] When the Superſtitious, among the Antients, were ſollicitous to obtain what Morality forbad them to deſire, they put up private Petitions to the Gods, and imagined that the Gods were, in that Caſe, obliged to grant their Requeſts; more eſpecially when the Offerings they preſented were ſufficiently coſtly. See this abominable Superſtition, forcibly redargued by that great moral Satyriſt Perſius, whom now the Engliſh Reader may with Pleaſure peruſe, in a no leſs faithful than elegant poetical Verſion. When the Antients were particularly anxious about the Attainment of any thing, they uſed to bribe the Keepers of the Temple of their favourite God, to let them come neareſt his Statue, in order that their Petition might be the beſt heard. Senec. Ep. 41.

100. *Night mounts her curtain'd Wane.*] Evening and Night are variouſly repreſented by both Poets and Painters: In one of the Hymns uſually aſcribed by Critics to Orpheus, the Stars, as in our Poet, are called the Daughters of Night. And Theocritus names them

Ευκηλοι κατ' αιτυγα νυκτος απαδοι. Id. 2.

Mr. Thomſon's Deſcription of a Summer's Eve and Night is exquiſitely fine, containing many appropriated and original Images: Neither is the following Picture, by Mr. Smart, deſtitute of real Poetry.

Night, with all her Negro Train,
Took Poſſeſſion of the Plain,
In a Herſe ſhe rode, reclin'd,
Drawn by Scrietch-Owls, ſlow and blind.
Cloſe to her, with printleſs Feet,
Crept Stillneſs, in a winding Sheet.

See his orig. Poems, p. 13.

Mr. Spence, in the Notes on his Dialogue of the Planets, Times, and Seaſons, converts the *Matris* of the Original into *Martis*, and ſo applies it to the Planet *Mars*. But as this Reading is unauthoriz'd by any MSS. or good Edition, and in Truth has no Sort of Connexion with the Context, Night being there repreſented as the Mother of the Stars, we have been obliged to reject it.

104. *Black muffled Sleep.*] Statius and Claudian make Sleep the Charioteer of Night. But the Poſt aſſigned Somnus by our Poet, is both more poetical, and more conſonant to Truth.

This Night-piece is worthy the Pencil of a Claude Lorraine or a Guido Rheni.

ELEGIA SECUNDA.

DICAMUS bona verba, venit Natalis, ad aras.
Quiſquis ades, lingua vir, mulierque faye.
Urantur pia tura ſocis, urantur odores,
Quos tener e terra divite mittit Arabs.
Ipſe ſuos Genius adſit viſurus honores,
Cui decorent ſanctas mollia ſerta comas.
Illius puro deſtillent tempora nardo:
Atque ſatur libo ſit, madeatque mero.

Adnuat

This Elegy celebrates the Birth-day of Cornutus; and is addreſſed to Genius, a Sort of Divinity, who was ſuppoſed conſtantly to attend every Man through the whole Courſe of his Life. It exhibits a Deſcription of the Rites uſually performed on that Occaſion.

In ſome leſs perfect Editions, the Perſon, on whoſe Birth-day this Elegy was written, is called Cerinthus; but as the laborious Broekhuſius has proved, that Cerinthus is the foreign Name of a Slave, and Slaves according to him were not permitted to marry, *ſervis enim non uxores, ſed concubernales erant*; a Wife being mentioned by the Poet as the chief Boon his Friend had to demand of his natal God: and as the oldeſt MSS. and leaſt corrupted Editions read Cornutus, we alſo have retained that Name.

After

THE

SECOND ELEGY.

RISE, happy Morn, without a Cloud ariſe!
This Morn, Cornutus bleſt his Mother's Eyes!
Hence each unholy Wiſh, each adverſe Sound,
As we his Altar's hallowed Verge ſurround!
Let rich Arabian Odors ſcent the Skies,
And ſacred Incenſe from his Altar riſe;
Implor'd, thou tutelary God, deſcend!
And deck'd with flowery Wreaths the Rites attend!
Then as his Brows with precious Unguents flow,
Sweet ſacred Cakes, and liberal Wine beſtow.

O Genius

After all, as we know nothing certain of either Cerinthus, or Cornutus, the Reader may adopt what Name he ſhall think proper.

1. *Riſe, happy Morn, &c.*] The God meant in the Text is Genius. Plutarch (in Lib. de Oracul.) and Plato inform us, that being of a middle Nature between Gods and Men, the Genii were ſuppoſed to be the ſecret Monitors, by whoſe

Adnuat et, Cornute, tibi quodcumque rogabis.
En age, quid ceſſas? adnuet ille; roga.
Auguror, uxoris fidos optabis amores.
Jam reor hoc ipſos edidiciſſe Deos.
Nec tibi malueris totum quaecumque per orbem
Fortis arat valido ruſticus arva bove.
Nec tibi gemmarum quidquid felicibus Indis
Naſcitur, Eoi qua maris unda rubet.

Vota

Inſinuations Mankind were inclined to the Practice of Goodneſs. According to Varro, in his Book intitled *Atticus*, the Antients abſtained from all bloody Sacrifices at the Feſtival of Geniûs: and the Reaſon given for this Conduct is, that they might not deprive other Beings of Life, on that Day, wherein they themſelves joyfully commemorated the Reception of it. They offered Wine indeed, becauſe that promotes Hilarity; as alſo Pulſe, which they called *Tritilla*, that being in antient Times a Child's firſt Spoon Meat. Vid. *Cenſor. de Die natal.* & *Boxborn. Quæſt. Rom.* p. 94.

Genius is derived from *Gigno*; and therefore Horace ſtiles him

Natale Comes qui temperat aſtrum,
Humanæ Deus Naturæ.

Vid. Notes on El. 8. B. 1. and El. 5. B. 4.

2. *This Morn*, &c] This Cornutus, if Broekhuſius is not miſtaken in his Conjecture, is he who was Prætor of Rome A. U. C. 710. in the Conſulate of Hirtius and Panſa; who, in their Abſence, enjoyed the conſular Authority, and was appointed by the Senate *Supplicationes per 50 dies ad omnia pulvinaria conſtituere*, for the Victory obtained at Modena. Vid. Cicer. lib. 10. Ep. fam. 12 & 16. See alſo the Notes on El. 6. B. 3.

However as this Suppoſition is founded upon the Sameneſs of Name only, ſo the Perſon, whoſe Birth our Poet celebrates, may have been ſome young Nobleman of the Sulpician

O Genius, grant whate'er my Friend deſires:
The Cake is ſcatter'd, and the Flame aſpires!
Aſk then, my noble Friend, whate'er you want:
What ſilent ſtill? your Prayer the God will grant:
Uncovetous of rural wide Domains,
You beg no woody Hills, no cultur'd Plains:
Not venal, you requeſt no Eaſtern Stores,
Where ruddy Waters lave the gemmy Shores:

Your

pician or Cœcilian Families, Cornutus being a Surname in both theſe Houſes.

It was the Cuſtom, ſays Dart, to injoin Silence at all religious Invocations; the Prieſt began with the known Expreſſion *Favete linguis*, leſt any Words of ill Omen ſhould injure the Sacrifice. Vid. Hor. Ep. Lib. 3. Ode 1. and Virg. Æn. Lib. 5. but as Tibullus enjoins *bona verba*, which Ovid calls *bonæ preces*; it would ſeem, that Silence was not ſo much expected, as that the Words and Prayers of the Spectators ſhould have a Tendency to further the Happineſs of him, for whom the Offering was made.

The different Manners in which theſe two Lines are printed in the Original, have occaſioned a Variety of Interpretations.

See a more particular Account of the Feſtival of Genius in Ovid, Lib. 3. Triſt. El. 13. Lib. 5. Triſt. El. 5. alſo Lib. 1. Faſt. V. 72. and Lib. 3. Pont. Epiſt. 4.

9. *O Genius, grant, &c.*] Altho' among the Romans each Perſon was ſuppoſed to have his own diſtinct Genius, who was born and died with him, and conſequently, tho' Genius was but a Plebeian Divinity, yet it appears from this, and ſome other Paſſages in the Claſſics, that the Genii were thought to have a Power of beſtowing important Favours on thoſe they attended. They ſeem, however, to be nothing elſe, but the particular Rent of each Perſon, made into a Deity;

Vota cadunt, viden' ut trepidantibus advolet alis.
Flavaque conjugio vincula portet Amor?
Vincula quae maneant ſemper, dum tarda ſenectus
Inducat rugas, inficiatque comas.
Hac venias Natalis avi, prolemque miniſtres,
Ludat et ante tuos turba novella pedes.

ELEGIA

a Deity; and as every Body's own Temper is, in a great meaſure, the Cauſe of his Happineſs or Miſery, they were ſuppoſed to ſhare in all the Enjoyments and Sufferings of the Perſons they attended. Hence, probably, come thoſe Expreſſions among the Antients, of indulging or defrauding your Genius. The *Comes*, or preſiding Genius of the Sex, was a Female, and called *Juno*. The Women, as well as their Admirers, uſed to ſwear by this Deity. Of the latter we have an Inſtance in the laſt Elegy of the laſt Book of Tibullus; and Petronius gives us a pleaſant Inſtance of the former, *Junonem meam iratam habeam*, ſays the debauched Quartilla, *ſi me unquam virginem fuiſſe memini!* On Medals theſe Deities are ſometimes dreſſed, like the Perſons, over whom they preſided. Thus the Juno of a Veſtal was habited like a Nun of that Order. There was no Harm in this; but when the Medalliſts repreſent the Genius of that Monſter Nero, with the *Inſignia* of Piety, Plenty, and Proſperity, we cannot help lamenting at leaſt the Depravity of theſe Artiſts.

16. *Where ruddy Waters lave*, &c.] A Quotation from that accurate and curious Roman Traveller Pietro della Valle, will ſhew the Propriety of this Expreſſion.

Mi maravigliai ben' aſſai del nome di Roſſo, che ſi dà a queſto mare: perche non è come il mar Nero, che per la ſicurezza ſua, che naſce dal fondo cupo e ſporcho, merita degnamente quel nome: in queſto l'acqua è chiariſſima, che ſi vede il fundo più, che non ſi fa a Poſilipo la ſtate; ed a vederla di lontano piglia, come gli altri mari, color di turchino. L'arena poi, dalla quale vogliono alcuni che il nome derivi, (ſon tutte bugie) è come le altre; anzi bianca aſſai più delle noſtre: di maniera, che il nome non può venir da altro, che dal nome proprio di quel rè Eythra, ſepolto in

Your Wiſh I gueſs; you wiſh a beauteous Spouſe,
Joy of your Joy, and faithful to your Vows.
'Tis done! my Friend! ſee nuptial Love appears!
See! in his Hand a yellow Zone he bears!
A yellow Zone, that ſpite of Years ſhall laſt,
And heighten Fondneſs, even when Beauty's paſt.

With happy Signs, great Power, confirm our Prayer,
With endleſs Concord bleſs the married Pair.
O grant, dread Genius, that a numerous Race
Of beauteous Infants crown their fond Embrace;
Their beauteous Infants round thy Feet ſhall play,
And keep with cuſtom'd Rites this happy Day.

THE

un' iſola del oceano meridionale come dice Strabone, che ſignificava Roſſo; dal quale, come ſi vede in uſo appreſſo i Latini, tutto quel mare, e non il ſolo ſeno Arabico, che è una particella di eſſo, preſe di Roſſo il nome; che da' moderni poi, forſe perche così lo chiama la Sacra Scrittura nel paſſaggio degli Ebrei, al ſeno Arabico, di cui parliamo, più ſpetialmente a ſtato appropriato.

BROEKHUS. p. 232.

19. *'Tis done, &c.*] The Original of this Paſſage Mr. Dart, in conformity to Achilles Statius, interprets,

Alas, your Prayers are ſlighted, *&c.*

But the ſubſequent Part of the Elegy ſhews the Miſtake.

Beſides, we know the Antients ſuppoſed, that Genius was very complaiſant upon thoſe Occaſions, never refuſing any Petition. The nuptial Bed was conſecrated to this God.

Not only Men, but Cities and Nations had their Genii. The Concealment of the Names of the latter was looked upon as of the higheſt Conſequence; it being believed, that

when a Town was inveſted, or a Country harraſs'd by War, if the Enemy implored them by their right Appellation, they would abandon that City or Nation.

Cicero twice uſes the Word *cadere* in the ſame Senſe that our Poet uſes it.

20. *And in his Hand a yellow Zone he bears.*] Yellow was conſecrated, by the Antients, to the God of Marriage.

23. *With happy Signs, great Power, confirm,* &c.] The Original of this Paſſage is variouſly read. According to Heinſius's Correction it is,

Hue venias natalis avi, prolemque miniſtres.

But Scaliger, and other Editors, print it thus,

Huc veniat Natalis avis prolemque miniſtret.

The natal Bird, which this Reading ſuppoſes, was, according to them, the Crow. It is true, Ælian (de Anim. Lib. 3. c. 9.) tells us, he was informed, that the Antients, in their Marriages, were wont to invoke that Bird, after

their

their Addreſſes to Hymenæus, it being regarded as a Symbol of Concord by thoſe who married on account of Children. The Paſſage, however, upon which they build this their Interpretation, plainly ſhews, that the Crow was not looked upon, in the Days of Hadrian, as propitious to Marriage; and we have the Authority of Virgil and Horace, not to mention Pliny the Elder, for aſſerting, that the Crow was a Bird of bad Omen. The *hac Avi* then, of the Original ſignifies *hoc Augurio*; as is expreſſed in the Verſion, where ſomething of Scaliger's Interpretation is alſo retained.

According to Vulpius they uſed to obſerve at the Birth of a Child, what Birds either flew paſt, or made a Noiſe, and from theſe Circumſtances predicted good or bad Fortune to their Progeny. But as Cupid ſome few Lines before is repreſented with *Strepitantibus alis*, that Critic is of Opinion that the *Natalis Avis* mentioned in the Text, is the God of Love, who, at the Birth of Cornutus and his Wife, gave happy Omens. But though it is true, that Bion has repreſented Love as a large Bird, the Interpretation ſeems too far-fetched for Tibullus.

ELEGIA TERTIA.

RURA meam, Cornute, tenent villaeque puellam.
Ferreus eſt eheu quiſquis in urbe manet.
Ipſa Venus laetos jam nunc migravit in agros,
Verbaque aratoris ruſtica diſcit Amor.
O ego, quum dominam adſpicerem, quam fortiter illic
Verſarem valido pingue bidente ſolum.
Agricolaeque modo curvum ſectarer aratrum,
Dum ſubigunt ſteriles arva ſerenda boves.
Nec quererer, quod Sol graciles exureret artus,
Laederet aut teneras puſtula rupta manus.

Nec

Nemeſis, to whom the remaining Elegies in this Book are addreſſed, had gone from Rome, to her Eſtate in the Country, to be preſent, as is ſuppoſed, at the Feſtival of the God Terminus, which was annually celebrated about the 21ſt of Feb. As the Poet was deeply enamoured of Nemeſis, her Departure gave him great Uneaſineſs; but being informed, that ſhe meant to continue at her Seat till the Vintage and Harveſt were paſt, he determined to follow her in the Dreſs of a Peaſant, and by getting himſelf employed in her Fields, thus to enjoy the Satisfaction of beholding her undiſcover'd. Cornutus probably objected to the Diſgrace of this Metamorphoſis; but to this Tibullus gave an appropriated Anſwer; the God of Poets, Apollo himſelf, in Circumſtances analogous.

THE THIRD ELEGY.

MY fair, Cornutus, to the Country's flown,
Oh how inſipid is the City grown!
No Taſte have they for Elegance refin'd;
No tender Boſoms, who remain behind:
Now Cytherea glads the laughing Plain,
And Smiles and Sports compoſe her ſylvan Train.
Now Cupid joys to learn the Ploughman's Phraſe,
And clad a Peaſant o'er the Fallows ſtrays.
O how the weighty Prong I'll buſy weild!
Should the Fair wander to the labour'd Field;
A Farmer then the crooked Plough-ſhare hold,
Whilſt the dull Ox prepares the vigorous Mold:
I'd not complain tho' Phœbus burnt the Lands,
And painful Bliſters ſwell'd my tender Hands.

Adme-

gous to mine, ſaid he, abandoned Heaven, and became the Herdſman of Admetus: Nay ſo thoroughly was that Deity maſtered by Love, that he withdrew his Attention from the Del-

Pavit et Admeti tauros formoſus Apollo :
Nec cithara, intonſae profueruntve comae.
Nec potuit curas ſanare ſalubribus herbis ;
Quidquid erat medicae vicerat artis Amor.
Ipſe Deus ſolitus ſtabulis expellere vaccas,
Et potum feſſas ducere fluminibus ;
Et miſcere novo docuiſſe coagula lacte,
Lacteus, et miſtis obriguiſſe liquor.
Tunc fiſcella levi detexta eſt vimine junci,
Raraque per nexus eſt via facta ſero.
O quoties illo vitulum geſtante per agros
Dicitur occurrens erubuiſſe ſoror.

O quo-

Delphian Shrine, &c. and ſubmitted to perform the meaneſt rural Drudgeries.

As Tibullus deemed his Friend's Approbation of Conſequence, he enumerates theſe Servilities, and therefore the Tranſlator cannot help thinking that the Line

Ipſe Deus, &c.

and the three following, being deſcriptive of theſe, are genuine. What farther confirms the Tranſlator in his Opinion of their Authenticity, is, that Ovid makes uſe of the ſame Argument in his Art of Love.

But probably, the Example of Apollo had not all the Influence on the uninſpired and laughing Cornutus, that our Poet could have wiſhed. Tibullus therefore curſes the Occaſion of his amorous Traveſty, exclaims againſt Agricukure, and wiſhes for a Return of the golden Age ; but ſuddenly changing his Tone, he offers himſelf to the meaneſt and moſt laborious Employments of the Country, to enjoy the Felicity of obeying his Miſtreſs.

Propertius's 19 El. Lib. 2. and Ovid's beautiful Invitation to Corinna, from his Country Seat, may be compared with this.

5. *Nota*

Admetus' Herds the fair Apollo drove,
In ſpite of Med'cine's Power, a Prey to Love;
Nor aught avail'd to ſooth his amorous Care,
His Lyre of ſilver Sound, or waving Hair.
To quench their Thirſt, the Kine to Streams he led,
And drove them from their Paſture to the Shed:
The Milk to curdle, then, the Fair he taught,
And from the Cheeſe to ſtrain the dulcet Draught.
Oft, oft his Virgin-ſiſter bluſh'd for Shame,
As bearing Lambkins o'er the Field he came!

Oft

5. *Now Cytherea glads*, &c.] Hercules Strozza, no mean Poet of Ferrara, has happily imitated this Paſſage of Tibullus;

Rura peto; valeatque forum, valeantque ſodales.
Et Venus et Veneris ceſſit in arva puer.
Paſcit Amor pecus; at numerum Cytherea recenſet:
Vomere dura gravi jugera findit Hymen.
Et dominam mirantur Oves, dominumque volucrem:
Vicinaſque rudis combibit agna faces.
*Plus ſolito petulans aries ſalit; icta*que *tellus*
Sentit aratori numen ineſſe ſuo.

Lib. 1. Am. El. 2.

Strozza inherited the poetical Talent of his Father Titus.

7. *Now Cupid joys to learn*, &c.] It is not improbable, as Broekhuſius remarks, that Tibullus was indebted to Moſchus's Epigram Εις ἐρωτα ἀροτριωντα, for this Thought.

9. *O how*, &c.] Hammond's 7th Elegy is almoſt a Tranſlation of this.

15. *Admetus' Herds*, &c.] Mythologiſts aſſign different Reaſons for Apollo's Abſence from Heaven; but whatever the Cauſe was, Love (according to theſe Gentlemen) ſoon made

O quoties auſae, caneret dum valle ſub alta,
Rumpere mugitu carmina docta boves.
Saepe duces trepidis petiere oracula rebus:
Venit et e templis irrita turba domum.
Saepe horrere ſacros doluit Latona capillos,
Quos admirata eſt ipſa noverca prius.
Quiſquis inornatumque caput, crineſque ſolutos
Adſpiceret, Phoebi quaereret ille comam.
Delos ubi nunc, Phoebe, tua eſt? ubi Delphica Pytho?
Nempe Amor in parva te jubet eſſe caſa.

Felices

made him leſs ſolicitous to regain his native Skies. Alceſtis, the Wife of Admetus was his Favourite; but it is probable, that all his Endeavours to gain that Lady proved ineffectual; for when Admetus, in a dangerous Fit of Illneſs, conſulted the Oracle for a Remedy, and was anſwered, that he muſt periſh unleſs another would die in his room, ſhe, with a Diſintereſtedneſs and Love peculiar to conjugal Fidelity, became the willing Sacrifice, and by her Death recovered her Huſband. It happened fortunately, that Hercules arrived at Admetus's Palace the very Day that Alceſti was ſacrificed; and having been well entertained by that Prince, expreſſed his Gratitude to him by deſcending into Hell, foiling Death, and bringing back again Alceſti to her beloved Huſband. Upon this Fable Euripides has founded one of his moſt pathetic Tragedies.

The Ladies are not greatly indebted to the Mythologiſts, who have unanimouſly repreſented Apollo, tho' ἀεὶ καλὸς ἠδ' ἀεὶ νέος, always beautiful, and always young, as unſucceſsful in his Amours: but whatever Reaſon they have to complain, thoſe who are fond of Poetry have none; as the Repulſe, that God met with from Daphne, hath given riſe to a Piece in Waller, which for Eaſe of Numbers, and

Happineſs

Oft would he ſing the liſtning Vales among,
Till lowing Oxen broke the plaintive Song.
To Delphi, trembling anxious Chiefs repair,
But got no Anſwer, Phœbus was not there.
Thy curling Locks that charm'd a Step-dame's Eye,
A jealous Step-dame, now neglected fly!
To ſee thee, Phœbus, thus diſigur'd ſtray!
Who could diſcover the fair God of Day?
Conſtrain'd by Cupid in a Cott to pine,
Where was thy Delos, where thy Pythian Shrine?

Thrice

Happineſs of fabulous Alluſion, is ſurpaſſed by few modern Poems. Vid. his Story of Daphne and Phœbus applied.

19. *To quench their Thirſt*, &c.] If Love had ſo much Power over Apollo, as to make him undergo, not only the moſt ſervile Drudgeries, but alſo to neglect the Fate of Nations; ſurely, I may be excuſed, argues our Poet, when the ſame Paſſion obliges me to become a Ploughman. But ſhould not Tibullus have added, that as his Nemeſis every way excelled Apollo's Flame; ſo he himſelf, in acting the Part he did, was more excuſeable than the Deity? This gallant Addition, Mr. Prior, had he produced Phœbus's Conduct as on Apology for his own, would not have omitted, though Mr. Hammond has.

21. *The Milk to curdle*, &c.] Homer, Il. 5. mentions the Juice of the Fig, as applied to this Purpoſe. All Acids coagulate Milk.

Nor was Apollo only bountiful to the Swains in thoſe reſpects; Callimachus records many other Inſtances of Bleſſings, which, in this his Abſence from Heaven, he beſtowed on the Country.

Felices olim, Veneri quum fertur aperte
Servire aeternos non puduiſſe Deos.
Fabula nunc ille eſt; ſed cui ſua cura puella eſt,
Fabula ſit, mavult, quam ſine amore Deus.
At tibi dura Ceres, Nemeſin quae abducis ab urbe,
Perſolvat nulla ſemina terra fide.
Et tu, Bacche tener, jucundae conſitor uvae,
Tu quoque devotos, Bacche, relinque lacus.
Haud inpune licet formoſas triſtibus agris
Abdere: non tanti ſunt tua muſta, pater.
O valeant fruges; ne ſint modo rure puellae,
Glans alat, et priſco more bibantur aquae.

Glans

φοῖβον γὰρ νόμιον κικλήσκομεν ἐξ ἔτι καῖνα
Ἔξοχ' ἐπ' ἀμφρύσῳ ζευγηλατίδας ἔτρεφεν ἵππους
Ηθεσου ὑπ' ἐρῶτι κεκαυσμένος ἀδμήτοιο, &c.

Vid. his Hymn Εις Απολλωνα, V. 46, &c.

Which Prior has thus tranſlated,

Thee, Nomian, we adore, for that from Heaven
Deſcending, thou on fair Amphryſus' Banks
Didſt guard Admetus' Herds; ſithence the Cow
Produc'd an ampler Store of Milk, and the She-Goat
Not without Pain dragg'd her diſtended Udder,
And Ews that erſt brought forth but ſingle Lambs,
Now dropp'd their two-fold Burdens; bleſt the Cattle
On which Apollo caſt his favouring Eye.

23. *Oft, oft his virgin-ſiſter*, &c.] Valerius Flaccus has imitated this Thought in the firſt Book of his *Argonauts*; a Poem, which, however little read, is by no means deſtitute of many ſtriking poetical Beauties.

Thrice happy Days, when Love almighty ſway'd!
And openly the Gods his Will obey'd.
Now Love's ſoft Power's become a common Jeſt—
Yet thoſe, who feel his Influence in their Breaſt,
The Prudes Contempt, the Wiſeman's Sneer deſpiſe,
Nor would his Chains forego, to rule the Skies.

Curſt Farm! that forc'd my Nemeſis from Town,
Blaſts taint thy Vines, and Rains thy Harveſts drown.
Tho' Hymns implore your Aid, great God of Wine!
Aſſiſt the Lover, and neglect the Vine;
To Shades, unpuniſh'd, ne'er let Beauty ſtray;
Not all your Vintage can its Abſence pay!
Rather than Harveſt ſhould the Fair detain,
May Rills and Acorns feed th' unactive Swain!

The

Te quoque dant campi tanto paſtore phœbi
Felices Admeti. Tuis nam pendet in arvis
Delius, irato Steropen quod fuderat arcu.
Ah quoties famulo notis ſoror obvia ſylvis
Flevit, ubi Oſſæ captaret frigora quercus,
Pectaret et pingui merſos Babcide crines!

V. 444.

31. *To ſee thee, Phœbus,* &c.] As the Antients ſuppoſed, that Apollo ſhewed a particular Fondneſs for fine long curling Hair, they never failed in their Addreſſes to that God, to praiſe him, as poſſeſſing that Ornament. Hence in the Hymns aſcribed to Orpheus, Apollo is ſtiled χρυσοκομος, and by other Greek Poets, ακερσεκομης, and ακειροκομας, and by the Latins *Crinitus*. In Imitation of their Patron-God, the Bards of old alſo affected to wear long Hair. Thus Virgil repreſents Jopas.

Glans aluit veteres, et paſſim ſemper amarunt.
Quid nocuit, ſulcos non habuiſſe ſatos?
Tum quibus adſpirabat amor, praebebat aperte
Mitis in umbroſa gaudia valle Venus.
Nullus erat cuſtos, nulla excluſura volentes
Janua; ſi fas eſt, mos, precor, ille redi.
Ducite; ad imperium dominae ſulcabimus agros.
Non ego me vinclis verberibuſque nego.

ELEGIA

Phavorinus, in a Quotation which Stobæus has preſerved of his, uſes ζητειν in the ſame Senſe, as Tibullus uſes *quærere* in this Paſſage. Serm. 64.

34. *Where was thy Delos, &c.*] Delos is an Iſland in the Ægean Sea, the moſt famous of the Cyclades, the Birth-place of Apollo and his Siſter Diana; upon which Account it was held in ſuch Reverence by the Antients, that when the Perſians, in one of their Expeditions againſt Greece, anchored there with a thouſand Ships, nought belonging to the Iſland was violated by the Army.

Etymologiſts ſay, it obtained the Name of *Delos*, απο του δηλου, from its ſuddenly emerging from the Waves at the Command of Neptune. Latona, not daring to remain long during her Pregnancy, in a known Place, the jealous Juno having diſpatched the Serpent Python in purſuit of her, was here ſafely delivered. Apollo afterwards ſlew this Serpent. Vid. Ovid's Met. The Athenians, in performance of a Vow, made by Theſeus, ſent, every Year, a ſacred Veſſel to Delos, with Offerings to that God. Till this Veſſel returned to Athens, the Puniſhment of Criminals, however guilty they were, was reſpited. As ſoon as Apollo's Prieſt crowned the Poop of the Veſſel, which was the Signal for ſailing, the City was purified.

Delphi was a City of Phocis, in the Neighbourhood of Parnaſſus, built by Delphus the Son of Apollo, or Neptune. It was of difficult Acceſs, being ſituated among Rocks and frightful Precipices. Here Apollo had a famous Temple, to

The Swains of old, no golden Ceres knew,
And yet how fervent was their Love and true?
Their melting Vows the Paphian Queen approv'd,
And every Valley witneſs'd how they lov'd.
Then lurk'd no Spies to catch the willing Maid;
Doorleſs each Houſe; in vain no Shepherd pray'd.
Once more ye ſimple Uſages obtain!
No — lead me, drive me to the cultur'd Plain!
Enchain me, whip me, if the Fair command;
Whipp'd, and enchain'd, I'll plough the ſtubborn Land!

THE

to which other Nations, as well as the Greeks, repaired in Times of public Diſtreſs, to learn, how an end might be put to their Calamities, as alſo to be informed of the Manner in which any Enterprize ought to be conducted, or what would be the Iſſue of any Event. The Pythoneſs, or Prieſteſs of this Temple, was famed for the Ambiguity of her Anſwers. As nothing is more profuſe than ſuperſtitious Credulity, the Riches brought to this Temple were immenſe; inſomuch, that the Retainers to the Temple, could well afford to maintain Spies every where, to inform them of what paſſed, or was likely to happen, as well as Poets, to verſify their Reſponces. The Name by which Delphi now goes, is *Salona*. Vid. Steph. Dict. See alſo the Abbe Banier for the immenſe Wealth of this Temple.

41. *Curs'd Farm*, &c.] Editions in general read,

At tibi dura ſeges, &c.

And the Commentators make *ſeges* here to ſignify Nemeſis's Eſtate; but as there is no Authority for this Application of that Term in any other Claſſic, Broekhuſius adopts Heinſius's Correction,

At tibi dura Ceres &c.

And this the Dutchman thinks warranted by the immediate Introduction of Bacchus in the Original. The Tranſlator,

however, has preferred the firſt Reading, that being ſupported by moſt MSS.

48. *May Rills and Acorns*, &c.] This Thought ſhews the Intenſeneſs of our Author's Paſſion for Nemeſis. The Romans highly eſteemed Agriculture. Cicero ſpeaks of it as *proxima ſapientiæ*; and Tibullus ſeems to have been of the ſame Opinion.

The wiſe and good Boethius has drawn no contemptible Picture of this primæval Simplicity, Lib. 2. Carm. 5. although we cannot agree with him, when he wiſhes for a Return of that State.

55. *Once more ye ſimple Uſages obtain!*
No — lead me, drive me to the cultur'd Plain!] This abrupt

rupt Refuſal of a State, from which he expected ſo much Happineſs, is ſo ſtrongly expreſſive of Love, that it may be put in Competition with any of the moſt boaſted Paſſages in the heroic Poets, where a ſudden Change of impetuous Deſire is expreſſed.

Slaves were employed in performing the more ſervile Offices of Huſbandry; and their moſt faithful Labours ſeldom exempted them from the Chain. It is indeed ſhocking to Humanity to think, with what Cruelty theſe unfortunate Wretches were treated by their Roman Maſters. See Mr. Hume's entertaining Diſcourſe on the Populouſneſs of antient Nations.

ELEGIA QUARTA.

HIC mihi ſervitium video, dominamque paratam.
Jam mihi libertas illa paterna vale.
Servitium ſed triſte datur, teneorque catenis,
Et numquam miſero vincla remittet Amor.
Et, ſeu quid merui, ſeu quid peccavimus, urit.
Uror; iô remove, ſaeve puella, faces.

Ego

Tibullus, finding all his Endeavours to gain the Heart of Nemeſis unavailing, determined to conquer his Affection for her; he accordingly put his Reſolution in Practice; but finding his every Effort ineffectual, he gave over the Struggle, yielded to his Deſtiny, and ſent her the following beautiful Elegy, in which he acknowleges the Sovereignty which her Charms had gained over him, and entreats her to mitigate her Cruelty.

The whole Poem is a Tempeſt (if the Expreſſion may be allowed) of amorous and contrary Affections. By theſe, our Author is particularly diſtinguiſhed from Ovid and Propertius. Theſe Poets, generally begin, and end their Elegies with the ſame Paſſion; whereas the Reader will often find in one of Tibullus's, all thoſe Contrarieties and Tranſitions, which peculiarly characterize the Paſſion of Love, and are ſo beautiful in Poetry. This juſtifies the elegant Encomium, which Joannes Baptiſta Pius beſtows on our Author; *Princeps elegorum poetarum eſt dubio procul Al. Tibullus, quia*

THE FOURTH ELEGY.

CHAINS, and a haughty Fair I fearleſs view!
Hopes of paternal Freedom all adieu.
Ah when will Love compaſſionate my Woes?
In one ſad Tenour my Exiſtence flows:
Whether I kiſs or bite the galling Chain,
Alike my Pleaſure, and alike my Pain.
I burn, I burn! oh baniſh my Deſpair!
Oh eaſe my Torture, too too cruel Fair:

Rather

quia vere amantem agit. Modo ſuperbit, modo ſupplicat, annuit, renuit, minatur, intercedit, dedignatur, devovet, orat, inconſtans eſt, quod voluit, non vult, quod optavit, refugit, ſecum diſſidens, ut in vera Cupidinis rota circumagi credas.

Major Pack's Verſion of this Elegy, would have been more in the Spirit of Tibullus, had he mingled leſs Wit with it.

1. *Chains, and a haughty Fair*, &c.] Chains, Impriſonment, Flames, Darts, have been huddled together, by many a gentle Writer, who imagined himſelf qualified for telling a curious Love-tale; and probably they have drawn much Self-complacency from this Paſſage of Tibullus, who has expreſſed, and probably felt all the ſoft Diſtreſſes of the tender

O ego ne poſſim tales ſentire dolores,
Quam mallem in gelidis montibus eſſe lapis!
Stare vel inſanis cautes obnoxia ventis,
Naufraga quam vaſti tunderet ira maris!
Nunc et amara dies, et noctis amarior umbra eſt:
Omnia jam triſti tempora felle madent.
Nec proſunt Elegi, nec carminis auctor Apollo.
Illa cava precium flagitat uſque manu.
Ite procul Muſae, ſi nil prodeſtis amanti,
Non ego vos, ut ſint bella canenda, colo.
Nec refero Soliſque vias, et qualis, ubi orbem
Complevit, verſis Luna recurrit equis.
Ad dominam faciles aditus per carmina quaero.
Ite procul Muſae, ſi nihil iſta valent.

At

Paſſion, ſuperior to every other Writer. But whatever Tibullus feels, he never loſes his Judgment and Correctneſs in Writing. A little Attention will convince us, that the Metaphor here is ſim, le, intire, and uniformly purſued throughout. The Tyranny of the Paſſion of Love over Reaſon; the Waywardneſs of a Love-ſtricken Mind; and the Diſtreſſes which it feels from the Caprice and Frowns of an haughty Miſtreſs; ſuggeſted to Tibullus, that the moſt abject State of Slavery aptly repreſented the Condition of a drooping Lover. Let us not eſtimate the Severity of this Servitude by our own Cuſtoms and Manners. We muſt ſtep into America to ſee cruel Inſtances of it: or if we look into antient Times we ſhall find, that thoſe, who were Servants utterly loſt their Liberty, loſt all Power over their Actions, and almoſt over their Thoughts themſelves: that thoſe of them whoſe Condition was the worſt, were employed in the heavieſt Labours; were conſtantly kept in Chains; had ſe-

vere

Rather than feel ſuch vaſt, ſuch matchleſs Woe,
I'd riſe ſome Rock o'erſpread with endleſs Snow!
Or frown a Cliff on ſome diſaſtrous Shore,
Where Ships are wreck'd, and Tempeſts ever roar!

In penſive Gloomineſs I paſs the Night,
Nor feel Contentment at the Dawn of Light.
What though the God of Verſe my Woes indite,
What though I ſoothing Elegies can write,
No Strains of Elegy her Pride controul;
Gold is the Paſſport to her venal Soul.
I aſk not of the Nine the epic Lay;
Ye Nine! or aid my Paſſion, or away.
I aſk not to deſcribe in lofty Strain,
The Sun's Eclipſes, or the lunar Wane;
To win Admiſſion to the haughty Maid,
Alone I crave your elegiac Aid;
But if ſhe ſtill contemns the tearful Lay,
Ye, and your Elegies, away, away!

In

vere Taſk-maſters ſet over them; and upon every ſlight Occaſion, were expoſed to ſome of thoſe ſharp Torments, which a Slave in Plautus thus humourouſly deſcribes:

---- *Stimulos, laminas, cruceſque compedeſque,*
Nervos, catenas, carceres numellas, pedicas, bilas,
Indoctoreſque acerrimos, gnaroſque noſtri tergi.

Laminas here anſwers to *faces* in Tibullus. They were heated Bars of Iron uſed in the Puniſhment of Slaves. Thus

At mihi per caedem, et facinus ſunt dona paranda;
Ne jaceam clauſam flebilis ante domum.
Aut rapiam ſuſpenſa ſacris inſignia fanis.
Sed Venus ante alios eſt violanda mihi.
Illa malum facinus ſuadet, dominamque rapacem
Dat mihi: ſacrilegas ſentiat illa manus.
O pereat quicumque legit virideſque zmaragdos,
Et niveam Tyrio murice tinguit ovem.
Hic dat avaritiae ſtimulos: hinc Coa puellis
Veſtis, et a Rubro lucida concha mari.
Haec fecere malas: hinc clavim janua ſenſit,
Et coepit cuſtos liminis eſſe canis.

Sed

Cicero, in his Accuſation of Verres, for treating a Roman Citizen as a Slave, charges him, *Quid, cum ignes et ardentes laminæ, ceteriique cruciatus admovebantur?* So that, when Tibullus cries out, "*io remove, ſæva puella, faces,*" he is ſtill deſcribing the metaphorical Slavery he was fallen into. We ſhall now know, what to do with the following Line,

Et, ſeu quid merui, ſeu quid peccavimus, uror.

One of the Commentators thinking it hard, that a Man ſhould be burnt for his good Deſerts, has explained *quid merui* by *quid deliqui*; he might as well have ſaid *peccavi*; but *peccavimus* followed, and the Critic was reſolved to vary the Word, if he could not the Image: but Tibullus well knew how to do both. His Deſign was to repreſent the Hardneſs of his Slavery; and to this Purpoſe he declares, that ſuch was the capricious Cruelty of his Miſtreſs, ſuch the Severity of Love his Taſk-maſter and Torturer, that he was not only cloſely kept in Chains, but had the Torture wantonly applied, whether he was faithful to the Offices Love injoined, or was rebellious, mutinous, or negligent; that is, that his Miſtreſs

was

In vain I aſk, but Gold ne'er aſks in vain;
Then will I deſolate the World for Gain!
For Gold, I'll impious plunder every Shrine;
But chief, O Venus, will I plunder thine!
By thee compell'd, I love a venal Maid,
And quit for bloody Fields my peaceful Shade:
By thee compell'd, I rob the hallowed Shrine,
Then chiefly Venus will I plunder thine!

Periſh the Man! whoſe curſt induſtrious Toil
Or finds the Gem, or dies the wooly Spoil;
Hence, hence the Sex's Avarice aroſe,
And Art with Nature not enough beſtows:
Hence, the fierce Dog was poſted for a Guard,
The Fair grew venal, and their Gates were barr'd.

But

was cruel, and Love a Torment to him, as well when he attempted to pleaſe her, as when he was impatient under her harſh Uſage, and endeavoured to regain his Eaſe and Liberty. B

10. *I'd riſe a Rock, &c.*] As the Antients had but imperfect Aſſurances of a future State, many of them regarded mere animal Life, as the greateſt of Bleſſings, and dedicated every Hour to ſome ſenſual Gratification. This manner of Living, at leaſt, was not unuſual among the Epicureans; a Sect, from which, we have reaſon to think, Tibullus was not averſe. His Miſery therefore muſt have been extreme, when it forced him, to wiſh for ſuch a Metamorphoſis, as not only would have deprived him, of every Satisfaction of Senſe, but rendered him, an eternal Curſe and Reproach to all Sea-faring People.

17. *No Strains of Elegy.*] Some Critics contend, that Tibullus here aſcribes to Apollo the Invention of Elegy, and thereby determines the Diſpute, which ſo warmly engaged the

Sed precium ſi grande feras, cuſtodia victa eſt:
Nec prohibent claves, et canis ipſe tacet.
Heu quicumque dedit formam coeleſtis avarae,
Quale bonum multis addidit ille malis!
Hinc fletus, rixaeque ſonant; haec denique cauſſa
Fecit, ut infamis hic Deus eſſet Amor.
At tibi, quae precio victos excludis amantes,
Diripiant partas ventus et ignis opes.
Quin tua tunc juvenes ſpectent incendia laeti,
Nec quiſquam flammae ſedulus addat aquam.
Seu tibi mors veniat, neque ſit qui lugeat ullus,
Nec qui det moeſtas munus in exſequias.

At

Grammarians of the Auguſtan Age; but others with more Reaſon ſuppoſe that the Poet, in this Place, intended only in general to repreſent this God as the Author and Patron of Poetry. The Tranſlator has given the Line a Senſe different from both; with what Propriety the Reader will determine.

29. *Then will I fill the World*, &c.] The *Facinus* and *Cedes*, in the Original, allude to the many Maſſacres and Proſcriptions, which were the dreadful Effects of thoſe Civil Wars, which at laſt extinguiſhed the Liberty of Rome. The Butcheries, by which Octavius acquired the Sovereignty of the World, fixed ſuch Diſgrace upon himſelf, and ſo deeply ſta ned his Family with the Imputation of Cruelty, that even the Mercies of Cæſar are become ſuſpected. Indeed, neither Auguſtus nor Julius, are to be accuſed of having been the firſt, who ſubverted the Conſtitution of their Country; for this was done in the Days of Marius and Sylla: And if we conſider the Venality of the People, the Luxury of the Senate, the ſ.. all Number of good Men, who ſurvived the public Calamities; and add to this, the Rapaciouſneſs of the Generals,

and

But weighty Preſents Vigilance o'ercome,
The Gate burſts open, and the Dog is dumb.

From venal Charms, ye Gods! what Miſchiefs flow?
The Joy, how much o'er-ballanc'd by the Woe!
Hence, hence ſo few, ſweet Love, frequent thy Fane,
Hence impious Slander loads thy guiltleſs Reign.

But ye! who ſell your heavenly Charms for Hire,
Your ill-got Riches be conſum'd with Fire!
May not one Lover ſtrive to quench the Blaze,
But ſmile malicious, as o'er all it preys!
And when ye die, no gentle Friend be near,
To catch your Breath, or ſhed a genuine Tear!
Behind the Corpſe, to march in ſolemn Show,
Or Syrian Odors on the Pile beſtow.

Far

and Governors of Provinces; we ſhall be induced, perhaps, to allow, that Auguſtus had it not in his Power, to comply with Agrippa's Advice, of reſtoring Rome to its old Plan of Government.

30. *But chief, O Cupid,* &c.] Our Poet ſeems here unjuſtly to accuſe the God of Love; for no Paſſion is leſs mercenary, than that, which he inſpires. It muſt be admitted, however, that Tibullus acts a gallant Part at leaſt, in endeavouring to remove an Aſperſion from his Miſtreſs; tho' his Regard for Cupid may be called in queſtion, when he attempts to fix this Odium upon him. He ſeems to be aware of this, and therefore involves alſo in his Cenſure thoſe who certainly better deſerved it.

35. *Periſh*

At bona quae, nec avara fuit, centum licet annos
Vixerit, ardentem flebitur ante rogum.
Atque aliquis senior, veteres veneratus amores,
Annua constructo serta dabit tumulo.
Et, bene, discedens dicet, placideque quiescas,
Terraque securae sit super ossa levis.

Vera

35. *Perish the Man!* &c.] Propertius derives female Infidelity, and female Avarice, from the same Sources, see Lib. 3. El. 11. which is a keen and witty, if not a just Invective.

42. *The Gate bursts open, and the Dog is dumb.*] A Bawd, in Plautus, thus describes the Behaviour of a new Lover.

——————— *Ubi de pleno promitur*
Neque ille scit quid det, quid damni faciat, illi rei studet.
Volt placere sese Amicæ, volt mihi, volt pedissequæ,
Volt famulis, volt etiam ancillis, et quoque catulo meo
Subblanditur novus amator, se ut cum videat, gaudeat.

ASIN. Act. 1. l. 5.

Andreas Maranus, a Poet of Vicenza, seems to have had this Passage of Tibullus in his Eye in one of his Elegies.

Optamus sero, quæ oblata remisimus ultro.
Utere felici dum licet esse tibi.
Mox subeunt casus, subeuntque pericula mille,
Advigelat custos advigelatque Canis.
Interia obrepunt morbi vel decolor ætas,
Blanditias nec fas dicere, nec facere.

VULP.

But more correspondent to our Poet's Sentiments is the following Greek Epigram:

Ην μεν το χαραγμα φερης φιλος ουτε θυρωρος
Εν ποσιν, ουτε κυων εν προθυροις δεδεται.

Will the Reader pardon me one Quotation more? It is a humorous Epitaph, on a Dog which belonged to a married Lady of Intrigue.

Latrato

Far other Fates attend the generous Maid,
Tho' Age and Sickneſs bid her Beauties fade,
Still ſhe's rever'd; and when Death's eaſy Call
Has freed her Spirit from Life's anxious Thrall,
The pitying Neighbours all her Loſs deplore,
And many a weeping Friend beſets the Door;
While ſome old Lover touch'd with grateful Woe,
Shall yearly Garlands on her Tomb beſtow;
And home returning, thus the Fair addreſs,
'Light may the Turf thy gentle Boſom preſs.'

'Tis

Latratu fures excepi, mutus amantes.
Sic placui Domino, ſic placui Dominæ.

48. *But ye who ſell, &c.*] By the Pronoun *Tibi* in the Text, the Poet ſeems to have had ſome particular Perſon in his Eye.

The Antients looked upon it, as one of the moſt dreadful Misfortunes, which could befal any Perſon, to be deprived of funeral Honours.

The inculcating of this, was one of the wiſeſt Contrivances of antient Legiſlation, and was tranſmitted originally from Egypt to Greece. By it, not only private Murders, but Vices of all kinds, were, in a great meaſure, checked or prevented. For, as an ingenious Writer obſerves, it was a Cuſtom among the Egyptians, before they interred their Dead, to canvaſs over their Actions, and to bring their whole paſt Life to a Tryal, before Judges appointed for that Purpoſe. Thoſe who, upon a fair and impartial Examination, were found to have lived a virtuous and good Life, were diſmiſſed from the Tribunal, with Praiſes proportionable to their Merit, recommended as worthy Examples to Poſterity, and aſſigned over to the Society of the Bleſſed in the Shades below; but others, in whoſe Characters, Vice and Miſchief were predominant, were publickly branded with Infamy,

Vera quidem moneo: ſed proſunt quid mihi vera?
Illius eſt nobis lege colendus amor.
Quin etiam ſedes jubeat ſi vendere avitas:
Ite ſub imperium, ſub titulumque lares.
Quidquid habet Circe, quidquid Medea veneni,
Quidquid et herbarum Theſſala terra gerit:
Et quod, ubi indomitis gregibus Venus afflat amores,
Hippomanes cupidae ſtillat ab inguine equae:
(Si modo me placido videat Nemeſis mea vultu)
Mille alias herbas miſceat illa: bibam.

ELEGIA

Infamy, and aſſign'd over to the Regions of Affliction, (*Died. Sicul.*) As every one was convinced, that he ſhould undergo this impartial Tryal after Death, wherein his former Abilities, Power, and Fortune, could avail nothing to avert a proper and juſt Sentence; ſuch Examples were powerful Checks to Vice, and pleaſing Incentives to Virtue. The Legiſlators having found their End in this Inſtitution, enforced the Obſervance of it, by the Superſtition already mentioned, that thoſe, whoſe Bodies were unburied, ſhould wander in a State of Reſtleſſneſs a Hundred Years on the Banks of the River Styx. Now, this was invented to obviate by Terror, the clandeſtine Interment of thoſe, whom the ſurviving Parents or Relations were afraid to bring to this Teſt of Juſtice, being deſirous to ſhelter the Memory of the Defunct from Ignominy, by an Omiſſion of this Ceremony. The publick Interment of the Body, being firſt inſiſted upon, only as concomitant to the Rites, and by Corruption afterwards, made a neceſſary Part of them.

62. *Shall yearly Garlands*, &c.] Joannes Baptiſta Pius (Annot. poſter c. 115.) imagines, that theſe Garlands were compoſed ſolely of Parſley; but Magius has ſhewn the Falſity of this. Broekhuſius is of Opinion, that the Poet in this Place meant Garlands of Roſes; and indeed innumerable Quotations

'Tis Truth; but what has Truth with Love to do?
Imperious Cupid, I ſubmit to you!
To ſell my Father's Seat ſhould you command;
Adieu my Father's Gods, my Father's Land!
From madding Mares, whate'er of Poyſon flows,
Or on the Forehead of their Offspring grows,
Whate'er Medea brew'd of baleful Juice,
What noxious Herbs Æmathian Hills produce;
Of all, let Nemeſis a Draught compoſe,
Or mingle Poyſons, feller ſtill than thoſe;
If ſhe but ſmile, the deadly Cup I'll drain,
Forget her Avarice, and exult in Pain!

THE

tations might be brought from the Claſſics to prove, that Roſes were uſed of old, in the adorning of Tombs.

65. *Light may the Turf*, &c.] Propertius ſays,

Sit ſibi terra levis, mulier digniſſima vita.

Hence we often meet with the initial Letters S. T. T. L. upon antient Tomb-ſtones.

68. *To ſell my Father's Seat*, &c.] Upon ſuch Verſes of our Author as theſe, have the Commentators reared the trite Opinion, that Tibullus, by his Extravagance, ſquandered away his Fortune. The Text, however, cannot be conſtrued into any ſuch Meaning. Ovid, with more Juſtice, might be ſaid to have ſpent his Inheritance, from the following Lines;

Illud et illud habet, nec ea contenta rapina eſt,
Sub titulum noſtros miſit avara lares.

Remed. Amor.

But, in Truth, ſmall Streſs is to be laid upon ſuch Expreſſions in the Poets; and therefore Broekhuſius might have ſpared

ſpared the Cenſure he paſſes on Tibullus, on Account of this Paſſage, Elegy delighting in imaginary Diſtreſſes.

69. *From madding Mares, &c.*] Critics are greatly divided in their Opinions about the *Hippomanes*. Theophraſtus, Ariſtotle, and Theocritus mention a Plant of that Name, the Smell of which made Mares run mad for the Stallion. While ſome Commentators aſſert, that it was a Fig-like Excreſcence which grew on the Forehead of a Foal; and which being bit off, and ſwallowed by the Mother, made her paſſionately fond of her Offspring. Hence it came to be uſed in Philtres of old, and to be applied metaphorically, to expreſs Love. Others contend, that it was a Poyſon, *quod equas in libidinem excitatas e locis mittebant.*

72. *What noxious Herbs*, &c.] The Theſſalians being a wild and uncivilized People, it is no Wonder that they were addicted to the Follies of Witchcraft. Their Country produced many powerful Plants; and ſome of the firſt Phyſicians, we read of, were born there.

The Word *Venenum* does not always mean Poyſon, ſince Horace and other approved Writers, uſe it often to ſignify the Juice of ſuch magical Herbs, as were proper to correct the Malignity of Poyſon. It alſo ſometimes ſignifies a Love-potion. In this Place, however, it ſtands for Poyſon, and not a Philtre; for our Poet at preſent was in no need of the latter, being already ſufficiently fond of Nemeſis: But whether he would have been in reality as good as his Word, let the Lover determine.

Mr. Hammond's firſt Elegy is an Imitation of this.

ELEGIA QUINTA.

PHOEBE fave; novus ingreditur tua templa ſacerdos;
Huc age cum cithara, carminibuſque veni.
Nunc te vocales inpellere pollice chordas,
Nunc precor ad laudes flectere verba meas.

Ipſe

Meſſalinus, to whom the following noble Elegy is addreſſed, was the Son of the illuſtrious Meſſala. This young Nobleman, whom both Hiſtorians and Poets repreſent, as inheriting his Father's Eloquence, had been appointed one of the quindecemviral Prieſts, to whoſe Care the keeping and Interpretation of the Sibylline Oracles were entruſted. As theſe venerable Writings, had been depoſited by Auguſtus, under the Statue of Apollo, in his new Temple, erected on Mount Palatine and as Apollo was ſuppoſed to preſide over Vaticination, and in a particular manner, over theſe myſterious Volumes, the Poet begins his Poem with an Addreſs to Apollo, whom he earneſtly implores, to be preſent at the Inauguration of the new Pontiff. Moreover, as theſe Writings were never conſulted, but in the greateſt Emergency, and then only, when the Senate paſſed a Decree for that Purpoſe: and as their Interpretation, even then, was thought to be ſuggeſted by Apollo, Tibullus entreats the God to aſſiſt his young Friend, whenever public Calamities ſhould render it neceſſary for the Prieſts to have Recourſe to them.

The

THE FIFTH ELEGY.

TO hear our ſolemn Vows, O Phœbus deign!
A novel Pontiff treads thy ſacred Fane:
Nor diſtant hear, dread Power! 'tis Rome's Requeſt,
That with thy golden Lyre thou ſtandſt confeſt:
Deign mighty Bard! to ſtrike the vocal String,
And praiſe thy Pontiff; we, his Praiſes ſing:

Around

The Romans were proud of being thought the Poſterity of the Trojans; and their Poets embraced every Opportunity of making their Court to the People by adopting that Notion. Nor was this Prejudice confined to the meaner Sort of Romans; Julius Cæſar, and his Succeſſor, either believed, or effected, from political Motives, to believe that they were Deſcendants of Æneas (Vid. Suet. in Vit. J. Cæſ. et Aug.) Nay ſo far was this Folly carried, that Auguſtus entertained a Deſign of tranſferring the Seat of Empire from Rome to Troy; which City, by his, and Julius's Attention, was again in a flouriſhing Situation. This, the Romans dreaded not a little; and to ſuch a Height did their Apprehenſions encreaſe, A. U. C. 734, when Auguſtus was in Syria, that Horace, all Courtier as he was, is

Ipſe triumphali devinctus tempora lauro,
Dum cumulant aras, ad tua ſacra veni.
Sed nitidus, pulcerque veni; nunc indue veſtem
Sepoſitam, longas nunc bene pecte comas.
Qualem te memorant, Saturno rege fugato,
Victori laudes concinuiſſe Jovi.

Tu

ſuppoſed, to have written that noble Ode, *Juſtum et tenacem*. Lib. 3. Od. 5, obliquely to diſſwade the Emperor from that Meaſure. As this, however, was a very delicate Subject, and none knew better to flatter his Patron than Horace, he abruptly breaks off,

Non hæc jocoſæ conveniunt Lyræ.

Tibullus, however, not lying under the ſame Obligations to Auguſtus as the lyric Poet, and neither courting the Smiles, nor dreading the Frowns of the Court, he, like a true Patriot, in all the Enthuſiaſm of Poetry, introduces the Sibyl, puſhing on Æneas to the new Settlement deſtined by Heaven for him and his Followers, in Italy. This Event, ſays the Propheteſs, whenever it takes Place, will effectually recompence you for your preſent Loſs, and future Diſaſters, you yourſelf being to become a God; as your Poſterity, the Romans, are predeſtined to conquer the World, of which Rome is to be the Capital.

This Surmiſe, which no Commentator has touched on, throws a particular Beauty on the whole of the Sibyl's Speech, which otherwiſe appears inaptly placed, where it now is inſerted.

Shall we pay a Compliment to Horace and Tibullus (who probably let one another into the full Scope of their Patriot-productions) and ſuppoſe, that theſe, had ſome Weight with the Emperor of the World? At all Events, as Auguſtus profeſſed a great Veneration for the Sybilline Books, and was anxious to be thought the Son of Apollo (ſee the Notes) who, he ſaid, fought for him at the Battle of Actium; the People (whoſe Prejudices, to the removing

Around thy Brows, triumphant Laurels twine,
Thine Altar viſit, and thy Rites divine:
New fluſh thy Charms, new curl thy waving Hair;
O come the God in Veſtment, and in Air!
When Saturn was dethron'd, ſo crown'd with Bays,
So rob'd, thou ſungſt th' Almighty Victor's Praiſe.

What

moving their Seat of Empire, muſt have been augmented, by our Poet's well-timed Prophecy) would have regarded Auguſtus's Breach of the Sybil's Orders, as the moſt impious of Violations. Beſides ſo flagrant a Diſreſpect, and in one too, of ſuch Eminence, might have produced the moſt fatal Conſequences to his Government, by weakening the Reverence which his Subjects entertained for the Sybilline Writings. This, Auguſtus was too ſenſible, not to perceive, and too political, not to avoid.

But, if the Tranſlator is deceived in his Conjecture of the Deſign, which Tibullus propoſed to himſelf, in writing this fine Poem, he, however, ſincerely wiſhes, that the Nine may always devote their Raptures to the Service of their Country, and never proſtitute their Talents, in flattering Tyranny, or inflaming the Paſſions of guilty Greatneſs. The People ſhall then joyfully acknowledge the Language of the Gods, and own the Muſes for the legitimate Daughters of Jove.

The remaining Part of the Elegy is thrown, we may ſuppoſe, on purpoſe into an artful Obſcurity of Connexion. Moſt of the Prodigies, which the Poet mentions, are ſaid by Hiſtorians to have happened at the Death of Julius Cæſar; and may we not conjecture, that Tibullus meant, by recapitulating theſe, to inſinuate, that the Gods cauſed the Tyrant to be ſlain, for his Attachment to Troy? This Circumſtance could not fail to alarm his Succeſſor, eſpecially too as he muſt have been conſcious, that he even out-did Julius in his Affection to that City; and it is certain, that he, by no means, equalled that Uſurper, in point of perſonal Courage.

But

Tu procul eventura vides: tibi debitus augur
Scit bene quid fati provida cantet avis.
Tuque regis ſortes: per te praeſentit haruſpex,
Lubrica ſignavit quum Deus exta notis.

Te

But if Tibullus wrote with Freedom, his Freedom was accompanied with Decorum; for, as a Roman expreſſes it, it is always dangerous, *Scribere in eum, qui poteſt proſcribere.*

So the Poet ſupplicates Apollo, to avert ſuch Preſages for the future; by which means, Peace would return to bleſs Italy, and rural Devotion again flouriſh. Tibullus ſuppoſes, that the God grants his Petition, and deſcribes the joyful Ceremonies, practiſed by the grateful Villagers, upon the Occaſion.

Theſe Solemnities concluding, as uſual, with Mirth and Wine, the young Peaſants begin to diſcloſe their Loves, and condemn the Cruelty of their Miſtreſſes. This leads our Poet inſenſibly into a Recollection of his own amorous Misfortunes; for Nemeſis was ſtill inflexible: This, he ſays, not only impaired his Health, but affected his poetical Powers; ſo that, far from being able to do Juſtice to great Subjects, he ſcarce could write a little Elegy. This was an artful Apology for the ſeeming Inaccuracy of his preſent Poem. Notwithſtanding all the Conſequences of his ill-requited Paſſion, ſo thorough a Lover was our Poet, that he did not wiſh to ſhake off his Love; but only begged, that Nemeſis would at laſt condeſcend to abate of her Rigour; for' as Meſſalinus, adds he, is puſhing forward in the Liſts of Fame, the Regard and Friendſhip which I profeſs for his Father, and himſelf, abſolutely require a total Freedom of Genius, that I may celebrate thoſe Triumphs which his grateful Country will ſoon decree him.

In the Concluſion, Meſſala is introduced as enjoying the Felicity of ſeeing his Son triumph; upon which Occaſion the Poet ſuppoſes, that his Patron will entertain Rome with magnificent Spectacles.

The Poem ends with a Petition to Apollo, that theſe Things might be accompliſhed.

Hiſtory

What Fate, from Gods and Man, has wrapt in Night,
Prophetic flaſhes on thy mental Sight:
From Thee, Diviners learn their preſcient Lore,
On reeking Bowels, as they thoughtful pore:
The Seer thou teacheſt the Succeſs of Things,
As flies the Bird, or feeds, or ſcreams, or ſings:

The

Hiſtory informs us, that Meſſalinus, by ſteadily treading in the Footſteps of his Father, was honoured with a Triumph; and A. U. C. 750, had the Conſulſhip conferred upon him; but Tibullus died many Years before theſe things happened.

It is not eaſy to determine, how old Meſſalinus was, at the time this Poem was written. He had not, probably, long put on the manly Gown; for we find, that Lentulus, the Son of Lentulus, was choſen into the College of Augurs at 17 or 18 Years of Age; and from this College the Quindecemvirs were elected. Upon theſe Occaſions the Friends of the Pontiff were invited to a magnificent Supper; and it is probable it was at this Entertainment, that the following Poem was firſt recited.

9. *New flaſh thy Charms, &c.*] The Original here would ſeem extremely ridiculous to a mere modern Reader. Literally tranſlated, it ſignifies neither more nor leſs, than an Entreaty to his Godſhip to put on his Holy-day-ſuit, curl his Hair, and waſh his Face. A ſtrange Hint this, to ſo great, ſo young, and beautiful a Divinity as Apollo. Is it from their Patron-God, that ſome of his modern Vaſſals have derived their Ideas of Dreſs and Cleanlineſs? The ſublimeſt Genius's are not exempted from paying an Attention to the little Decencies of Life, reſpecting which, the Fair-ſex are our beſt Inſtructors.

The polite Callimachus, in his Hymn to Apollo, draws a more amiable Picture of the God of Poetry, in the following Verſes:

Te duce Romanos numquam fruſtrata Sibylla eſt.
Abdita quae ſenis fata canit pedibus.

Phoebe

Τον χορον ὡ πολλων ὁτι ὁι κατα θυμον αειδει
Τιμησει, δυναται γαρ επει Διϊ δεξιος ἡςαι.
Ουδε ὁ χορος τον Φοιβον εφ' ἑν μονον ἡμαρ αεισει
Εςι γαρ ευῦμνος, τις αν ου ρεα φοιβον αειδοι;
Χρυσεα τω πολλωνι τοτ' ενδυτον ἡ τ' επιπορπις
Η τε λυρη, &c. V. 28, 29, &c.

Immortal Honours wait the happy Throng,
Who, grateful to the God, reſound the Song:
And Honours well Apollo can command,
For high in Pow'r he ſits, at Jove's Right hand.
But in the God, ſuch beaming Glories blend,
The Day unequal to his Praiſe will end.
His Praiſe, who cannot with Delight reſound,
Where ſuch eternal Theme for Song is found?
A golden Robe inveſts the glorious God,
His ſhining Feet with golden Sandals ſhod:
Gold are his Harp, his Quiver, and his Bow;
Round him bright Riches in Profuſion flow.
His Delphic Fane illuſtrious Proof ſupplies,
Where Wealth immenſe fatigues the wond'ring Eyes.
On his ſoft Cheeks no tender Down has ſprung,
A God forever fair, forever young:
His fragrant Locks diſtil ambroſial Dews,
DropGladneſs down, and blooming Health diffuſe, &c.

Dodd.

12. *So rob'd*, &c.] Arioſto has imitated this Paſſage in the Beginning of his third Canto. The proper Emblems of Apollo the Poet, Lyriſt, or Feſtal Apollo, were a Crown of Laurel, his Hair finely dreſſed, flowing at full Length, a Lyre in his Left-hand, and wearing a magnificent Robe that fell down to his Feet. In this Manner, was this God repreſented in the Temple which Auguſtus dedicated to him in the Palatium: and thus it was, that the Poets of old were habited, when they ſang to the Lyre at the Tables of the Great. Hence, as

Mr.

The Sibyl-leaves if Rome ne'er ſought in vain;
Thou gav'ſt a Meaning to the myſtic Strain:
Thy

Mr. Spence obſerves, the Propriety of the Epithet *Crinitus* conferred on Jopas by Virgil, which ſome Critics have too haſtily cenſured, as wholly foreign to the purpoſe.

So fond was Auguſtus of Apollo, that, in the Medals and other Repreſentations of that Emperor, his Face is what the Romans called an Apollinean Face. This we know from Hiſtory, that Auguſtus was really very beautiful; and Suetonius informs us, that ſome Writers had even aſſerted, that he was in fact the Son of Apollo. Vit. Aug. ſect. 94. Accordingly Servius tells us, that there were Statues of Auguſtus in Rome, which repreſented him under the Character, and with the Attributes of that God. We alſo know, that in a certain infamous Feaſt made by Auguſtus, (at which he and five of his Courtiers repreſented the ſix Great Celeſtial Gods, as ſome of the Ladies of his Court repreſented the ſix Great Goddeſſes) he himſelf choſe to appear with the Emblems of Apollo. All theſe Circumſtances but too plainly ſhew, that the Succeſſor of Julius gave in to the Flattery that was paid him, and that he thought himſelf, at leaſt loved to be thought by others, like Apollo. But the greateſt Abſurdity of all, as Mr. Spence juſtly obſerves, was, that, becauſe Apollo was uſually repreſented with a particular Flow of Light beaming from his Eyes, he muſt needs have it ſuppoſed that his Eyes alſo, which were really fine, darted forth ſo ſtrong a Brightneſs, as to dazzle thoſe who looked upon them too nearly, or too ſteddily. *Oculos habuit claros, ac nitidos* (ſays Suetonius) *quibus etiam exiſtimari volebat ineſſe quiddam divini vigoris, gaudebatque ſi quis ſibi acrius contuenti quaſi ad fulgorem ſolis, vultum ſubmitteret.* To ſuch a Pitch of Extravagance does abſolute Power lead even the Well-meaning!

16. *From Thee, Diviners, &c.*] For the Lots, ſee Notes on the third Elegy of the firſt Book; and who the Augurs were, hath been explained already. The Haruſpices, to whom, according to the Tuſcan Diſcipline, belonged the Province of explaining Prodigies, by inſpecting the Bowels

Phoebe ſacras Meſſalinum ſine tangere chartas
Vatis: et ipſe, precor, quid canat illa, doce.

Haec

of Victims, were ſervants of the Public, and had Salaries for attending the Magiſtrates in all their Sacrifices. Hence they never failed to accommodate their Anſwers to the political Views of thoſe who employed them.

As the Order of Prieſthood, among the Romans, was, for ſome Ages, conferred upon none, but ſuch as were of the firſt Nobility; by their Influence over a People naturally ſuperſtitious, the Ballance of Power was thrown into the Hands of the Senate and Optimates, who, by this means, as Cicero obſerves, De Legib. lib. iii. cap. 12. were often enabled to check the factious Attempts of the Tribunes.

Minucius Felix, and other Chriſtian Writers, aſcribe Oracles, &c. to the Intervention of the Devil, or other impure Spirits.

Polybius very ſenſibly deduces that Superiority, which the Roman State had over all others, from the Superſtition of its Vulgar. This was carried by the Statesmen, ſays he, to ſuch Lengths, and ſo effectually introduced into the private Lives of the Citizens, and into public Affairs, that one cannot help being ſurpriſed at it. This, continues our ſagacious Politician, was, as I take it, projected entirely for the ſake of the Vulgar; for if a Society of wiſe Men only, could be formed, ſuch a Scheme would be ſuperfluous: But ſince the Crowd is always giddy, and often agitated by the moſt unruly paſſions, ſecret Terrors and tragical Fictions are neceſſary to reſtrain them within due Bounds. Lib. vi.

Nor is the Greek Hiſtorian ſingular in his opinion, Appius Claudius Craſſus aſſerts, that the Romans owed the great Succeſs of their Arms, to their Obſervance of the ſacred Chickens, &c. *Parva ſunt haec*, as Livy makes him ſpeak, *ſed parva iſta non contemnendo, majores noſtri maximam hanc rem fecerunt.*

While the Augurs were taking the Auſpices, or obſerving the Heavens, all public Buſineſs was intermitted: Julius Cæſar

Thy ſacred Influence may this Pontiff know,
And as he reads them, with the Prophet glow.

When

Cæſar firſt broke through this; and Clodius, to facilitate the Baniſhment of Cicero, among other Laws to decoy the People, enacted, that no Magiſtrate ſhould take the Auſpices, or contemplate the Heavens, while they were actually aſſembled on public Buſineſs. This Regulation took place A. U. C. 695. But the People, not content with this, extended the Privilege to the uninterrupted Proſecution of Affairs on the *Dies faſti*.

20. *The Sibyl-leaves, if Rome*, &c.] Theſe Writings were kept antiently in a Coffer of Stone, and depoſited in a ſubterranean Place in the Capitol. But that noble Pile of Buildings being deſtroyed by Fire, A. U. C. 671. and the Sibylline Books along with them, Sylla rebuilt the Capitol, and ſent Deputies into Ionia, to collect all the Sibylline Verſes, which Tradition had ſtill preſerved. They ſucceeded ſo well, that a Volume, conſiſting of a thouſand Lines, was compoſed from their Gleanings, and depoſited in the Capitol. Auguſtus Cæſar, after the Death of Lepidus, when he took upon himſelf the Office of High Prieſt, *quidquid fatidicorum librorum Græci Latinique generis, nullis vel parum idoneis auctoribus vulgo ferebatur, ſupra 2. millia, contracta undique, cremavit ac ſolos retinuit Sibyllinos.* Theſe, indeed, when purged of what he ſuppoſed to be ſpurious, Auguſtus placed in two golden Lockers, under the Statue of Apollo, in the Temple he had dedicated to that God on Mount Palatine, A. U. C. 726. Vide Sueton. in Vit. Aug. cap. 31.

According to Lactantius, the only Sibylline Verſes which were preſerved ſacred from the Inſpection of all, but that of the Quindecemvirs, were thoſe of the Cumæan Sibyl. Her Verſes, as well as thoſe of her Sifters, were compoſed in heroic Numbers, *ſenis pedibus*; and, if Symmachus may be depended upon, were written on Linen Volumes. Lib. iv.

In the ſecond Punic War, when Rome was reduced to very great Difficulties, the Romans conſulted the Sibylline Books. Theſe made the Expulſion of the Enemy

Haec dedit Aeneae ſortes, poſtquam ille parentem
Dicitur, et raptos ſuſtinuiſſe Lares:
Nec fore credebat Romam, quum moeſtus ab alto
Ilion, ardentes reſpiceretque Deos.
Romulus Aeternae nondum formaverat Urbis
Moenia, conſorti non habitanda Remo.
Sed tunc paſcebant herboſa palatia vaccae,
Et ſtabant humiles in Jovis arce caſae.

Lacte

from Italy to depend upon their inſtituting, with extraordinary Pomp, certain annual Games to Apollo,

The Year in which the Secular Games were performed, the Apollinarian were blended with them, as Macrobius informs us, lib. xvii.

The Sibylline Books continued in high Reverence, till about the Time of Theodoſius the Elder, when the greateſt Part of the Senate being converted to Chriſtianity, they began to be regarded as Fables; and at laſt, in the reign of Honorius, Stilicho burnt them.

The Book which at preſent goes under the Name of the Sibylline Oracles (Σιβυλλιακοὶ χρησμοὶ) is plainly a modern Counterfeit.

24. *And honour'd Lares*, &c.] Troy was deſtroyed A. M. 2820. Æneas landed in Italy ſome Years after, where he married the Daughter of King Latinus, and in her Right ſucceeded to his Throne. His Poſterity enjoyed, from him, the Sovereignty, by regular Succeſſion, till Aurelius ſeized on the Crown, in Prejudice of his elder Brother Numitor, and continued in quiet Poſſeſſion of the regal Dignity, till he was ſlain by Romulus and Remus, the Sons of Ilia, Numitor's Daughter. Theſe ſeated their Grandfather upon the Throne; and two Years after founded Rome. Uſher places this laſt Event before the 8th Olympiad, A. M. 3250. Others, with Varro, fix it to the 3d Olympiad, and 4330 Year after the Deſtruction of Troy, in the 3960th of the Julian Period, 753 Years before the Nativity of our Saviour.

29. *Qui-*

When great Æneas ſnatch'd his aged Sire,
And burning Lares, from the Grecian Fire,
She*, ſhe foretold this Empire fix'd by fate,
And all the Triumphs of the Roman State;
Yet when he ſaw his Ilion wrapp'd in Flame,
He ſcarce could credit the myſterious Dame.

(Quirinus had not plann'd eternal Rome,
Nor had his Brother met his early Doom,
Where now Jove's Temple ſwells, low Hamlets ſtood,
And Domes aſcend, where Heifers crop'd their Food.

Sprinkled

* The Sibyl.

29. *Quirinus had not plann'd eternal Rome,*] Rome was uſually called URBS ÆTERNA, as the Antiquaries, Poets, and Medals teſtify. But if Rome was predeſtined by the Gods to laſt for ever, how vain, how impious, would it be, to remove the ſeat of Empire to any other Place?

31. *Where now Jove's Temple ſwells.*] Such, at that time, was the Condition of thoſe Hills, on which Rome was founded. But Petrarch and Dyer, in deſcribing their preſent State, preſent us with a very different Proſpect.

Qui fu quella di Imperio antica ſede
Temuta in pace e triomphante in guerra.
Fu! perch' altro che il loco hor non ſi vede.
Quella che Roma fu guaſt, s'atterra
Queſt cui l'herba copre e calca il piede
Fur Moli ad ciel vicini, & hor ſon terra:
Roma che'l mondo vinſe, al tempo cede
Che i piani inalza e che l'altezza alterra.
Roma in Roma non e, Volcano e Marte
La grandezza di Roma a Roma han tolta,
Struggendo l'opre e di natura e di arte.

Lacte madens illic ſuberat Pan ilicis umbrae,
Et facta agreſti lignea falce Pales.

Pen-

Volio ſeſſopra il mondo e'n polve e volta
E fra queſte ruine a terra ſparte
In ſe ſteſſa cadea morta e ſepolta.

But more ſolemnly picturesque is the following Deſcription of the Ruins of Rome by Mr. Dyer:

The rough Relics of Carinæ's Street,
Where now the Shepherd to his nibbling Sheep
Sits piping, with his oaten Reed: as erſt
There pip'd the Shepherd to his nibbling Sheep,
When th' humble Roof Anthiſes' Son explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-deſpiſing King,
Amid the Thickets: So revolves the Scene,
So Time ordains, who rolls the Things of Pride
From Duſt again to Duſt. Behold that heap
Of mouldering Urns (their Aſhes blown away,
Duſt of the Mighty!) the ſame Story tell;
And at it's Baſe, from whence the Serpent glides
Down the green deſart Street, yon hoary Monk
Laments the ſame.

Dodſley's Collect. vol. i.

By Jove's Temple, the Poet means the Capitol; which, in the Days of Auguſtus, was, for Structure, Embelliſhment, and Riches, one of the moſt noble and magnificent Edifices in the World. When it was deſtroyed by Fire, an Event which we have already taken Notice of, Auguſtus undertook to rebuild it, but died ere it was finiſhed: this, it is ſaid, he, in his laſt moments, regretted as the only thing wanting to complete his Felicity. It was not, however, wholly rebuilt till the Conſulſhip of Catulus, who had the Honour to dedicate it, and to have his Name inſcribed upon it. And indeed Catulus well merited that Diſtinction; for, beſides many other Marks of his Munificence, he gilded over with Gold all the Copper Tiles of the Temple. Pliny obſerves, that this was the firſt Time Gold was uſed on the

Sprinkled with Milk, Pan grac'd an Oak's dun Shade,
And Scythe-arm'd Pales watch'd the moſſy Glade;
For

the Outſide of Buildings. Thus the Fire, to ſpeak in the beautiful Words of Cicero, ſeemed to have been ſent from Heaven, not to deſtroy, but to raiſe to Jupiter a Temple more worthy of his Majeſty. On the firſt of January, the Conſuls always went in Proceſſion to this Temple; and all, who entered the City in Triumph, repaired thither in Pomp to pay their ſolemn Thanks to Jove.

Grammarians make a Difference between *Arx* and *Capitolium*; but, if we are not miſtaken, they are, ſometimes, indiſcriminately uſed.

The Verſes from Line 29, of the Verſion, to that where the Sibyl addreſſes Æneas, may appear too long, as it diverts the Attention from the Cumæan Sibyl, who is about to propheſy: But as the Propheteſs's Alluſion to the particular Place, where the Deſcendants of Æneas were to found their Eternal City, might have, perhaps, appeared obſcure (a Defect, to which prophetic Language is liable) without a previous and more full Deſcription; our Poet's Conduct, it would ſeem, is not ſo foreign to the Purpoſe, as might at firſt be imagined.

See Ovid, Faſt. and Propert. lib. iv. for ſimilar Deſcriptions.

32. *And Domes aſcend*, &c.] In a former Note we have taken Notice of the Meanneſs of infant Rome: Neither did it greatly improve in Magnificence till many Centuries after. Their Temples indeed were adorned with Trophies; but theſe, as Plutarch obſerves in his Life of Marcellus, made the City rather dreadful than pleaſing. After the Conqueſt of Syracuſe by Marcellus, the Romans became acquainted with the finer Arts, and no doubt their Architecture was alſo improved: And yet Auguſtus boaſted, that he had found Rome ill built of Brick, but left a City of Marble: *marmoream ſe reliquiſſe, quam lateritiam acceperit.* Suet. in Aug. § 28.

Pendebatque vagi paſtoris in arbore votum
Garrula ſilveſtri fiſtula ſacra Deo.
Fiſtula, cui ſemper decreſcit arundinis ordo;
Nam calamus cera jungitur uſque minor.
At qua Velabri regio patet, ire ſolebat
Exiguus pulſa per vada linter aqua.
Illa ſaepe gregis ditis placitura magiſtro
Ad juvenem feſta vecta puella die eſt.
Cum qua foecundi redierunt munera ruris
Caſeus, et niveae candidus agnus ovis.
Inpiger Aenea volitantis frater Amoris,
Troïa qui profugis ſacra vehis ratibus,

Jam

33. *Sprinkled with Milk*, &c.] It was cuſtomary to ſprinkle the ſylvan Gods Pan and Pales with Milk.

Plutarch informs us, that Rome was founded on the 21ſt of April; and that on that Day, a ſolemn Feſtival was ever afterwards held. This Feſtival was formerly called by the Romans Palilia; but, upon building a Temple afterwards to Roma and Venus, they changed the Name of this Feſtival into that of Romana.

36. *Pipes hung*, &c.] The Curious in Antiquities may either conſult Servius, or Virgil's Bucolics, or Julius Scaliger, lib. i. Poet. cap. 4. concerning the ſylvan Pipe of the ancient Shepherds.

Some attribute the Invention of it to Pan, and others to Marſyas. It conſiſted of ſeven Reeds (joined together by Thread and Wax) equal at top, where the Lips were applied, but unequal below, *qua exibat ſpiritus*.

But no Words can convey ſo diſtinct an Idea of this ancient muſical Inſtrument, as the Inſpection of its Figure upon Antiques, of which many are to be found in Boiſſard, Gorlæus, and others. It appears from § 9. of the ſecond

Epiſtle

For Help from Pan, to Pan on ev'ry Bough
Pipes hung, the grateful Shepherd's vocal Vow,
Of Reeds, ſtill leſſening, was the Gift compos'd,
And friendly Wax th'unequal Junctures clos'd.
So where Velabrian Streets like Cities ſeem,
One little Wherry plied the lazy Stream,
O'er which the wealthy Shepherd's favourite Maid
Was to her Swain, on Holydays, convey'd;
The Swain, his Truth of Paſſion to declare,
Or Lamb, or Cheeſe, preſented to the Fair.)

The Cumæan Sibyl ſpeaks.

" Fierce Brother of the Power of ſoft Deſire,
" Who fly'ſt, with Trojan Gods, the Grecian Fire!

" Now

Epiſtle of that famous Italian Traveller, Pietro della Valle, that the Turks, in his Time, uſed a Pipe, which they called Muſcab, and which very much reſembled that played on by the Ancients.

39. *So where Velabrian Streets*, &c.] This was a large Street in the eighth, or, as others ſay, in the eleventh Diviſion of Rome. The Place, which this Street afterwards occupied, had been, in former Times, a boggy Lake, and expoſed to frequent inundations from the Tyber; but Tarquinius Priſcus having effectually drained it, it became, in proceſs of Time, one of the nobleſt Streets in the City.

45. *Fierce Brother of the God*, &c.] In Virgil, Creuſa appears to Æneas, and prophecies to him his future Settlement. The Ancients generally ſuppoſe, that the Souls of the Departed are endowed with a Power of predicting future Events; but no Prophecy was ſo awfully ſtriking, none more to be depended upon, than what proceeded from the Mouth of a Sibyl. Hence the Reverence paid by the Ro-

Jam tibi Laurentes adſignat Jupiter agros:
Jam vocat errantes hoſpita terra Lares,
Troja quidem tum ſe mirabitur, et ſibi dicet
Vos bene tam longa conſuluiſſe via.
Illic ſanctus eris, quum te veneranda Numici
Unda Deum coelo miſerit Indigetem,

Ecce

mans to the Sibylline Books; and hence it was, that Auguſtus himſelf affected ſo much to rely upon their Declarations. Thus has Tibullus happily blended Sublimity with Art. The Sibyll concludes her Prophecy with a Prayer to Apollo, by which ſhe intereſts that God in the Events of her Prediction; and from this Circumſtance, the Propriety of our Poet's Addreſs to Apollo, in the Beginning of the Elegy, more conſpicuouſly appears.

Poetical Prophecy makes the Reader acquainted, beforehand, with ſome Events, which are to happen in the Progreſs of the Poem: and Prevention (as an elegant Critic calls it) is when ſuch Things are ſpoken of as preſent, which nevertheleſs are not to come to paſs for Years or Ages.

The ſame Critic obſerves, that poetical Predictions are generally uttered by ſuperior Beings; or if human Beings are introduced, they are either ſuch as are already in another State of Exiſtence, or juſt on the Verge of quitting this. Thus Hector, in Homer, foretells the Death of Achilles; and, in the ſame Manner, Orodes, in Virgil, warns Mezentius of his Fate. Both theſe Kinds of Prediction are great: and if the latter, as the ſame Author alleges, is the greateſt; the firſt however, by his own acknowlegement, is the moſt poetical.

Nor are theſe two the only kinds of poetical Prophecy. Heroic Poets often uſe another, by foretelling the Death of a Hero, at a Time when he is perhaps exulting in Victory. Virgil affords us an Inſtance of this, Æn. x. in relation to the Death of Pallas by Turnus.

That

" Now Jove aſſigns thee Laurentine Abodes,
" Thoſe friendly Plains invite thy baniſh'd Gods!
" There ſhall a nobler Troy herſelf applaud,
" Admire her Wanderings, and the Grecian Fraud!
" There,

That Form of Prophecy, diſtinguiſhed above by the Title of Prevention, gives an uncommon Greatneſs and Energy to the Language: It places diſtant Actions full before our Eyes, and carries a certain Boldneſs and Aſſurance with it, that is wonderfully pleaſing, Prophecy being of great Strength in poſſeſſing and captivating the Reader, as we love to look into Futurity. Thus it flatters the Powers and Capacity of our own Minds, at the ſame time that it gives an Air of ſuperior Knowledge and Authority to the Poet. This Speech of the Sibyl includes in it all theſe Advantages: It is not only preventive, but prophetical. Perhaps there are no Speeches in the fourth Book of the Odyſſey, or ſixth of the Æneid, more remarkable for their prophetic Beauty, than this is. The ſubject of this is loftier, the Speaker more venerable, and the Deſign of the Poet himſelf more truly great.

The terrifying Raptures of Theoclymenus, Od. xx. which repreſent the fall of the Suitors, and which contain a higher Orientaliſm than any we meet with in any other Part of Homer's Writings, may be compared, as Mr. Spence obſerves in his excellent Dialogues on the Odyſſey, with what Joel ſays in a truly inſpired Language: " I will ſhew thee Wonders in " the Heavens and in the Earth: Blood, and Fire, and " Pillars of Smoak: The Sun ſhall be turned into Dark- " neſs, and the Moon into Blood. I will cauſe the Sun to " go down at Noon, and will darken the Earth in clear " Day. All the bright Lights of Heaven will I make dark " over thee, and ſet Darkneſs upon the Land." In that truly ſublime Paſſage, the Sun and Lights ſeem only to have left the Heavens to ſhine with all their boundleſs Majeſty in the Poet's Mind.

51. *There, thou from yonder ſacred Stream ſhalt riſe*
A God thyſelf, &c.] The Poet here plainly points out the River Numicius, which, as the Sibyl propheſied, waſhed away

Ecce ſuper feſſas volitat Victoria puppes.
Tandem ad Trojanos diva ſuperba venit.
Ecce mihi lucent Rutulis incendia caſtris.
Jam tibi praedico, barbere Turne, necem.
Ante oculos Laurens caſtrum, muruſque Lavini eſt,
Albaque ab Aſcanio condita longa duce.

Te

away from Æneas all that was mortal, and fitted him for the Company of the Gods, as Ovid beautifully tells the Story. Vide Ovid's Metam. Book xiv. Line 609.

Such is the poetical Account of Æneas's Departure from Life; but Antiquaries differ widely as to the Manner of his Death. Some aſſert, that his Body was found drowned in the Numicius, after his Rencounter with Mezentius; while others maintain, that he was indeed killed on the Banks of that River, but that his Body, tumbling into the Stream, could never be recovered; and that it was hence artfully given out by his Succeſſors, that the Gods had taken him to themſelves. Accordingly he was honoured with the Appellation of *Deus Indiges*, or ἀθανατισθέντα; and Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus (lib. i. p. 40.) informs us, that not only a Chapel was dedicated to him, with the following Inſcription:

PATRI. DEO. INDIGETI.
QVI. NVMICI. AMNIS.
VNDAS. TEMPERAT.

but that he had many Monuments erected to him, in divers Parts of Italy.

But why is Numicius called ſacred? *(veneranda Numici unda.)* Servius, in his Notes on the ſeventh Æneid, ver. 150. aſſigns the following Reaſon: *Numicius ingens ante fluvius fuit; quo repertum eſt cadaver Æneæ, & conſecratum, poſt paulatim deſcreſcens, in fontem redactus eſt: qui ipſe ſacratus*

" There, thou from yonder ſacred Stream ſhalt riſe
" A God thyſelf, and mingle with the Skies!
" No more thy Phrygians for their Country ſigh,
" See Conqueſt o'er your ſhatter'd Navy fly!
" See the Rutulian Tents, a mighty Blaze! 55
" Thou, Turnus! ſoon ſhalt end thy hateful Days!
" The Camp I ſee, Lavinium greets my View!
" And Alba! brave Aſcanius! built by you:
" I ſee

ſiccatus eſt, ſacris interceptus. Veſtæ *enim libari, non, niſi de hoc flumine, licebat.* BROEKH.

56. *You, Turnus! ſoon ſhall end your hateful Days!*] In the firſt Battle, which Æneas carried on againſt the Latins and Rutulians, *propter fraudatas Laviniæ nuptias*, Latinus was ſlain; upon which, the Rutulian Prince, Turnus, implored Aid from Mezentius, King of the Tuſcans; and fell in the ſecond Action: but Æneas never afterwards appeared, as the Scholiaſt tells us. In the third and laſt Engagement, Aſcanius revenged the Death of his Father, by killing Mezentius.

But why does the Poet beſtow on Turnus the Epithet *Barbaro*, ſince that Prince, as Amata, in Virgil, informs us, was of Grecian Original? Cyllenius endeavours to ſolve this queſtion, by ſuppoſing, that Turnus ſpoke bad Latin, *vel blæſus, vel balbus erat.* But there is no Occaſion for any ſuch Hypotheſis, ſince we find, from Plautus, that the Romans called both Italians and Latins, *Barbari.* Vide Feſt. in voc. BARBAR. BROEKH.

57. *Lavinium greets my View.*] This is the City, which Æneas is ſaid to have built in Honour of his Wife Lavinia. See more of this in the twenty-eighth Chapter of the firſt Book of Dionyſ. Halicarnaſſ. in Virgil, Æn. i. ver. 258. in Livy, Book i. cap. 1, and 3. in the Author of the Book intitled, De Orig. Roman. and in Juſtin, lib. xliii. cap. 1. BROEKH.

59. *I ſee*

Te quoque jam video, Marti placitura ſacerdos
Ilia, Veſtales deſeruiſſe focos:
Concubituſque tuos furtim, vittaſque jacentes,
Et cupidi ad ripas arma relicta Dei,
Carpite nunc, tauri, de ſeptem montibus herbas,
Dum licet: hic magnae jam locus Urbis erit.
Roma, tuum nomen terris fatale regendis
Qua ſua de coelo proſpicit arva Ceres:

Quaque

59. *I ſee thee, Ilia, &c.*] Broekhuſius is ample in citing Authorities, to prove, that Ilia was either aſleep, or raviſhed (contrary to what is aſſerted in the Text) when Mars, or whoever was the Father of Romulus and Remus, begot theſe Twins upon her. After her Delivery ſhe drowned herſelf in the Tyber; and hence ſhe is ſaid, by the Poets, to have been married to that River.

62. *And Arms abandon'd, eager God, &c.*] Mars was ſo fond of his Helmet, Shield, and Javelin, that he did not quit them, even when going upon his Amours, of which he had ſeveral; but as the moſt famous of theſe was his Intrigue with Ilia, or, as others call her, Rhea Sylvia, the Mother of Romulus and Remus, ſo it became a popular Subject for the Medaliſts, Statuaries, and Painters, as well as Poets, among the Romans. In a Relievo, in the Poſſeſſion of the Mellini Family, at Rome, we ſee Mars deſcended upon Earth, and moving toward Rhea, who is aſleep on it. And on the Reverſe of a Medal, which Mr. Addiſon mentions, and Mr. Spence has given an Engraving of, that God is repreſented in an earlier Point of Time, in the Air, as deſcending down to her. By means of this Medal, that polite Scholar, Mr. Addiſon (Vide Travels, p. 182.) was enabled to explain the two following Lines in the eleventh Satire of Juvenal, which had puzzled all the Commentators:

Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis & haſta,
Pendentiſque Dei perituro oſtenderet hoſti.

For

" I ſee thee, Ilia! leave the Veſtal fire;
" And, claſp'd by Mars, in amorous Bliſs expire!
" On Tyber's Bank, thy ſacred Robes I ſee,
" And Arms abandon'd, eager God! by thee.
" Your Hills crop faſt, ye Herds! while Fate allows;
" Eternal Rome ſhall riſe, where now ye brouze:
" Rome, that ſhall ſtretch her irreſiſtleſs Reign,
" Wherever Ceres views her golden Grain;

" Far

For the Roman Soldiers, who were not a little proud of their Founder, and the military Genius of their Republic, uſed to bear on their Helmets the firſt Hiſtory of Romulus. On theſe Occaſions, the Figure of the God was made as deſcending on, that is, as ſuſpended in the Air over the Veſtal Virgin; in which Senſe the Word *pendentis* is extremely poetical.

63. *Your Hills, crop faſt, ye Herds! while Fate allows.*] This Apoſtrophe to the Cattle, that were feeding on the ſeven Hills, where Rome afterwards ſtood, is highly picturеſque; it more than places the Object before the Eyes of the Reader: Such is the Magic of Poetry! The heroic Poets, but eſpecially the ſacred and prophetic Writers, abound with theſe bold Sallies of Imagination.

65. *Rome, that ſhall ſtretch her irreſiſtleſs reign.*] The Romans were early made to believe, the Gods had predetermined, that their City ſhould be the Metropolis of the World. Hence Horace writes,

Gentibus eſt aliis tellus data limite certo;
Romanæ ſpatium eſt urbis & orbis idem.

And Martial calls Rome

Terrarum domina gentiumque Roma.

Into

Quaque patent ortus, et qua fluitantibus undis
Solis anhelantes abluit amnis equos.
Vera cano; sic usque sacras innoxia laurus
Vescar, et aeternum sit mihi virginitas,
Haec cecinit vates, et te sibi, Phoebe, vocavit,
Jactavit fusa sed caput ante coma.

Quidquid

Into how many Misfortunes this Belief plunged that State, and especially the Nations around, let her own Annals testify!

69. *The truth I sing*, &c.] A frequent chewing of the Laurel, was supposed to be of great efficacy in raising a Spirit of Divination and Poetry. See Spanheim's learned Notes on the ninety-fourth Verse of Callimachus's Hymn to Delos. With a View to this, we may suppose it was, that Commodus, as Xiphilinus tells the Story, eat the Laurel Leaves with which he was crowned: δαφνης φυλλα ἀ εκ του στεφανου ειχον αυτος διεφαγον.

71. *So sung the Sibyl*, &c.] Critics differ greatly in the Number, as well as in the Names of the Sibyls; nor are they better agreed with Regard to their Parentage, Country, Reputation, and the Age in which they lived. Varro makes them to have been ten in Number, Suidas, in his Catalogue of them, gives us only nine. Ælian and Ausonius limit them to four; while Aulus Gellius and Pliny the Elder, acknowlege but one. But Rosinus adopted Varro's Opinion; and has, from good Authority too, given us their several Names. Lib. iii. cap. 24.

Our Poet mentions four of the Sibyls by Name, viz. Herophile, Mermessia, Amalthea, and Albuna. Rosinus makes the first and third of these to be the same with the Cumæan Sibyl; but we have the Authority of Pausanias for asserting that Herophile was born on Mount Ida, of a mortal Father, but immortal Mother; that she lived before the Time of the Trojan War, and predicted the Rape of Helen, and the Fall of the Trojan Empire. In her Verses too, were probably

" Far as the Eaſt extends his purple Ray,
" And where the Weſt ſhuts up the Gates of Day:
" The Truth I ſing; ſo may the Laurels prove
" Safe Food, and I be ſcreen'd from guilty Love." 70

Thus ſung the Sibyl, and addreſs'd her Prayer,
Phœbus! to thee, and madding, loos'd her Hair.

Nor,

probably ſcattered ſome Admonitions, *admonuit*, exciting the Romans, who by Æneas were of Trojan Deſcent, to act a friendly Part to the Phrygians, and by their good Offices compenſate to them all the Loſſes they had ſuſtained by the Deſtruction of Troy; and therefore our Poet mentions her, and deſires Apollo to guide Meſſalinus alſo in the Interpretation of her prophetic Writings, as well as in thoſe of the other three. This method of explaining

Quidquid Amalthea, quidquid Mermeſſia dixit,
Herophile Phœbo grata quod admonuit:
Quodque Albuna ſacras Tiberis per flumina ſortes
Portarit, ſicco perlueritque ſinu.

removes all the Difficulty of Connexion, which Commentators ſaw, but never offered to unriddle, till Vulpius, p. 259. by joining theſe four Lines with

Phœbe ſacras Meſſalinum fine tangere chartas
Vatis: & ipſe, precor, quid canat illa, doce.

in one common Petition to Apollo, made Senſe of the Paſſage.

Herophile is called in the Text, *Grata Phœbo*; and Pauſanias, lib. x. cap. xii. tells us, that in her Verſes, ſhe ſometimes called herſelf the Wife, ſometimes the Daughter, and ſometimes the Siſter of Apollo. She viſited Claros, Delos, and Delphi, where, from a Stone, which that ancient Greek

Quidquid Amalthea, quidquid Mermeſſia dixit,
Herophile Phœbo grata quod admonuit:
Quodque Albuna ſacras Tiberis per flumina ſortes
Portarit, ſicco perlueritque ſinu.
Hae fore dixerunt belli mala ſigna cometen,
Multus ut in terras deplueretque lapis:

Atque

Greek Traveller ſaw, ſhe uttered Oracles: but ſhe paſt moſt of her Time at Samos; and, dying at Troas, was buried in the Grove of Smintheus, where he read her Epitaph, which he has preſerved.

Mermeſſia, although our Poet makes her a diſtinct Perſon, was probably the ſame as the former, ſince Antiquaries inform us, that ſhe was born at Mermeſſus, a paſtoral Village of Mount Ida. She is alſo called Marpeſſia; and we learn from Pauſanias, lib. x. that in his Time the Veſtiges of the ancient City Marpeſſus were ſtill to be ſeen on Mount Ida.

Albuna was worſhipped as a Goddeſs at Tibur, upon the Banks of the Anio, in whoſe Stream her Image was found, holding in its hand a Book, which being uninjured by the Water, was conveyed, according to Lactantius, to the Capitol. But our Poet ſeems to inſinuate, that ſhe ſwam acroſs the Tyber with her Prophecies in her Boſom; and that though its Waters touched theſe Compoſitions, yet had they not the Power to wet them.

But though all theſe Sibyls were eminent, the Cumæan Sibyl was chiefly regarded by the Romans; who, according to Livy, brought nine Books to Tarquinius Priſcus, offering them to him for three hundred Pieces of Gold *(Philippi)*. The King deriding her Price, ſhe inſtantly burnt three of them in his Sight, and then demanded the ſame Sum for the ſix. Tarquin hereupon calling her an extravagant Mad-woman, ſhe committed three more to the Flames and aſked him ſtill the ſame Money for the Remainder. The King, aſtoniſhed at this, paid her what ſhe demanded; and

Nor, Phœbus! give him only theſe to know,
A farther Knowlege on thy Prieſt beſtow:
Let him interpret what thy fav'rite Maid,
What Amalthea, what Mermeſſia ſaid:
Let him interpret what Albuna bore
Thro' Tyber's Waves, unwet, to Tyber's fartheſt Shore.

When ſtony Tempeſts fell, when Comets glar'd,
Inteſtine Wars their Oracles declar'd:

The

and receiving the Volumes, which were ſuppoſed to contain the future Deſtinies of Rome, depoſited them in the Capitol, as above related.

Pliny, in talking of the oldeſt Statues which were to be ſeen in his Time at Rome, has the following Paſſage: *Equidem & Sibyllæ juxta roſtra eſſe, non miror, tres ſint, licet; una quam Sex. Pacuvius Taurus ædilis plebis reſtituit: duæ quas M. Meſſala* (Corvinus's Father) *primas putarem has, & Attii Navii, poſitas ætate Tarquinii Priſci, niſi regum antecedentium eſſent in Capitolio.* Lib. xxxiv. cap. 5.

79. *When ſtony Tempeſts fell, &c.*] See Inſtances of all theſe Prodigies in the ſixth Chapter of the firſt Book of Valerius Maximus.

A late Italian Author ingeniouſly accounts for Showers of Stones, and all the other Kinds of Showers, which Hiſtorians and Naturaliſts mention. See alſo Lucan's ninth Book.

Ibid. *When Comets glar'd.*] Few Prejudices are more ancient, than that, which makes Comets portend the Downfal of Empires. A ſounder Philoſophy has at laſt taught us, that though they are leſs known, they are not more ominous than the Planets; and yet Mr. Whiſton was of Opinion that this Earth will be finally deſtroyed by a Comet.

83. To

Atque tubas, atque arma ferunt crepitantia coelo
Audita, et lucos praecinuiſſe fugam.
Ipſum etiam Solem defectum lumina vidit
Jungere pallentes nubilus annus equos.
Et ſimulacra Deum lacrimas fudiſſe tepentes,
Fataque vocales praemonuiſſe boves.
Haec fuerint olim; ſed tu, jam mitis, Apollo,
Prodigia indomitis merge ſub aequoribus.
Et ſuccenſa ſacris crepitet bene laurea flammis:
Omine quo felix, et ſacer annus erit.
Laurus io bona ſigna dedit: gaudete coloni:
Diſtendet ſpicis horrea plena Ceres.
Oblitus et muſto feriet pede ruſticus uvas,
Dolia dum, magni deficiantque lacus.

At

83. *To charge the Clarion*, &c.] Inſtances of this Prodigy are frequent in both the Roman Poets and Hiſtorians, to the diſgrace of the latter.

86. *An annual Darkneſs*, &c.] Although an Eclipſe of the Sun was ever regarded by the Romans as a Prodigy; that which Tibullus ſpeaks of, and which happened when Cæſar was killed, was, ſays Broekhuſius, moſt prodigious, ſince it laſted almoſt a whole Year.

What? and is Nature then to be ſhook with Convulſions, to be forced out of her natural Courſe, when a Tyrant is cut off? This is the Language of baſe Adulation, but not of ſound Philoſophy. When, indeed, a Friend to Man periſhes, all the Elements may with Propriety be introduced as lamenting his Fall; and yet, as the Author of an excellent Ode to Mankind ſings, it too generally happens, that,

Thoſe

The ſacred Groves (our Anceſtors relate)
Foretold the Changes of the Roman State:
To charge the Clarion ſounded in the Sky,
Arms claſh'd, Blood ran, and Warriours ſeem'd to die:
With monſtrous Prodigies the Year began:
An annual Darkneſs the whole Globe o'er-ran;
Apollo, ſhorn of every beamy Ray,
Oft ſtrove, but ſtrove in vain, to light the Day:
The Statues of the Gods wept tepid Tears;
And ſpeaking Oxen fill'd Mankind with Fears!

Theſe were of old: No more, Apollo! frown,
But in the Waves each adverſe Omen drown.
O! let thy Bays in crackling Flames aſcend;
So ſhall the Year with Joy begin and end!
The Bays give proſp'rous Signs; rejoice ye Swains!
Propitious Ceres ſhall reward your Pains.
With Muſt the jolly Ruſtic purpled o'er,
Shall ſqueeze rich Cluſters, which their Tribute pour,
Till Vatts are wanting, to contain their Store.

Far

Thoſe have no Charms to pleaſe the Senſe,
No graceful Port, no Eloquence,
To win the Muſes' Throng;
Unknown, unſung, unmark'd they lie,
But Cæſar's Fate o'ercaſts the Sky,
And Nature mourns his Wrong.

92. *But in the Waves*, &c.] Monſtrous Births, by Way of Expiation, were either thrown into the Sea, or burnt with

pyrum

At madidus Baccho sua festa Palilia pastor
Concinet; a stabulis tunc procul este lupi.
Ille levis stipulae solennes potus acervos
Accendet, flammas transilietque sacras.
Et foetus matrona dabit, natusque parenti
Ocula comprensis auribus eripiet.
Nec taedebit avum parvo advigilare nepoti,
Balbaque cum puero dicere verba senem.
Tunc operata Deo pubes discumbet in herba,
Arboris antiquae qua levis umbra cadit.
Aut e veste sua tendent umbracula sertis
Vincta: coronatus stabit et ante calix,
At sibi quisque dapes, et festas extruet alte
Cespitibus mensas, cespitibusque torum.

Ingeret

pyrum sylvaticum, and such like *plantæ infelices*, as the Romans called them, from the supposed Circumstance of their being under the Protection of the *Dii Inferi & Avertentes*. See Instances of this, in Livy, and Julius Obsequens.

102. *Now fir'd with Wine*, &c.] Ovid, in that astonishing Work of his, entitled Fasti, gives us the following accurate Description of the Palilia.

Certe ego de vitulo, cinerem, stipulasque fatales
Sæpe tuli plena februa casta manu.
Certe ego transilii positas ter in ordine flammas;
Virgaque lauratas aurea misit aquas..

And again,

Tum licet, apposita veluti cratere camella,
Lac niveum potes, purpureamque sapam:
Mouque per ardentes stipulæ crepitantis acervos,
Trajicias celeri strenua membra pede. Lib. iv.

104. *From*

Far hence, ye Wolves! the mellow Shepherds bring
Their Gifts to Pales, and her Praiſes ſing.
Now, fir'd with Wine, they ſolemn Bonfires raiſe,
And leap, untimorous, thro' the ſtrawy Blaze!
From every Cott, unnumber'd Children throng,
Frequent the Dance, and louder raiſe the Song:
And while in Mirth the Hours they thus employ,
At home the Grandſire tends his little Boy;
And in each Feature pleas'd himſelf to trace,
Foretells his Pratler will adorn the Race.

The ſylvan Youth, their grateful Homage paid,
Where plays ſome Streamlet, ſeek th' embowering Shade;
Or ſtretch'd on ſoft enamel'd Meadows lie,
Where thickeſt Umbrage cools the Summer-ſky:
With Roſes, ſee! the ſacred Cup is crown'd,
Hark! Muſic breathes her animating Sound:
The Couch of Turf, and feſtal Tables ſtand
Of Turf, erected by each Shepherd-hand;
And all well-pleas'd, the votive Feaſt prepare,
Each one his Goblet, and each one his Share.

Now

104. *From every Cott*, &c.] The Original of this Paſſage cannot be expreſſed in poetical Engliſh. It deſcribes a Method of kiſſing, wherein the Perſon to be kiſſed, was, by the Saluter, held and pulled forward by the Ears, till his Lips met the others. This, according to Broekhuſius, the Italians call a Florentine Kiſs. Vide Kemp. Diſſert. de Oſcul.

Ingeret hic potus juvenis maledicta puellae,
Poſtmodo quae votis inrita facta velit.
Nam ferus ille ſuae plorabit ſobrius idem,
Et ſe jurabit 'mente fuiſſe mala.
Pace tua, pereantque arcus, pereantque ſagittae,
Phoebe: modo in terris erret inermis Amor.
Ars bona: ſed poſtquam ſumſit ſibi tela Cupido,
Heu heu quam multis ars dedit illa malum.
Et mihi praecipue, jaceo quum ſaucius annum:
Et faveo morbo, tam juvat ipſe dolor.
Vixque cano Nemeſim, ſine qua verſus mihi nullus
Verba poteſt, juſtos aut reperire pedes.
Acer Amor, fractas utinam tua tela ſagittas
Ilicet, extinctas adſpiciamque faces.
Tu miſerum torques, tu mihi dira precari
Cogis, et inſana mente nefanda loqui.
At tu, nam Divûm ſervat tutela poëtas,
Praemoneo, vati parce, puella, ſacro:

Ut

106. *And while*, &c.] Such domeſtic Deſcriptions are often more pleaſing than the boldeſt Flights of Poetry! Tibullus abounds in them: They are certain Signs of the Goodneſs of a Writer's Heart.

121. *But ſober, deprecate*, &c.] The Form of Deprecation was this: To confeſs, that the Perſon injured did not deſerve the Curſe; that they wiſhed it had not been pronounced; and owned themſelves actuated by a bad Diſpoſition: *Mente mala, mala fatebantur.* Nennius, as Broekhuſius remarks, was the firſt who explained the former part of the Latin Deprecation, as Douza did the laſt. This was a

124. *Yet*

Now drunk, they blame their Stars and curſe the Maid;
But ſober, deprecate whate'er they ſaid.

Periſh thy Shafts, Apollo! and thy Bow!
If Love unarmed in our Foreſts go.
Yet ſince he learn'd to wing th'unerring Dart,
Much cauſe has Man to curſe his fatal Art:
But moſt have I; the Sun has wheel'd his round
Since firſt I felt the deadly feſtering Wound;
Yet, yet I fondly, madly, wiſh to burn,
Abjure Indifference, and at Comfort ſpurn;
And tho' from Nemeſis my Genius flows;
Her ſcarce I ſing, ſo weighty are my Woes!

O cruel Love! how joyous ſhould I be,
Your Arrows broke, and Torch extinct to ſee!
From you, my want of Reverence to the Skies!
From you, my Woes and Imprecations riſe!
Yet I adviſe you, too relentleſs Fair!
(As Heaven protects the Bards) a Bard to ſpare!

E'en

better Method ſurely of making Satisfaction, than what we Moderns have ſubſtituted in its Place, the Piſtol and Sword.

124. *Yet ſince he learnt*, &c.] The Reader by this Time muſt have perceived a frequent Recurrence of Ideas in Tibullus; yet are both Ovid and Propertius equally reprehenſible on that Account.

Ut Meſſalinum celebrem, quum praemia belli
Ante ſuos currus oppida victa feret.
Ipſe gerens laurus, lauro devinctus agreſti
Miles, io magna voce triumphe canet.
Tum Meſſala meus pia det ſpectacula turbae,
Et plaudat curru praetereunte pater.
Adnue; ſic tibi ſint intonſi, Phoebe, capilli:
Sic tua perpetuo ſit tibi caſta ſoror.

ELEGIA

139. *In Triumph ſoon*, &c.] Bacchus, or (as Sir Iſaac Newton has proved) the Egyptian Seſoſtris, after his Return from his Indian Conqueſt, gave the firſt Inſtance of this ungenerous Ceremony, which the Romans afterwards adopted. It is impoſſible to read the Deſcription of thoſe arrogant Exhibitions of Proſperity, without being ſtruck with Indignation: and we can never think highly of the Humanity of that People, who could behold with Pleaſure ſuch ſtriking Inſtances of Calamity, and of the Caprice of Fortune, as thoſe Solemnities afforded; when the greateſt Monarchs of the Earth were ſometimes dragged from their Thrones, to attend in Chains the inſolent Parade of an inſulting Conqueror. But it was natural for the Romans to enjoy that with Inſolence, which they gained by Oppreſſion.

140. *Then pictur'd Towns ſhall ſhew*, &c.] Theſe were at firſt of Wood; but in Cæſar's laſt Triumph they were of Silver.

144. *While war-worn Veterans.*] *Laureati milites* (ſays Feſtus Pompeius) *ſequebantur currum triumphantis, ut quaſi purgati, a cæde humana intrarent urbem.*

151. *Pre-*

E'en now, the Pontiff claims my loftieſt Lay,
In Triumph, ſoon he'll mount the ſacred Way.
Then pictur'd Towns ſhall ſhow ſucceſsful War,
And Spoils and Chiefs attend his ivory Car:
Myſelf will bear the Laurel in my Hand;
And pleas'd, amid the pleas'd Spectators ſtand:
While war-worn Veterans, with Laurels crown'd,
With Io-triumphs ſhake the Streets around.
His Father hails him, as he rides along,
And entertains with pompous Shews the Throng.

O Phœbus! kindly deign to grant my Prayer;
So may'ſt thou ever wave thy curled Hair;
So ever may thy Virgin-ſiſter's Name
Preſerve the Luſtre of a ſpotleſs Fame.

THE

151. *Preſerve the Luſtre*, &c.] The Poet, as Vulpius obſerves, wiſhes eternal Chaſtity to Diana, becauſe Orion, one of the Giants, had endeavoured, but in vain, to raviſh her.

Teſtis mearum centimanus Gyas
Sententiarum notus, & integræ
Tentator Orion Dianæ
Virginea domitus ſagitta. Lib. iii. Od. 4.

This Truth ſhall hundred-handed Gyas tell,
And warm Orion, who with impious Love
Tempting the Goddeſs of the ſylvan Scene,
Was by her Virgin Darts, gigantic Victim, ſlain.
Francis.

ELEGIA SEXTA.

CASTRA Macer ſequitur; tenero quid fiet Amori,
Si comes, et collo fortiter arma geret?
Et, ſeu longa virum terrae via, ſeu vaga ducent
Aequora, cum telis ad latus ire volet?

Ute

This Elegy is more than commonly difficult; and, what too frequently happens, the Commentators, eſpecially Scaliger, have increaſed theſe difficulties, by endeavouring to explain them.

Æmilius Macer, a Nobleman, even famous in the Auguſtan Age for his Gallantry and Wit, had been entruſted by the Succeſſor of Julius with the Execution of ſome military Enterprize. At his Departure from Rome, it is probable, he boaſted to our Poet, that however deeply he ſeemed engaged in Love, yet was his Heart his own, and now only panted for military Fame. As Tibullus could not but regard this Declaration as a ſecret Satire on his own Conduct, he earneſtly addreſſes Cupid to follow Macer to the Field; from which if he did not bring him back, he threatens to deſert his Service himſelf, and, in the various Life of a Soldier, to diſſipate his Tendreſſe for the Fair. In Fancy our Poet becomes a military Man, and bids adieu to Love and its trifling Purſuits: but his Ardour ſoon cools; he owns, though Nemeſis was ſtill inſenſible to his Sufferings, that his Paſſion for her was as violent as ever. From this, he takes

THE SIXTH ELEGY.

MACER campaigns; who now will thee obey
O Love! if Macer dare forego thy Sway?
Put on the Creſt, and graſp the burniſh'd Shield,
Purſue the baſe Deſerter to the Field:
Or if to Winds he gives the looſen'd Sail,
Mount thou the Deck, and riſk the ſtormy Gale:
To

takes Occaſion to adviſe the young Noblemen of Rome, who, to get rid of Love, might flatter themſelves, that a military Life would effectually anſwer, to lay aſide all their martial Intentions, and, like him, implicitly ſerve under the Banner of Cupid. His advice, however, does not ſeem to have been reliſhed by thoſe for whom it was deſigned; Gold, which at that Time was chiefly to be obtained by War, having, it would ſeem, corrupted them. This was one of the many Diſaſters produced by the Civil Wars, in which ſuch immenſe Fortunes had been amaſſed, that manumitted Slaves then wallowed in miniſterial Fortunes. With this known Truth he concludes his Panegyric on Wealth; and therefore the two Lines,

Nota loquor, &c.

which in all Editions are placed at the End of this Elegy, ſhould immediately follow

Ure, puer, quaeſo, tua qui ferus otia liquit :
Atque iterum erronem ſub tua ſigna voca.

Quod

Negligat hybernas.

For by this Change theſe two Lines, which univerſally puzzled the Commentators, have a Connexion, and may be made Senſe of. But though the Love of Riches had ſo generally infected even the Young, Tibullus only begs that he might enjoy the little he had, in all the Simplicity of ancient Times. Unfortunately, however, for our Poet, Nemeſis liked Opulence ; and, as he was wholly attached to her, he ſuddenly determines to become rich by War ; neither could Cupid be offended with this, as with his Spoils he only meant to adorn his Miſtreſs.

1. *Macer campaigns*, &c.] This Elegy, and the third and ſeventh of this Book, have been miſerably mangled and blended together, in the Variorum Edition : for Inſtance, all the Verſes of this, from *At tu quiſque is es*, to the End, are in that Edition foiſted into the third Elegy, *Rura tenent*, &c. although theſe Lines have no Manner of Connexion with that Elegy. But, by way of Compenſation, the Variorum Editors have not only laid the foreſaid third Elegy under a Contribution of four Lines to this, beginning at *Acer amor fractas*, &c. but have alſo tagged to it the next Elegy, beginning *Finirent multi leto mala*.

Joannes Baptiſta Pius, Achilles Statius and Glandorpius are all of Opinion, that Tibullus means here Pompeius Macer, the Son of Theophanes of Mitylene, to whom Auguſtus entruſted, as Suetonius informs us, the Management of his Library. The Arguments they allege in Defence of this, are chiefly taken from Ovid, who, in the eighteenth Elegy of his ſecond Book, ſpeaks thus of Macer :

Carmen ad iratum dum tu perdueis Achillem,
Primæque juratis induis arma viris.
Nos, Macer, ignavæ Veneris cęſſamus in umbra.

And again,

Tu canis, æterno quidquid reſtabat Homero
Ne careant ſumma Troica bella manu.

Pont. Ep. lib. ii. ep. 10. ver. 13.

From

To dare deſert thy ſweetly-pleaſing Pains,
For ſtormy Seas, or ſanguinary Plains!
'Tis, Cupid! thine, the Wanderer to reclaim,
Regain thy Honour, and avenge thy Name!

If

From whence they conclude, that Pompeius Macer was a Poet, and wrote the Paralipomena of Homer. This Opinion is however unſupported by claſſical Authority. But if there is no cauſe to believe that Theophanes was a Poet, we know, that Æmilius Macer was a conſiderable one; and as he made a diſtinguiſhed figure in the Court of Auguſtus, it is not unreaſonable to conclude, he was the Nobleman, whom Tibullus mentions in this Elegy.

Æmilius Macer then was born at Verona, a City famous for the Births of Lucretius, Catullus, and the Architect Vitruvius. Ovid informs us, that Macer was his ſenior, and that he travelled with him through Aſia and Sicily. We alſo know from the ſame Poet, as well as from Pliny, that Macer, beſides the Pieces already mentioned, wrote likewiſe a Poem on Birds, Serpents, and on the Virtues of Plants. Of this Performance, which he uſed often to recite to Ovid, two or three Lines only remain. In it he chiefly copied Nicander, a Poet of Colophon. Nor were theſe his only poetical Performances: he compoſed a Piece, intitled Theriaca, of which Iſidorus and others have ſaved near half a dozen Verſes. Nonius Marcellus adds, that he wrote a Theogony, of which he mentions one Verſe: but ſome learned Men think, that the Line quoted muſt have belonged rather to his Ornithology. Beſides theſe uſeful Works, he publiſhed ſomething on Bees (probably in Verſe) as Pliny informs us, lib. xi. Quintilian allows both Macer and Lucretius to have been elegant, but ſtigmatizes the one as obſcure, and the other as creeping. *Utinam* (ſays Broekhuſius) *bodie de Macro & nobis arbitrari liceret! Utinam ſaltem Iliaca exſtarent, quas tanti facit Naſo, ut ab his libris, honorificum dederit auctori cognomentum*;

Quod ſi militibus parces, erit hic quoque miles
Ipſe, levi galea qui ſibi portet aquam.
Caſtra peto: valeatque Venus, valeantque puellae.
Et mihi ſunt vires, et mihi facta tuba eſt.

Magna

Cum foret & Marſus, magnique Babirius oris,
Illiacuſque Macer ſideriuſque Pedo.

Lib. iv. Pont. Ep. 16.

Macer died in Aſia, about the Time that Auguſtus adopted Caius and Lucius, the Sons of Agrippa; which, according to the Euſebian Chronicle, happened A. U. C. 737. in the Conſulate of C. Furnius, and Juſ. Silanus.

The Poem De Viribus Herbarum, which at preſent paſſes under the Name of Æm. Macer, is the Work of one Odo, who was as wretched a Poet, as he was a bad Phyſician. Vide Lilio Gyvald. J. C. Scaliger, and Gaudent. Merul. Ital. Illuſtr. We therefore wonder how that elegant Scholar and excellent Anatomiſt, Thomas Bartholin, could be ſo far impoſed upon, as to take this miſerable Stuff, for a Poem, which was the Delight of the Auguſtan Age. See his Diſſert. de Medicis Poeticis.

3. *Put on the Creſt*, &c.] This Paſſage in the Original has mightily puzzled the Interpreters. Scaliger and Broekhuſius explain it, as if the Poet lamented the Fate of little Cupid, who would now be obliged to attend Macer to the Field, and to be his Armour-bearer. Vulpius, on the other hand, condemns Scaliger's Explanation, and ſays, that the Poet ſeems to intimate, that Cupid himſelf ſhould put on Arms. This Senſe of the Paſſage is what the Tranſlator has adopted, as the moſt poetical.

We learn from Ovid, that Macer was not averſe to Love, but even mixed Strokes of Gallantry in his heroic Compoſitions.

Nec tibi (qua tutum vati, Macer arma canenti)
Aureus in medio Marte, tacetur amor.

Et

If ſuch thou ſpar'ſt, a Soldier I will be,
The meaneſt Soldier, and abandon thee.
Adieu, ye trifling Loves! farewel, ye Fair!
The Trumpet charms me, I to Camps repair;

The

Et Paris eſt illic, & adultera nobile crimen;
Et comes extincto Laodamia viro.
Si bene te novi, non bella libentius iſtis
Dicis, & a veſtris in mea caſtra venis.

Lib. ii. El. 18. ver. 35.

14. *The Trumpet charms me.*] Read, inſtead of *facta*, in the Generality of Editions,

& mihi grata tuba eſt.

Hammond has improved upon this Elegy in his ſecond.

I.

Adieu, ye Walls, that guard my cruel Fair!
No more I'll ſit in roſy Fetters bound;
My Limbs have learnt the Weight of Arms to bear,
My rouzing Spirits feel the Trumpet's Sound.

II.

Few are the Maids that now on Merit ſmile;
On Sport and War is bent this Iron Age;
Yet Pain and Death attend on War and Spoil,
Unfated Vengeance, and remorſeleſs Rage.

III.

To purchaſe Spoil, ev'n Love itſelf is ſold:
Her Lover's Heart is leaſt Neæra's Care.
And I, thro' War, muſt ſeek deteſted Gold;
Not for myſelf, but for my venal Fair!

Magna loquor : ſed magnifice mihi magna locuto
Excutiunt clauſae fortia verba fores.
Juravi quoties rediturum ad limina numquam ?
Quum bene juravi, pes tamen ipſe redit.

At

IV.

That while ſhe bends beneath the Weight of Dreſs,
The ſtiffen'd Robe may ſpoil her eaſy Mien;
And Art miſtaken, make her Beauty leſs,
While ſtill it hides ſome Graces, better ſeen.

V.

But if ſuch Toys can win her lovely Smile,
Her's be the Wealth of Tagus' golden Sand,
Her's the bright Gems that glow in India's Soil,
Her's the black Sons of Afric's ſultry Land.

VI.

To pleaſe her Eye, let every Loom contend;
For her be rifled Ocean's pearly Bed.
But where, alas! would idle Fancy tend,
And ſooth with Dreams a youthful Poet's Head?

VII.

Let others buy the cold, unloving Maid,
In forc'd Embraces act the Tyrant's Part;
While I their ſelfiſh Luxury upbraid,
And ſcorn the Perſon, where I doubt the Heart.

VIII.

Thus warm'd by Pride, I think I love no more,
And hide in Threats the Weakneſs of my Mind
In vain — Tho' Reaſon fly the hated Door,
Yet Love, the Coward Love, ſtill lags behind.

21ſt. *Unconſcious what I did*, &c.] This, in the Original, is,

pes tamen ipſe redit.

And,

The martial Look, the martial Garb aſſume,
And ſee the Laurel on my Forehead bloom!
My vaunts how vain! debarr'd the cruel Maid,
The Warriour ſoftens, and my Laurels fade.
Piqu'd to the Soul, how frequent have I ſwore,
Her Gate ſo ſervile to approach no more?
Unconſcious what I did, I ſtill return'd,
Was ſtill deny'd Acceſs, and yet I burn'd!

Ye

And, as Vulpius obſerves, it appears to have been a colloquial Expreſſion, equally idiomatical both to Greeks and Romans.

Horace has a Thought of the ſame Nature, in his excellent Epode to Pollius; where, complaining of the Cruelty of Inachia, whom he had reſolved to ſee no more, he thus expreſſes his own Impotence of Will:

Ubi hæc ſeverus te palam laudaveram
Juſſus abire domum
Ferebar incerto pede
Ad non amicos, heu mihi poſtes, & heu
Limina dura, quibus
Lumbos, & infregi latus. Ep. xi.

When thus, with vaunting Air, I ſolemn ſaid;
Inſpir'd by thy Advice, I homeward ſped;
But, ah! my Feet in wonted Wandering ſtray,
And to no friendly Doors my Steps betray,
There I forget my Vows, forget my Pride,
And at her Threſhold lay my tortur'd Side.

Francis.

But are we therefore to conclude, that Horace was indebted to Tibullus for this Thought? By no means. For, as one of the beſt Critics that ever inſtructed this Iſland, obſerves, "Many Subjects fall under the Conſideration of an Author, which being limited by Nature, can

"admit

At tu, quiſque is es, cui triſti fronte Cupido
Imperitat, noſtra ſint tua caſtra domo.
Ferrea non Venerem, ſed praedam ſaecula laudant.
Praeda tamen multis eſt operata malis.
Praeda feras acies acuit crudelibus armis.
Hinc furor, hinc caedes, mors propiorque venit,
Praeda vago juſſit geminare pericula ponto,
Bellica quum dubiis roſtra dedit ratibus.
Praedator cupit immenſos obſidere campos,
Ut multo innumeram jugere paſcat ovem.
Quid lapis externus curae eſt? urbique tumultus
Portatur validis mille columna jugis?
Claudit et indomitum moles mare, lentus ut intra
Negligat hibernas piſcis adeſſe minas?
Nota loquor: regnum ipſe tenet, quem ſaepe coëgit
Barbara gypſatos ferre cataſta pedes.

At

" admit only of ſlight and accidental Diverſities. All Defi-
" nitions of the ſame Thing, muſt be nearly the ſame;
" and Deſcriptions, which are Definitions of a more looſe
" and fanciful Kind, muſt always have, in ſome Degree,
" that Reſemblance to each other, which they all have to
" their Object. Different Poets deſcribing the Spring and
" the Sea, would mention the Zephyrs and the Flowers,
" the Billows and the Rocks: reflecting on Human Life,
" they would, without any Communication of Opinions,
" lament the Deceitfulneſs of Hope, the Fugacity of Plea-
" ſure, the Fragility of Beauty, and the Frequency of Ca-
" lamity; and, for Palliatives of theſe incurable Miſeries,
" they

Ye Youths, whom Love commands with angry Sway,
Attend his Wars, like me, and pleas'd obey:
This Iron Age approves his Sway no more:
All fly to Camps for Gold, and Gold adore:
Yet Gold clothes kindred States in hoſtile Arms!
Hence Blood and Death, Confuſion and Alarms!
Mankind, for Luſt of Gold, at once defy
The naval Combat, and the ſtormy Sky!
The Soldier hopes, by martial Spoils, to gain
Flocks without Number, and a rich Domain:
His Hopes obtain'd by every horrid Crime,
He ſeeks for Marble in each foreign Clime:
A thouſand Yoke ſuſtain the pillar'd Freight,
And Rome, ſurpriz'd beholds th'enormous Weight.
Let ſuch with Moles the furious Deep incloſe,
Where Fiſh may ſwim unhurt, tho' Winter blows:
Let Flocks and Villas call the Spoiler Lord!
And be the Spoiler by the Fair ador'd!

Let

" they would concur in recommending Kindneſs, Tem-
" perance, Caution, and Fortitude." Rambler, No. 143.

37. *Let ſuch with Moles*, &c.] Would the Reader know to what immenſe Extravagance the Romans went in this Article of Sea-fiſh-ponds, he may conſult Varro, De Re Ruſt. cap. 17. where he treats of theſe *piſcinæ marinæ*:

41. *Let*

At mihi laeta trahant Samiae convivia teſtae,
Fictaque Cumana lubrica terra rota.
Heu heu divitibus video gaudere puellas
Jam veniant praedae, ſi Venus optat opes:
Ut mea luxuria Nemeſis fluat: utque per urbem
Incedat donis conſpicienda meis.
Illa gerat veſtes tenues, quas femina Coa
Texuit, auratas diſpoſuitque vias.
Illi ſint comites fuſci, quos India torret,
Solis et admotis inficit ignis equis.
Illi ſelectos certent praebere colores
Africa puniceum, purpureumque Tyros.

ELEGIA

41. *Let one we know*, &c.] It is reported by Hiſtorians, that Demetrius, the Freed-man of Pompey, by attending that General in his Conqueſts, amaſſed greater Wealth than his Maſter himſelf. It is probable, however, our Poet, in this Paſſage, glances at ſome of the Cæſarian Party.

43. *Be ours the Joys of œconomic Eaſe.*] From the Original,

At mihi læta trahant Samiæ convivia teſtæ
Fictaque Cumana lubrica terra rota.

The Tranſlator approves of Scaliger's Correction, in inſerting *mihi*. Although by rendering it *ours*, he takes in alſo *tibi*, which is the other Pronoun that contends for a Place here. The Poet particularly celebrates Samos and Cumæ, as Marts of the beſt and cheapeſt Earthen Ware. Vide Pliny, lib. xxxiii. cap. 12.

45. *In*

Let one we know, a whipp'd Barbarian Slave,
Live like a King, with kingly Pride behave!
Be ours the Joys of œconomic Eaſe,
From bloody Fields remote, and ſtormy Seas!

In Gold, alas! the venal Fair delight!
Since Beauty ſighs for Spoil, for Spoil I'll fight!
In all my Plunder Nemeſis ſhall ſhine,
Yours be the Profit, be the Peril mine:
To deck your heav'nly Charms the Silk-worm dies,
Embroidery labours, and the Shuttle flies!
For you be rifled Ocean's pearly Store!
To you Pactolus ſend his golden Ore!
Ye Indians! blacken'd by the nearer Sun,
Before her Steps in ſplendid Liveries run;
For you ſhall wealthy Tyre and Afric vie,
To yield the Purple, and the Scarlet Dye.

THE

45. *In Gold, alas! the venal Fair,* &c.] Pliny informs us, that Gold was not coined at Rome till the Year 617, about ſixty-two Years after Silver had been firſt coined there. Until this Period, the Romans, it ſeems, ſubſiſted on the Money of the Nations they conquered.

50. *Embroidery labours,* &c.] This in the Original is,

Illa gerat veſtes, &c.

The Iſland Cos was remarkable of old for Gold Tiſſues and other Luxuries of Apparel. The great Hippocrates was born there.

55. *For*

55. *For you ſhall wealthy Tyre, &c.*] Authors make a Difference between the Tyrian and Lybian Dye, though they are ſometimes uſed promiſcuouſly by good Claſſic Writers. The Tyrian was the richeſt Dreſs a Lady could wear. The Prætexta of the Roman Magiſtrates was

was of purple, a Colour which they ſometimes permitted ſuch foreign Princes as depended on them, to aſſume, but never till they had made exorbitant Preſents to the Conſuls.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

FINIRENT multi leto mala; credula vitam
Spes fovet, et melius cras fore ſemper ait.
Spes alit agricolas, Spes ſulcis credit aratis
Semina, quae magno foenere reddat ager.

Haec

Suicide was not only not criminal, but eſteemed heroical by the Romans. We may ſuppoſe but few deſtroyed themſelves from philoſophical Motives, although the Stoics permitted it. Under the Emperors, indeed, thoſe eſpecially that diſgraced Nature, Self-murder became too frequent, as then only the beſt Men were doomed the Victims of their Barbarity; for by this Means they preſerved their Eſtates to their Poſterity. Under ſuch Circumſtances, Suicide was in Truth leſs blameable; but ſtill no Circumſtances can be offered, which wholly abate its Iniquity. Be that, however, as it will, even thoſe who condemn Self-murder as unjuſtifiable, will own that Death ſounds prettily in the Mouth of a Lover; and this gives ſome Countenance to the Reading,

Jam mala finiſſem leto,

which makes the Beginning of this Elegy, in ſome Editions; but as our Poet every where elſe ſhews the utmoſt Abhorrence at Death, as the beſt MSS. read

Finirent

THE SEVENTH ELEGY.

THOUSANDS in Death would ſeek an End of Woe,
But Hope, deceitful Hope! prevents the Blow!
Hope plants the Foreſt, and ſhe ſows the Plain;
And feeds, with future Granaries, the Swain;

Hope

Finirent multi leto mala, &c.

and as it appears by the Line

Spes facilem Nemeſin, &c.

that he only was enumerating ſome of the many Effects of that catholic Cordial, Hope, the Tranſlator has adopted the more common Reading, and, with Broekhuſius, has made this a diſtinct Elegy; which, in not a few Editions, is prepoſterouſly tacked to the foregoing Poem.

The whole Exiſtence of a Lover is made up of Hope and Fears: Though always diſappointed by Nemeſis, our Poet ſtill hoped, that his amorous Inclinations would at laſt be indulged: for this Purpoſe, he entreats her, as was natural, by the Things ſhe held moſt dear. — The Text informs us, that her Siſter had unfortunately fallen from a Window, and broken

Haec laqueo volucres, haec captat arundine piſces,
Quum tenues hamos abdidit ante cibus.
Spes etiam valida ſolatur compede vinctum,
Crura ſonant ferro, ſed canit inter opus.

Spes

broken her Neck: this Perſon had always warmly eſpouſed the Intereſt of Tibullus; and as it was a Point of pagan Belief, that their Ghoſts continued their Attention to their Friends on Earth, eſpecially if theſe paid proper Honours to their Tombs, our Poet informs his cruel Fair-one, that he means to repair to her Siſter's Monument, and, by Oblations of Flowers, &c. to implore her Aſſiſtance. But, as it was natural for him to imagine, that the mentioning ſo favourite an Object, would renew all Nemeſis's Grief for her unfortunate End, he breaks off, and artfully throwing the Blame of what he had ſuffered on her Servant, he finiſhes the Elegy with curſing her.

1. *Thouſands in Death*, &c.] Although the Romans looked upon Suicide as heroical; yet Virgil thus deſcribes the evil Condition and Remorſe of thoſe who had laid violent Hands upon themſelves:

Proxima deinde tenent mæſti loca, qui ſibi letum
Inſontes peperere manu, lucemque peroſi
Projecere animas: quam vellent in æthere alto
Nunc & pauperiem, & duros tolerare labores!
Fas obſtat, triſtique palus inamabilis unda
Adligat, & novies Styx interfuſa coercet.

In Plato's almoſt divine Dialogue, intitled, Phædo, Socrates has fully evinced the Unlawfulneſs of Self-murder. This Dialogue Cicero ſeems to have copied in his admirable Piece, intitled, Somnium Scipionis. *Quæſo, inquam, pater ſanctiſſime atque optime, quoniam hæc eſt vita, (ut Africanum audio dicere) quid moror in terra? quin hinc ad vos venire propero? Non eſt ita, inquit ille; Niſi Deus is, cujus hoc templum eſt omne quod conſpicis, iſtis te corporis cuſtodiis liberaverit, huc tibi aditus patere non poteſt. Homines enim ſunt hac lege generati, qui*

4

Hope ſnares the winged Vagrants of the Sky,
Hope cheats in reedy Brooks the ſcaly Fry;
By Hope, the fetter'd Slave, the Drudge of Fate,
Sings, ſhakes his Irons, and forgets his State;

Hope

qui tuerentur illum globum, quem in hoc templo medium vides, quæ terra dicitur; hiſque animus datus eſt ex illis ſempiternis ignibus, quæ ſidera, & ſtellas vocatis: quæ globoſæ, & rotundæ, circos ſuos orbeſque conficiunt celeritate mirabili. Quare & tibi, Publi, & piis omnibus retinendus eſt animus in cuſtodia corporis: nec injuſſu ejus, a quo ille eſt vobis datus, ex hominum vita migrandum eſt, ne munus humanum adſignatum a Deo defugiſſe videamini.

2. *But Hope, deceitful Hope, &c.*] Hope is a poetical Subject, to which many, both ancient and modern, have done great Juſtice. Theognis ſuppoſes, that when the other Gods left the Earth, Hope only ſtaid behind. This Thought Ovid has adopted:

Hæc dea, quum fugerent ſceleratas numina terras,
In diis inviſa ſola remanſit humo.

As Hope, as well as Fear, is one of the Barriers implanted in us by Nature, to prevent our ruſhing out of Life, ought it not to have been taken into the Eſtimate of Life in Hamlet's Soliloquy?

To be, or not to be;

which, however ſenſible, has, as a late Critic well obſerves, nothing to do in the Place where it is introduced.

This Enumeration of the Conſequences of Hope, or what it may be productive of, though not frequent in our Poet, is yet common in Ovid, and has indeed a fine Effect even in preceptive Poems; but in ſuch as are impaſſioned or heroic, ſeems eſſentially improper. Hence Marino and Davenant are reprehenſible; neither is Shakeſpear himſelf entirely free from Blame on this Score.

St. Paul, with no leſs Beauty than Emphaſis of Expreſſion, calls Hope our early Immortality. The excellent author

Spes facilem Nemeſin ſpondet mihi; ſed negat illa.
Hei mihi, ne vincas, dura puella, Deam.
Parce per inmatura tuae precor oſſa ſororis;
Sic bene ſub tenera parva quieſcat humo.
Illa mihi ſancta eſt; illius dona ſepulcro,
Et madefacta meis ſerta feram lacrimis.
Illius ad tumulum fugiam, ſupplexque ſedebo,
Et mea cum muto fata querar cinere.
Non feret uſque ſuum te propter flere clientem.
Illius ut verbis, ſis mihi lenta, veto.
Ne tibi neglecti mittant nova ſomnia manes,
Moeſtaque ſopitae ſtet ſoror ante torum.

Qualis

thor of the Night Thoughts, thus expreſſes his Sentiments with regard to Wiſhing:

Wiſhing, of all Employments, is the worſt,
Philoſophy's Reverſe, and Health's Decay!
Were I as plump as ſtall'd Theology,
Wiſhing would waſte me to this Shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a South-Sea Dream,
Wiſhing is an Expedient to be poor.
Wiſhing, that conſtant Hectic of a Fool;
Caught at a Court; purg'd off by purer Air,
And ſimpler Diet; Gifts of rural Life!

9. *Hope promis'd you*, &c.] The Goddeſs, mentioned in the Original, is, by ſome Commentators, ſuppoſed to be Nemeſis: but as that would be more in the affected Mode of Ovid, than in the natural Way of Tibullus; and as the Context, when carefully conſidered, ſhews that the Poet meant Hope; the Tranſlator has kept to that Interpretation in the Verſion, notwithſtanding Otway, in his Tranſlation of this Elegy, retains the former.

22. *All*

Hope promis'd you, you haughty ſtill deny;
Yield to the Goddeſs, O my Fair! comply.
Hope whiſper'd me, "Give Sorrow to the Wind!
"The haughty Fair-one ſhall at laſt be kind."
Yet, yet you treat me with the ſame Diſdain:
O let not Hope's ſoft Whiſpers prove in vain!

Untimely Fate your Siſter ſnatch'd away;
Spare me, O ſpare me, by her Shade I pray!
So ſhall my Garlands deck her Virgin-tomb;
So ſhall I weep, no Hypocrite, her Doom!
So may her Grave with riſing Flowers be dreſt,
And the green Turf lie lightly on her Breaſt.

Ah me! will nought avail? The World I'll fly,
And, proſtrate at her Tomb, a Suppliant ſigh!
To her attentive Ghoſt, of you complain;
Tell my long Sorrowing, tell of your Diſdain:
Oft, when alive, in my Behalf ſhe ſpoke:
Your endleſs Coyneſs muſt her Shade provoke:
With ugly Dreams ſhe'll haunt your Hour of Reſt,
And weep before you, an unwelcome Gueſt!

Ghaſtly

22. *A Suppliant ſigh!*] Vulpius has collected almoſt a Century of Quotations, to prove that the Ancients, when deeply affected with Sorrow, generally ſat. *Graviter dolentes, veteri conſuetudine, fere ſemper ſedebant.* A wonderful Diſcovery this, and well worthy of critical Inveſtigation!

Qualis ab excelſa praeceps delapſa feneſtra
Venit ad infernos ſanguinolenta lacus.
Deſino, ne dominae luctus renoventur acerbi.
Non ego ſum tanti, ploret ut illa ſemel.
Nec lacrimis oculos digna eſt foedare loquaces.
Lena nocet nobis, ipſa puella bona eſt.
Lena necat miſerum Phryne, furtimque tabellas
Occulto portans, itque, reditque ſinu.
Saepe,

29. *Ghaſtly and pale,* &c.] According to ancient Superſtition, Ghoſts often appeared in the ſame diſmal Circumſtances in which they had departed Life. Of this we have a ſtriking Inſtance in Virgil:

Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus ægris
Incipit, & dono divum gratiſſima ſerpit.
In ſomnis, ecce ante oculos mœſtiſſimus Hector
Viſus adeſſe mihi, largoſque effundere fletus;
Raptatus bigis, ut quondam, aterque cruento
Pulvere, perque pedes trajectus lora tumentes,
Hei mihi, qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillei!
Æn. ii. 268.

Inſtances of the ſame Sort may be found in Ovid, Met. lib. ii. ver. 650. Faſt. lib. v. ver. 451. and in Statius, Theb. lib. ii. ver. 120. BROEKH.

31. *No more, my Strains!* &c.] Baptiſta Guarini, in a Sonnet where he blames his Tongue for being unable to expreſs his Love, thus addreſſes his Eyes:

Ma ſe muta ſe' tu, ſien gli occhi noſtri
Loquaci, e caldi; e'n lor le ſue profonde
Piaghe, e l'interno duol diſcopra il core.
Non e ſi chiuſo o ſi ſegreto ardore
Ch'un cigho a l'altro no'l riveli o moſtri
La dove amor vera eloquenza aſconde. Son. xlv.

Many

Ghaſtly and pale, as when beſmear'd with Blood,
Oh fatal Fall! ſhe paſs'd the Stygian Flood.

No more, my Strains! your Eyes with Tears o'erflow,
This moving Object renovates your Woe:
You, you are guiltleſs! I your Maid accuſe;
You generous are! ſhe, ſhe has ſelfiſh Views.
Nay, were you guilty, I'll no more complain;
One Tear from you o'erpays a Life of Pain!
She, Phryne, promis'd to promote my Vows:
She took, but never gave my Billet-doux.

You're

Many other Paſſages might here be added, wherein ſpeaking Eyes are mentioned; for this has been the Language of Lovers in all Ages. But, as the excellent Rambler remarks, "There are Flowers of Fiction ſo widely ſcatter'd, and ſo "eaſily cropped, that it is ſcarcely juſt to tax the Uſe of "them, as an Act by which any particular Writer is de-"ſpoiled of his Garland; for they may be ſaid to be "planted by the Ancients in the open Road of Poetry, for "the Accommodation of their Succeſſors, and to be the "Right of every one that has art to pluck them without "injuring their Colours or their Fragrance."

35. *Nay, were you guilty,* &c.] This is Nature; but the Arcadian Lovers of Italy carry ſuch Emotions beyond the Bounds of Probability.

ogni coſa (ſays Aminta)
O tentato per placarla fuor che morte
Mi reſta ſuol che per placarla io mora,
E morro volontier pur ch io ſia certo
Ch'ella o ſe ne compiacera, o ſe ne doglia
Ne ſo de tai due coſe qual piu brami.

A mighty Difficulty, in Truth!

Saepe, ego quum dominae dulces a limine duro
Agnoſco voces, haec negat eſſe domi.
Saepe, ubi nox promiſſa mihi eſt, languere puellam
Nuntiat, aut aliquas extimuiſſe minas.
Tunc morior curis: tunc mens mihi perdita fingit,
Quiſve meam teneat, quot teneatve modis.
Tunc tibi, lena, precor diras: ſatis anxia vivas,
Moverit e votis pars quotacumque Deos.

37. *She, Phryne, promis'd, &c.*] If the Reader is deſirous to know the Stratagems practiſed by the Bawds of Antiquity, he may peruſe Ovid's El. 8. lib. i. and Propertius, lib. iv. el. 5. In this Particular, however, the modern Siſterhood,

You're gone abroad, ſhe confidently ſwears,
Oft when your ſweet-ton'd Voice ſalutes mine Ears:
Or, when you promiſe to reward my Pains,
That you're afraid, or indiſpos'd, ſhe feigns:
Then madding Jealouſy inflames my Breaſt;
Then Fancy repreſents a Rival bleſt;
I wiſh thee, Phryne! then, a thouſand Woes; —
And if the Gods with half my Wiſhes cloſe,
Phryne! a Wretch of Wretches thou ſhalt be,
And vainly beg of Death to ſet thee free!

hood, if the modeſt Editor of a late juſtly famous Romance deſcribes them aright, greatly ſurpaſs their ancient Predeceſſors.

THE
ELEGIES
OF
TIBULLUS,
BOOK III.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

THIRD BOOK.

SOME Words in the Elegies of this Book are of that Sort, which are frequently uſed by the beſt Writers catachreſtically, ſometimes denoting more lax, ſometimes more intimate Relations. The Difficulty of aſcertaining the Senſe in which Tibullus has uſed them, has thrown a ſeeming Obſcurity on a Poet, who will ever have the firſt Place amongſt the Wits of Greece and Rome, for elegant Simplicity; and has cauſed ſuch illuſtrious Annotators as Scaliger, Lipſius, and Muretus, to ſtumble. The great Difficulty is contained in the following lines; and if this can be cleared up, all the reſt will be eaſy and intelligible. El. I. Lin. 23.

Hæc tibi vir quondam, nunc frater, caſta Neæra,
Mittit, & accipias munera parva, rogat.
Teque ſuis jurat caram magis eſſe medullis,
Sive ſibi conjunx ſive futura ſoror.

Sed potius conjunx hujus ſpem nominis illi
Auferet extincto pallida ditis aqua.

Where it is firſt inquired, what is meant by *frater* and *ſoror?* It is readily ſeen, that they cannot be underſtood in their primitive Senſe, becauſe a Marriage betwixt Brother and Siſter would never have been tolerated at Rome: the very Thoughts of it would have been regarded with Abhorrence. Theſe Words ſometimes mean Couſin-germans, and in this Senſe Muretus here underſtands them; but this is too cold and unanimated to be admitted into Poetry, or to flow from the Pen of Tibullus, when he is expreſſing the tender Feelings of a fond doating Lover. It is much more probable, that he deſigned to repreſent by them one of thoſe delicate Connexions, which have their Foundation in the Will and the Affections; that by *frater* he would have us to underſtand a fond Admirer; and by *ſoror*, a beloved Miſtreſs, who had entertained a reciprocal Kindneſs and Eſteem for her Lover. This Senſe of the Words is familiar to moſt Languages. Nothing can be more full to this Purpoſe than what we meet with in the Canticles of Solomon,— "Thou haſt ra-" viſhed my Heart, my Siſter, my Spouſe,"—ch. iv. ver. 9. and in ſeveral other Places.

Ovid

Ovid alſo has uſed the Words in this Senſe:

Alloquor Hermione nuper fratremque virumque,
Nunc fratrem, nomen conjugis alter habet.

And the Greeks had ſo accuſtomed themſelves to this Uſe of them, that we find their Venus has a Title given her by Lycophron, which his Scholiaſt explains by "τὴν ἀδελφοποιὸν, the Author of brotherly Aſſocia-" tions." And aſſigns this pretty whimſical Reaſon for it: "For a Commerce in Love Matters makes " thoſe who were Strangers, Brothers; and thoſe " who would carry on an amorous Commerce ſe-" cretly, ſay of one they favour, he is my Brother, " he is my Relation.

Having ſolved, we hope, this Difficulty, we ſhall next conſider what is the import of *vir* and *conjunx*. They certainly were deſigned to expreſs ſome nearer Connexion, ſome cloſer Tye, than mere Friendſhip, or whatever elſe is comprehended in *frater* and *ſoror*. The Epithet *caſta*, given to Neæra, will not permit us to underſtand them of any looſe Amour; that Title never could belong to a Jilt, who had granted Favours to one Lover, and, upon ſome Caprice, had thrown herſelf into the Arms of another: but Divorces were common enough at Rome, ſo that even a

Wife might diſmiſs her Huſband upon ſome diſpleaſure taken, at leaſt before actual Matrimony, without hurting her Reputation by it: ſo that I think Huſband and Wife are the true Meaning of *vir* and *conjunx*.

This Interpretation however is not without Difficulties: the Silence of Antiquity, and ſeveral other Circumſtances, make the Marriage of Tibullus appear improbable; it has therefore been ſuppoſed by Lipſius, that *quondam* was intended to expreſs future, and not paſt Time. It cannot be denied, that it is ſometimes thus uſed; but it more commonly ſignifies the Time paſt, or formerly; and to underſtand it otherwiſe here, would make the Conſtruction harſh and ungrammatical. In further Confirmation of this, it appears that the following Elegies of this Book relate to the ſame Perſons and the ſame Diſtreſs: they were probably the New-year's Gift which Lygdamus, by the Advice of the Muſes, propoſes to ſend to Neæra: now theſe furniſh us with Paſſages which can be underſtood of nothing elſe but a Marriage-contract, and a ſubſequent Separation: thus, in El. II, we find,

Sed veniat caræ matris comitata dolore,
Mœreat hæc genero, mœreat illa viro.

And again,

Lygdamus hic ſitus eſt, dolor huic & cura Neæræ
Conjugis ereptæ cauſa perire fuit.

In

In the third Elegy,

Oh niveam quæ te poterit mihi reddere lucem.

And again,

Aut, ſi fata negant reditum triſteſque ſorores.

In El. iv.

Nec gaudet caſta nupta Neæra domo.

One muſt torture theſe Paſſages extremely, to make them conſiſtent with any thing elſe but a previous Marriage, or at leaſt a very ſolemn Contract. Was Tibullus then married? or did he intend at all to marry Neæra? I am not inclined to think ſo, as none of the ancient Writers have given us the leaſt Hint of it. But the Poet is not tied down to actual Life:

Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas.

The Sacrifice of Iphigenia at Aulis, is probably a mere Fable; and yet what noble, what affecting, what intereſting Scenes of Diſtreſs have both the Tragedian and Painter formed upon it? And might not Tibullus, to indulge his plaintive Humour, and to diſplay the ſoft Feelings of his Soul, chuſe to repreſent himſelf in a Situation that forms one of the moſt

moſt melting and agonizing Diſtreſſes, to be found amongſt thoſe Beds of Thorns and Roſes which Love prepares for his capricious Votaries? A beloved Wife, grown dearer by more intimate Acquaintance, charming without the help of Artifice, and rooted in the Soul by a thouſand repeated Endearments, torn from the Arms of an enraptured Huſband, whilſt he ſtill doats upon her, and ready to be ſacrificed to another; — what feeling Heart but ſhudders at the Thought? — eſpecially when the delicate affecting Colours are laid on by the Pencil of Tibullus? The Names certainly are fictitious; Neæra was as trite a Name for a Miſtreſs in Rome, as Phyllis or Cloe with our modern Sonnetteers. And what confirms me in the Opinion, that the Diſtreſs painted in theſe Elegies is alſo fictitious, ſo far as Tibullus is concerned in it, is, that Ovid, in his Poem on Tibullus's Death, takes Notice of no other Miſtreſs but Delia and Nemeſis; to one of whom he aſſigns the laſt, to the other the firſt Intereſt in him, without any intermediate Favourite.

Sic Nemeſis longum, ſic Delia nomen habebit:
Altera cura recens, altera primus amor.

Ovid ſeems to have carefully ſearched out every curious Particular of Tibullus's Life, and therefore could not

not have overlooked ſo ſtriking a Circumſtance as the Diſtreſſes celebrated in theſe Elegies, if they had really happened to Tibullus. He, and his cotemporaries of the Auguſtan Age, were probably well informed of the true Reaſon of Tibullus's compoſing the following Book. Some ſuch Diſtreſs might have happened, and been much talked of in Rome; and Tibullus might ſeize upon it as a favourable Opportunity for diſplaying his elegiac Genius in its full Luſtre. Propertius has made the ſame Uſe of the Misfortunes of a noble Family, in the twelfth Elegy of Book iv. It is a common Artifice with delicate Writers, to ſigh and tell a piteous Tale, while their Hearts are not at all affected. B.

ALBII TIBULLI

LIBER TERTIUS.

ELEGIA PRIMA.

MARTIS Romani feſtae venere kalendae.
Exoriens noſtris hinc fuit annus avis.
Et vaga nunc certa diſcurrunt undique pompa
Perque vias urbis munera, perque domos.
Dicite

Romulus, who divided the Year into ten Months, dedicated the firſt to his Father Mars: on the firſt Day of this Month the Veſtal Virgins lighted anew the ſacred Fire, freſh Laurels were hung up in the Senate, and at the Doors of the High Prieſt's Houſe, &c. the Comitia began, the Revenues were farmed, and Servants not only had their Wages paid them (and hence theſe Days were called *Mercedoniæ*), but, for one Night this Month, were attended upon at Supper by their Maſters.

The Poet enquires of the Muſes, what Preſent he ſhould ſend to Neæra, who, as ſhe was ſtill the ſole Object of his Wiſhes, ſo he yet hoped to be again poſſeſſed of her in Marriage.

The Muſes anſwer (for with Muretus the Tranſlator reads

Gaudet,

TIBULLUS.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ELEGY THE FIRST.

POET.

THY Calends, Mars! are come, from whence of old,
The Year's Beginning our Forefathers told:
Now various Gifts thro' every Houſe impart,
The pleaſing Tokens of the friendly Heart.

To

Gaudeat, ut digna eſt, verſibus illa tuis),

that, as Neæra was a very competent Judge of Poetry, ſo he ought to preſent her with his Performances in that Way. Our Author, however ſelf-denied, was yet too much of the Poet not to reliſh their Advice; but as the Dignity of thoſe who carry a Preſent, enhances the Value thereof, he entreats the Muſes to take the Trouble themſelves of delivering into the Hands of Neæra his Poems; and to aſſure her, that he ſhall never forego the pleaſing Expectation of being one Day again united to her in Marriage.

Scaliger,

Dicite Pierides, quonam donetur honore
Seu mea, ſeu fallor, cara Neaera tamen.

Carmine

Scaliger, in his Poetics, calls the Beginning of this Elegy Plebeian, on Account of its Spondees, & *tantus ejuſdem vocalis ſonus.*

His own Correction, however, is not much better:

Romani feſtæ Martis, &c.

It is remarkable, that this Hypercritic does not find fault with one ſingle Line of the two former Books.

1. *Thy Calends,* &c.] Numa Pompilius, in Imitation of the Greeks, added January and February to Romulus's Calendar, and began the Year with January. From the Time of Numa to that of Julius Cæſar, the Roman Year was lunar, and conſiſted of three hundred and fifty-five Days. But as this fell about eleven Days ſhort of the true ſolar Courſe, Tables of Intercalation or Inſertion were invented, to adjuſt Time as nearly as poſſible to the Motions of the Sun and Moon. The Pontifex Maximus and College of Prieſts had the Care of inſerting theſe intercalary Days; and they, from Negligence, Superſtition, but chiefly from an arbitrary Abuſe of their Power, by which they could make the Year either longer or ſhorter, as ſuited their own or Friends Intereſt, did not punctually inſert them; inſomuch that in Julius's Time, the Winter Months became autumnal; and thoſe of Autumn had fallen back into Summer. This gave Riſe, A. U. C. 707. to the Julian Correction, or ſolar Year, adjuſted to the exact Meaſure of the Sun's Revolution in the Zodiac, and conſiſting of three hundred and ſixty-five Days and ſix Hours. This Method of computing Time continued in Europe till 1582, when Pope Gregory, by ſinking ten Days between the 4th and 15th of October, reduced the vernal Equinox to the 21ſt of October, the Day which it had fallen upon, when the Feſtivals were regulated by the Council of Nice, and made the Year conſiſt of three hundred and ſixty-five Days, five Hours, and forty-nine Minutes. This New Style, as it was called to diſtinguiſh it from the Julian, being the moſt correct Calculation

To my Neæra, tuneful Virgins! ſay,
What ſhall I give, what Honour ſhall I pay?
Dear, e'en if fickle; dearer, if my Friend!
To the lov'd Fair, what Preſent ſhall I ſend?

MUSES.

lation of the Flow of Time, is authorized every where by Law, and prevails now in almoſt all the Kingdoms of Europe.

3. *Now various Gifts*, &c.] It has been obſerved by the Writers on Antiquities, that a Feaſt called Matronalia, was celebrated on the Calends of March, when ſolemn Sacrifices were offered up to Juno by the Roman Ladies, to whom alſo Preſents were then ſent by their Friends, in grateful Remembrance of the Interpoſition of the Sabine Women betwixt their Fathers and Huſbands. But it is not this Cuſtom which Tibullus alludes to. The Beginning of the Year in ancient Times on the Calends of March would have been an idle Circumſtance here, if the Preſents Tibullus ſpeaks of, were not what we call New-year's Gifts, the *Strenæ* of ancient Rome, which flew about in every Corner, and which Emperors themſelves did not diſdain to accept of. Ovid indeed, and Suetonius, expreſly aſſign the Calends of January for theſe Expreſſions of Benevolence: but even two ſuch Authorities are not ſufficient to convict Tibullus, in the Judgment of one converſant with his Writings, of either writing idly, or falſifying ancient Cuſtoms. It ſhould ſeem then, that the Romans continued to diſtribute theſe Preſents as Earneſts of their good Wiſhes for their Friends, on the Calends of March, according to the Inſtitution of Romulus, even after Numa had added two Months to the Year, and placed them at the Head of it; that this remained thus, till the Calendar took a more ſettled Form, under Julius Cæſar, by whoſe Directions the Beginning of the Year being certainly fixed to the Calends of January; and the Emperors being jealous of their Authority, even in Trifles, it became the Court Faſhion to confine this Diſtribution of New Year's Gifts to that Time only. No wonder then, that Ovid, who was a Court-flatterer, and Suetonius, who wrote when the Powers of the

Carmine formoſae, precio capiuntur avarae.
Gaudeat, ut digna eſt, verſibus illa tuis.
Lutea ſed niveum involvat membrana libellum,
Pumex et canas tondeat ante comas :
Summaque

the Emperors had ſwallowed up all Law and Cuſtom, ſhould mention that Obſervance only, which the firſt Cæſar had eſtabliſhed ; nor that Tibullus ſhould honour that Uſage which prevailed when his darling Liberty flouriſhed, and diſdained to take Notice of a Change which was introduced by a Tyrant. We know the Obſtinacy of many of our own Countrymen in Favour of the Old Style ; but amongſt the Romans it had ſomewhat of Virtue in it, it was a generous Indignation againſt the Authority which had robbed their Country of every valuable Privilege. Suetonius himſelf ſeems to confirm this Opinion : we find Tiberius, who thought his Power undermined by the ſlighteſt Deviation from the Inſtitution of his Predeceſſors, at the Pains of making an Edict to confine the New-year's Gifts to the Calends of January : *edicto prohibuit — ſtrenarum commercium, ne ultra calend. Januarias exerceretur.* The Hiſtorian indeed aſſigns a different Reaſon — that Tiberius did it for his own Eaſe, as Numbers, who could not get at him the firſt Day, were plaguing him the whole Month through : but what Occaſion for a ſolemn Edict, extended to all the People, for the Eaſe of the Emperor, when the bare Notice of his Pleaſure, ſupported by a few Prætorian Guardſmen, would have ſufficiently ſecured it ? Might not then the Edict remain upon Record, and the Reaſon of it be forgot at ſuch Diſtance of Time ; or be thought improbable by the Hiſtorian, when the Caprices which uſually attend the Struggles betwixt Prerogative and Liberty were buried in Oblivion. B.

9. *In your ſmooth Numbers*, &c.] The whole Beauty of this Elegy is loſt, by Scaliger and Broekhuſius's reading

gaudeat illa meis.

Whatever the Wits may alledge, wherever *meum* and *tuum* contend

MUSES.

Gold wins the venal, Verſe the lovely Maid:
In your ſmooth Numbers be her Charms diſplay'd.
On poliſh'd Ivory let the Sheets be roll'd,
Your Name in Signature, the Edges Gold.

No

contend for Pre-eminence, it is a Logomachia of real Importance.

11. *On poliſh'd Ivory*, &c.] To underſtand the Original, it muſt be conſidered, that the Ancients had very few *libri quadrati*, or ſquare Books, like ours; as they generally wrote on *membranæ*, or ſuch large Sheets as reſembled our Parchment: faſtening theſe therefore one to another, they rolled them up, when finiſhed, on a long Piece of Wood, which was tipped at both Ends with Horn or Ivory, and ſometimes decorated with Paint. Theſe are what the Poet means by his *cornua*. By *geminæ frontes* are to be underſtood the two Ends of the Wood next the *cornua*, where the Author's Name was inſcribed on a Label.

As the Antients therefore only wrote on one Side of their *volumina*, the other was generally ſtained with yellow or purple, both to preſerve them, and make the Writing more legible. Add to this, that they wrapped up the folded Scroll in a proper Envelope. That wherein our Poet here was to ſend his *volumina*, was to be of a Saffron Colour, *lutea membrana*.

The Sheets were ſmoothed with Pumice, and hence *pumex* came metaphorically to ſignify an elaborate Performance. The *ſtylus* was an Inſtrument with one End of which they wrote, and with the other eraſed Inaccuracies; hence *invertere ſtylum* ſignifies, in claſſical Writers, to correct. But when not Words only, but whole Sentences were to be changed, they uſed a Spunge, and hence, to ſpunge out, even in our Days, means to obliterate. The Ink the Ancients wrote with, was the Juice of the *Loligo*.

25. *But*

Summaque praetexat tenuis faſtigia chartae,
Indicet ut nomen litera facta tuum.
Atque inter geminas pingantur cornua frontes.
Sic etenim comtum, mittere oportet opus.
Per vos auctores hujus mihi carminis oro,
Caſtaliamque umbram, Pierioſque lacus;
Ite domum, cultumque illi donate libellum,
Sicut erit: nullus defluat inde color.
Illa mihi referet, ſi noſtri mutua cura eſt,
An minor, an toto pectore deciderim.
Sed primum meritam longa donate ſalute,
Atque haec ſubmiſſo dicite verba ſono:
Haec tibi vir quondam, nunc frater, caſta Neaera,
Mittit, et, accipias munera parva, rogat.
Teque ſuis jurat caram magis eſſe medullis:
Sive ſibi conjunx, ſive futura ſoror.

Sed

25. *But firſt your graceful*, &c.] In the Original it was,

Sed primum nymphàm larga donate ſalute,

till Scaliger firſt changed it into

Sed primum meritam longa, &c.

And afterwards, in his Poetics, read

Sed dominam rara primum donate ſalute,

to avoid the Word *nympha*, which, according to him, always ſignifies the Daughter of a God and a Mortal, or *vice verſa*. Might, however, the Tranſlator make any farther Alteration upon this unhappy Paſſage, he would read

Sed

No Pumice ſpare to ſmooth each Parchment Scroll,
In a gay Wrapper then ſecure the whole.
Thus to adorn your Poems be your Care;
And thus adorn'd, tranſmit them to the Fair.

POET.

Fair Maids of Pindus! I your Counſel praiſe:
As you adviſe me, I'll adorn my Lays:
But by your Streams, and by your Shades, I pray,
Yourſelves the Volume to the Fair convey.
O let it lowly at her Feet be laid,
Ere the gilt Wrapper, or the Edges fade;
Then let her tell me, if her Flames decline,
If quite extinguiſh'd, or if ſtill ſhe's mine.
But firſt your graceful Salutations paid,
In Terms ſubmiſſive thus addreſs the Maid:
" Chaſte Fair! the Bard, who doats upon your Charms,
" And once could claſp them in his nuptial Arms,
" This Volume ſends; and humbly hopes, that you,
" With kind Indulgence, will the Preſent view.
" You, you! he prizes more, he vows, than Life;
" Still a lov'd Siſter, or again his Wife.

" But

Sed nymphàm facili primum donate ſalute.

As νυμφη, in Greek, ſignifies *nupta*; and as even ſome Paſſages might be produced to ſhew, that *nympha* ſometimes meant a Wife, among the Romans.

35. *Fix'd*

Sed potius conjunx ; hujus ſpem nominis illi
Auferet extincto pallida Ditis aqua,

ELEGIA

35. *Fix'd in this Hope*, &c.] The Beauty of this Paſſage has not, it is preſumed, been ſufficiently attended to. The literal Tranſlation is, "The pale Water of Pluto ſhall raviſh "the Hope of this Title from him when he is dead," *extincto*. Where it ſhould ſeem, that Tibullus, in this aſſumed Character of a Lover and diſcarded Huſband, in order to convince Neæra of his fond Attachment to her, aſſures her, that not only Life, but Memory itſelf muſt fail him, before he can quit the pleaſing Hope of being again united in Marriage to her. Plato's Metempſychoſis was at that Time a faſhionable Doctrine at Rome ; which Virgil has thus repreſented, Book vi. Line 748, & ſeq.

Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
Lethæum ad flumen Deus evocat agmine magno :

Scilicet

" But oh! may Hymen bleſs his virtuous Fire,
" And once more grant you to his fond Deſire!
" Fix'd in this Hope, he'll reach the dreary Shore,
" Where Senſe ſhall fail, and Memory be no more."

THE

Scilicet immemores ſupera ut convexa reviſant,
Rurſus & incipiant in corpora velle reverti.

And as Tibullus, even in the Midſt of a Love-tale, ſhews himſelf to be Maſter of all the Learning of his Times, it is probable, that by *pallida Ditis aqua*, is meant the River Lethe; and that the Deſign of the whole Paſſage is to aſſure Neæra, that he ſhould always, even in Death, retain a fond Remembrance of her Charms; that in the ſeparate State of his Soul, he ſhould ſtill indulge the Hope of a Re-union with her, when they ſhould enter again upon the Scene of Life: and that he would not ſuffer this Hope to be raviſhed from him by any thing elſe but the ſame Waters of Oblivion, in which he ſhould loſe the Memory of every thing he had formerly been acquainted with. B.

ELEGIA SECUNDA.

QUI primus caram juveni, carumque puellae
Eripuit juvenem, ferreus ille fuit.
Durus et ille fuit, qui tantum ferre dolorem,
Vivere et erepta conjuge qui potuit.

Non

Lygdamus having by Force been deprived of Neæra, he ſays in this Elegy, that he can no longer ſupport Life; and dwells, with ſuch a ſeeming Satisfaction, on the Rites which he deſires may attend his Funeral, that we may ſuppoſe the Loſs greatly affected him.

The Beginning of this Poem diſcovers a Kind of animated Indifference, befitting his Situation of Mind; for here Wit, or too much Care about Language, would have been extremely improper; becauſe, as Cicero ſomewhere obſerves, *quædam etiam negligentia eſt diligens.*

Although the Tranſlator is afraid, that this Elegy will afford but ſmall Entertainment to the mere Engliſh Reader, the Scholar will not be ſurprized to be told, that it coſt him more Trouble to tranſlate, than moſt of the other Elegies.

1. *Hard was the firſt*, &c.] This Sentiment is finely expreſſed by Hammond, El. ix.

I.

He who could firſt two gentle Hearts unbind,
And rob a Lover of his weeping Fair,
Hard was the Man; but harder, in my Mind,
The Lover ſtill, who died not of Deſpair.

II. With

THE SECOND ELEGY.

HARD was the firſt, who ventur'd to divide
The youthful Bridegroom, and the tender Bride:
More hard the Bridegroom, who can bear the Day,
When Force has torn his tender Bride away.

Here

II.

With mean Diſguiſe let others Nature hide,
And mimic Virtue with the Paint of Art;
I ſcorn the Cheat of Reaſon's fooliſh Pride,
And boaſt the graceful Weakneſs of my Heart.

* * * *

Sad is my Day, and ſad my lingering Night,
When, wrapt in ſilent Grief, I weep alone;
Delia is loſt! and all my paſt Delight
Is now the Source of unavailing Moan.

What follows is an Improvement on Tibullus:

Where is the Wit, that heightned Beauty's Charms?
Where is the Face, that fed my longing Eyes?
Where is the Shape, that might have bleſt my Arms?
Where all thoſe Hopes, relentleſs Fate denies?

3. *More hard the Bridegroom,* &c.] What ſays the ſagacious Broekhuſius? *Si mulier mutet mentem non nolens, tralato in alium amore; an & tunc moriendum miſero illi, ſpreto, atque rejecto? Quid ſi ſtupro alieno polluta fidem fallat?*

Non ego firmus in hoc ; non haec patientia noſtro
Ingenio; frangit fortia corda dolor.
Nec mihi vera loqui pudor eſt, vitaeque fateri
Tot mala perpeſſae taedia nata meae.
Ergo quum tenuem fuero mutatus in umbram,
Candidaque oſſa ſuper nigra favilla tegit,
Ante meum veniat longos incompta capillos,
Et fleat ante meum moeſta Neaera rogum.
Sed veniat carae matris comitata dolore.
Moereat haec genero, moereat illa viro.
Praefatae ante meos manes, animamque precatae,
Perfuſaeque pias ante liquore manus :

Pars

10. *When on the mournful Pile,* &c.] This Rite, which is altogether foreign to Engliſh Manners, Mr. Hammond has, we fear, rather injudiciouſly transferred into his ninth Elegy :

Wilt thou in Tears thy Lover's Corſe attend?
With Eyes averted light the ſolemn Fire?
Till all around the doleful Flames aſcend,
Then, ſlowly ſinking, by Degrees expire.

If the Reader is deſirous to know the Manner in which the Funeral Pile was conſtructed, he may conſult Boxhornius, Quæſt. Rom. p. 99. who, by a Figure, explains the Method the Romans took to diſtinguiſh between the Aſhes of the burnt Body, and the Aſhes of the Wood and other Combuſtibles, which were thrown upon the Fire. The Solution of this formerly occaſioned mighty Controverſies amongſt the Critics; which might have been prevented, had they conſidered, that Burning, or, as the Chemiſts call it, Calcination, does not change the Figure of the Bones.

12. *Wilt thou, Neæra!* &c.] There is a Thought ſimilar to this, in that beautiful paſtoral Ballad called *Colin*.

At

Here too my Patience, here my Manhood fails;
The Brave grow Daſtards, when fierce Grief aſſails:
Die, die I muſt! the Truth I freely own;
My Life too burthenſome a Load is grown.
Then, when I flit a thin an empty Shade,
When on the mournful Pile my Corſe is laid,
With melting Grief, with Treſſes looſe and torn,
Wilt thou, Neæra! for thy Huſband mourn?
A Parent's Anguiſh will thy Mother ſhew,
For the loſt Youth, who liv'd, who dy'd for you?

But ſee the Flames o'er all my Body ſtray!
And now my Shade ye call, and now ye pray

In

At the Funeral of their Parents, the Sons attended *velatis capitibus*, but the Girls went uncovered and with diſhevelled Hair, wearing white Garments and white Fillets. See Plutarch's Ρωμαικα. Black, however, came afterwards to be the Mourning Colour, as it was in the Time of our Poet.

15. *But ſee the Flames*, &c] When a Perſon died at Rome, a Branch of Cypreſs was hung over the Door of the Houſe, that the Pontiff, and others of the ſacred College, might not pollute themſelves by entering it. The old Commentator on Virgil ſays, that the Bodies of the better Sort were kept ſeven Days, burnt on the eighth, and buried on the ninth. By this, the moſt dreadful of Calamities was prevented, that of coming to life on the Pile, after it was ſet on fire. And that the Bodies might not putrefy by being kept ſo long, they were waſhed with proper Drenches, and anointed with antiſeptic Unguents: after this they were ſplendidly cloathed, and ſome Pieces of Money put into their Mouths.

The Body was attended by the male and female Relations of the Deceaſed; and ſometimes, as Homer mentions, by

Pars quae ſola mei ſuperabit corporis, oſſa
Incinctae nigra candida veſte legant.
Et primum annoſo ſpargant collecta Lyaeo,
Mox etiam niveo fundere lacte parent.
Poſt haec carbaſeis humorem tollere velis,
Atque in marmorea ponere ficca domo.

Illuc

hired Mourners. The Attendants were called together by Sound of Trumpet; and the Body, preceded by the Statues of the Deceaſed's Anceſtors, was carried through the Forum, to the Place where it was to be burnt. Trumpets were blown on at the Funerals of the Men, during the Proceſſion; as were Flutes at thoſe of Children, &c. The Laws of the Twelve Tables limited the Number of muſical Inſtruments to twelve. While the Pile was erecting, the Praiſes of the Deceaſed were ſung in melancholy Strains, accompanied with Muſic ſad and ſolemn: and being kindled, the neareſt Relations flung Cypreſs and Perfumes upon it, both to feed the Flames, and abate the Stench, the Dirge ſtill proceeding. When the Body was burnt, the chief Mourners, after waſhing their Hands in Water, ſeparated the Bones from the Aſhes; and, pouring new Milk, old Wine, and ſometimes Blood upon them, wrapt them up in fine Lawn, and then inurned them, placing ſometimes in the Urn a Bottle of Tears (hence on old Monuments, *cum lacrymis poſui*), but always ſome Perfume, according to the Quality of the Deceaſed. When inurned, they conveyed them to a Monument, in the building of which, in the Times of the old Republic, a certain Sum was not to be exceeded, without forfeiting an equal Sum to the State. Theſe Monuments the Greeks ſometimes anointed with rich Unguents. The Funeral Ceremony being finiſhed, the Relations were entertained with a Supper: beſides which, Antiquaries make alſo mention of three other Kinds of mortuary Banquets. The fulleſt, as well as moſt ancient Account of funeral Rites, is that contained in the 23d Iliad.

The

In Black array'd; the Flame forgets to ſoar;
And now pure Water on your Hands ye pour;
My lov'd Remains next gather'd in a Heap,
With Wine ye ſprinkle, and in Milk ye ſteep.
The Moiſture dry'd, within the Urn ye lay
My Bones, and to the Monument convey.

Panchaian

The *Venus Infera*, or Ἐπιτυμβία, preſided over Funerals. The Roman Undertakers lived in a Street called *Libitina*. If the Reader is deſirous to inform himſelf of the Funeral Ceremonies of different Nations, he may conſult Lucian's excellent Diſcourſe περὶ πένθους, and the Notes in the Baſil Edition, an. 1563. as alſo Kirchmannus *De funeribus*.

21. *The Moiſture dry'd, within the Urn you lay*, &c.] Vulpius and others, authoriſed by all the MSS. read

carbaſeis humorem tollere ventis.

And farther ſupport their Reading by the Authority of that witty Mimographer Publius Syrus, where the *carbaſei venti* ſignify a tranſparent Covering of fine Linen. Vulpius alſo finds great Fault with the common Interpretation of this Paſſage: *Quid enim frigidius excogitari potuit* (ſays he) *quam oſſa in linteo ventilari ſolita, ut exſugeretur humor, quo ſparſa erant? Noſtro tempore* (adds he, no doubt very archly) *ab oleribus ita guttas excutiunt coqui.* And thus in particular he cenſures Scaliger: *Nullum præterea idoneum auctorem producat, quo ſententiam ſuam tueatur, ſed quaſi ex tripode ac lauro conſulentibus reſponſa daret, ſibi credi jubet.* But notwithſtanding all this Zeal, Broekhuſius underſtands the Paſſage in the ſame Senſe as Vulpius does, only he reads *carbaſeis velis*, which he ſupports by two Paſſages from Cicero's Oration againſt Verres; adding, that though ſuch an Expreſſion as *carbaſei venti* might be uſed on the Stage, or in Satire, yet in ſerious Compoſitions it would be as cold as Varro's *vitreæ togæ*. The Verſion includes both Meanings.

Illuc quas mittit pinguis Panchaïa merces,
Eoique Arabes, dives et Aſſyria,
Et noſtri memores lacrimae fundantur eodem.
Sic ego componi verſus in oſſa velim.
Sed triſtem mortis demonſtret litera cauſſam,
Atque haec in celebri carmina fronte notet:
" Lygdamus hic ſitus eſt; dolor huic, et cura Neaerae
" Conjugis ereptae, cauſſa perire fuit."

ELEGIA

22. *My Bones, and to the Monument convey.*] The Monuments of the more wealthy were erected of Marble; and in ſuch a one Tibullus deſires Neæra to place the Aſhes of Lygdamus.

There are many Inſcriptions in Gruterus, and ſome in Reinetius, which ſhow, that the Romans called a Tomb *domus* (as in the Original), with the Adjective *æterna* annexed to it.

29. *By ſome throng'd Way*, &c.] It is certain that the Romans often had their Monuments erected by ſome public Road; and Broekhuſius interprets the *celebri fronte* of the Original in this Senſe. Although the Tranſlator has adopted that Meaning, he is alſo of Opinion, that the *celebri fronte* may ſignify the Fore-part of the Monument, which was to be

Panchaian Odours thither ye will bring,
And all the Produce of an Eaſtern Spring:
But what than Eaſtern Springs I hold more dear,
O wet my Aſhes with a genuine Tear!

Thus, by you both lamented, let me die,
Be thus perform'd my mournful Obſequy!
Then ſhall theſe Lines, by ſome throng'd Way, relate
The dear Occaſion of my diſmal Fate:
" Here lies poor Lygdamus; a lovely Wife,
" Torn from his Arms, cut ſhort his Thread of Life "

THE

be rendered famous by its Architecture, and eſpecially by the Epitaph which was to be inſcribed on it.

31. *Here lies poor Lygdamus*, &c.] The Ancients, as Broekhuſius obſerves, had the Cauſe of their Death inſcribed on their Tombs, ſometimes that they might acquire Glory hereby, and ſometimes to gain Compaſſion. Theocritus affords us an Inſtance of the latter, pretty ſimilar to that in our Poet:

Τυτον ερως εκτεινεν οιδοιπορε μη παραδευσης
Αλλα ςας τοδε λεξον, Απηνεα ειχεν εταιρον.

ELEGIA TERTIA.

QUID prodeſt cœlum votis inpleſſe, Neæra?
Blandaque cum multa tura dediſſe prece?
Non, ut marmorei prodirem e limine tecti,
Inſignis clara conſpicuuſque domo:
Aut ut multa mei renovarent jugera tauri,
Et magnas meſſes terra benigna daret.

Sed

This Elegy contains a fine Picture of a true philoſophical Lover; ſuch truly know the Unſatisfactorineſs of Riches or Ambition, to remove the Diſeaſes of the Mind. Of this happy Complexion was our Poet; for a legitimate Son of Apollo can ſcarce ſtoop to the mean Purſuits of ſordid Intereſt, but being enthuſiaſtically enamoured of the Muſes, finds more Rapture in their eaſy Converſe, than in all the Preferments which Kings can beſtow (ſee Mr. Hurd's excellent Notes on Horace's Epiſtle to Auguſtus, p. 109.) The genuine Poet not only immortalizes himſelf, but hands down the Virtue of others, a fair Example to lateſt Poſterity, and thus he becomes the undoubted Guardian of the Temple of Fame. But can Wealth or Grandeur effectuate this? Of difficult Acquirement, and precarious in Poſſeſſion, Death inevitably bereaves us of both. No wonder then, that our poetical Inamorato only requeſted of the Gods Succeſs in his Addreſſes

THE

THIRD ELEGY.

WHY did I ſupplicate the Powers divine?
Why votive Incenſe burn at every Shrine?
Not that I Marble Palaces might own,
To draw Spectators, and to make me known;
Not that my Teams might plough new-purchas'd Plains,
And bounteous Autumn glad my countleſs Swains: 6
I begg'd

Addreſſes to Neæra. In that one Wiſh all his Happineſs was centred: with her, any Station of Life could pleaſe; without her, no Station, however ſplendid, could afford him the ſmalleſt Comfort.

3. *Not that I Marble Palaces might own.*] How little theſe Things are capable of making the Poſſeſſors of them happy, has long been known; and yet how keenly buſy are the Great Vulgar and the Small in the Purſuit of them? Had Mankind eſtimated the Value of Poſſeſſions, or the Extenſiveneſs of them, by the Felicity they confer, and regulated their own Conduct accordingly, how many diſaſtrous Wars and other Calamities would have been prevented?

Sed tecum ut longae ſociarem gaudia vitae,
Inque tuo caderet noſtra ſenecta ſinu;
Tunc, quum praemenſae defunctus tempora lucis
Nudus Lethea cogerer ire rate.
Nam grave quid prodeſt pondus mihi divitis auri?
Arvaque ſi findant pinguia mille boves?
Quidve domus prodeſt Phrygiis innixa columnis,
Taenare ſive tuis, ſive Cariſte tuis?
Et nemora in domibus ſacros imitantia lucos?
Aurataeque trabes, marmoreumque ſolum?

Quidve

10. *I begg'd to paſs alone the Stygian Shore.*] Not ſo my Lord Littleton, in his fine Eclogue, intitled, Poſſeſſion:

When late Old Age our Heads ſhall ſilver o'er,
And our ſlow Pulſes dance with Joy no more;
When Time no longer will thy Beauties ſpare,
And only Damon's Eye ſhall think thee fair;
Then may the gentle Hand of welcome Death,
At one ſoft Stroke, deprive us both of Breath:
May we beneath one common Stone be laid,
And the ſame Cypreſs both our Aſhes ſhade.
Perhaps ſome friendly Muſe, in tender Verſe,
Shall deign our faithful Paſſion to rehearſe;
And future Ages, with juſt Envy mov'd,
Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.

13. *Can Marble-pillar'd Domes*, &c.] Tibullus mentions three Kinds of Marble; the Phrygian, which was then moſt in Eſteem, the Lacedemonian, and the Eubœan. The Romans ran into immenſe Expence in the Article of Marble Pillars; although it appears, that the Julian Law endeavoured, by Taxes, to reſtrain that Luxury; for they, not content with the native Colours of the Marble, not only

I begg'd with you my youthful Days to ſhare;
I begg'd in Age to claſp the lovely Fair;
And when my ſtated Race of Life was o'er,
I begg'd to paſs alone the Stygian Shore.

Can treaſur'd Gold the tortur'd Breaſt compoſe?
Or Plains, wide-cultur'd, ſooth the Lover's Woes?
Can Marble-pillar'd Domes, the Pride of Art,
Secure from Sorrow the Poſſeſſor's Heart?
Not circling Woods, reſembling ſacred Groves,
Not Parian Pavements, nor gay-gilt Alcoves,
Not

ly painted, but ſtained it. In the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, there is an Account how the latter Proceſs may be performed. Pliny tells us, that Mamurra, who commanded Cæſar's Artificers *(præfectus fabrorum)* in Gaul, was the firſt who incruſted the whole Inſide of his Houſe with Marble. This Mamurra, who was a Roman Knight, and born at Formiæ, is he whom Catullus laſhes in his Verſes.

15. *Not circling Woods*, &c.] The Antients diſtinguiſh'd, according to Servius, between *nemus*, *lucus* (the Words of the Original), and *ſylva*; the firſt ſignifying a regular Plantation of Trees; the ſecond the ſame, but devoted to Religion; and the third a Foreſt *(diffuſa & inculta arborum multitudo.)* Roman Writers, however, often uſe *nemus* and *ſylva* ſynonymouſly.

The Inhabitants of Rome were even more expenſive in this Article than they were with regard to Marble itſelf. Take the following Inſtance: Cneius Domitius having objected to Lucius Craſſus, in a public Debate, that the Portico of his Houſe was ſupported by Hymettian Pillars, was aſked by the latter, what Price he put upon his own Houſe? And being anſwered *ſexagies ſeſtertia*; Craſſus again demanded, how much leſs it would be worth, ſhould he cut down the ten little Trees that ſtood before it;

tricies

Quidve, in Erythraeo legitur quae litore concha,
Tinctaque Sidonio murice lana juvat?
Et quae praeterea populus miratur? in illis
Invidia eſt; falſo plurima vulgus amat.
Non opibus mentes hominum curaeque levantur.
Nam fortuna ſua tempora lege gerit.
Sit mihi paupertas tecum, jucunda Neaera.
At ſine te, regum munera nulla volo.
O niveam, quae te poterit mihi reddere, lucem!
O mihi felicem terque, quaterque diem!
At ſi pro dulci reditu quaecumque voventur,
Audiat averſa non meus aure Deus:
Nec me regna juvant, nec Lydius aurifer amnis,
Nec quas terrarum ſuſtinet orbis opes.
Haec alii cupiant; liceat mihi paupere cultu
Securo cara conjuge poſſe frui.

Adſis

tricies ſeſtertia, replied Domitius. To whom Craſſus, Whether am I then, who bought ten Columns *centum millibus nummum*, or you who value the ſhade of ten ſhrubs at *tricies ſeſtertium*, the moſt extravagant Man? And yet, adds the ſenſible Miſcellany Writer, from whom I copy here, all this was nothing when compared to the Luxury of After-times, both in their Buildings and Groves. And indeed, if it is conſidered, that a Knight's Houſe, in the upper Part of Rome, would ſell for thirty thouſand Pounds Sterling, a Grove of ſmall Extent to ſuch a Houſe, muſt be vaſtly expenſive in a City, which, according to the moſt moderate Calculation, contained as many People as any City at preſent in Europe.

10. Nec

Not all the Gems that load an Eaſtern Shore,
Not whate'er elſe the greedy Great adore,
Poſſeſs'd, can ſhield the Owner's Breaſt from Woe,
Since fickle Fortune governs all below:
Such Toys, in little Minds, may Envy raiſe;
Still little Minds improper Objects praiſe.
Poor let me be; for Poverty can pleaſe
With you; without you, Crowns could give no Eaſe.

Shine forth, bright Morn! and every Bliſs impart,
Reſtore Neæra to my doating Heart!
For if her glad Return the Gods deny,
If I ſollicit ſtill in vain the Sky,
Nor Power, nor all the Wealth this Globe contains,
Can ever mitigate my Heart-felt Pains;
Let others theſe enjoy; be Peace my Lot,
Be mine Neæra, mine a humble Cot!

Saturnia,

17. *Not all the Gems, &c.*] Horace has illuſtrated this with his uſual Felicity of Expreſſion.

Non enim Gazæ, neque conſularis
Summovet lictor miſeros tumultus
Mentis, & curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantis.

Nor Wealth, nor Grandeur can controul
The fickly Tumults of the Soul;
Or bid grim Care to ſtand aloof,
Which hovers round the vaulted Roof.

The Truth is, Virtue is the ſole Parent of Happineſs. See Mr. Johnſon's admirable Poem, intitled, the Vanity of Human Wiſhes.

Adſis, et timidis faveas, Saturnia, votis :
Et faveas concha Cypria vecta tua.
Aut ſi fata negant reditum, triſteſque ſorores
Stamina quae ducunt, quaeque futura canunt :
Me vocet in vaſtos amnes, nigramque paludem
Dives in ignava luridus Orcus aqua.

ELEGIA

34. *And aid me, Venus, from thy pearly Chair!*] A Critic of no ſmall Learning, whom the Dutch Editor mentions, ſuppoſes that our Poet in this Paſſage alludes to the Statue of Venus, which Phidias made of Gold and Ivory, for the Elians. In this Work of Phidias, the Goddeſs was repreſented as treading with one of her Feet upon a Tortoiſe ; by which Symbol the unpolite Statuary meant to inſinuate, that the Ladies ought to keep Silence, and mind their domeſtic Affairs. Upon this Broekhuſius wiſely obſerves, *non omnes ſapimus boris omnibus* ; and indeed, if it is conſidered, that Venus was, by the Mythologiſts, ſuppoſed to ſpring from the Sea, and often to ride in a Chair of Shell, what Occaſion was there for making Tibullus, who always thought naturally, allude to ſo remote an Object? But thus it

Saturnia, grant thy Suppliant's timid Prayer!
And aid me, Venus! from thy pearly Chair!

Yet, if the Sifters, who o'er Fate preſide,
My Vows contemning, ſtill detain my Bride,
Ceaſe, Breaſt, to heave! ceaſe, anxious Blood, to flow!
Come, Death! tranſport me to thy Realms below.

THE

it is to play the fool with Learning! or, as an excellent Poet better expreſſes it, we have here

much hard Study without Senſe or Breeding,
And all the grave Impertinence of Reading.
Verbal Criticiſm.

If Venus had her Shell of old, a modern Latin Poet, Hadrian Marius, has beſtowed a Barge on Love, in a beautiful Poem he calls *Cymba Amoris*, on which his Brother, Johannes Secundus, thus compliments him:

Ingenioſe Mari, ventura in ſæcula tecum
Me tua cymbat vehat, non grave pondus ero.
Cymba, renidentem qua mutet Cypria concham,
Quamque columbino præferat ipſa jugo. Lib. ii. El. ii.

ELEGIA QUARTA.

DI meliora ferant, nec ſint inſomnia vera,
Quae tulit extrema peſſima nocte quies!
Ite procul; vanum, falſumque avertite viſum.
Definite in vobis quaerere velle fidem.
Divi vera monent; venturae nuntia ſortis
Vera monent Thuſcis exta probata viris.

Somnia

This is one of the fineſt Poems in Tibullus. Our Dreams are commonly the imperfect Images of our waking Thoughts, eſpecially when the Mind is under the Influence of ſome violent Paſſion. Thus in particular it fares with the genuine Inamorato, and ſuch a one at this Time was the Lover of Neæra. Swallowed up in his Affection for that Fair-one, and diſtracted at her affected Delays to make him happy, he one Night ſolicited Sleep; but the drowſy God long reſiſted his Importunities: at laſt, however, the Lover being fatigued with the Want thereof, but more with the Succeſſion of unpromiſing Forebodings, dropped into a Slumber about the Morning, but did not long enjoy this pleaſing State of Inſenſibility; for ſoon after Apollo appeared, and informed him, that Neæra was about to deſert him for another. As this News was of a moſt alarming Nature, and could not fail to rouze his Indignation againſt the Sex; Apollo, by artfully adopting his Sentiments on that Score, paves the Way for his recommending Patience as his only Remedy. Apollo's Speech

THE FOURTH ELEGY.

LAST Night's ill-boding Dreams, ye Gods avert!
Nor plague, with Portents, a poor Lover's Heart!
But why? From Prejudice our Terrors riſe;
Vain Viſions have no Commerce with the Skies:
Th'Event of Things the Gods alone foreſee,
And Tuſcan Prieſts foretel what they decree.

Dreams

Speech concludes with a Meſſage to Neæra, that if ſhe ever expected Happineſs, ſhe muſt think of none elſe for her Huſband but her former Lover. This was a very dextrous Way of reclaiming his Miſtreſs; and it may with Propriety be obſerved, that if Apollo did not appear to our Poet, he certainly inſpired the Deſcription which Tibullus gives of that God; as we half pardon Neæra her Infidelity, in Conſideration of this beautiful Elegy.

Propertius has a fine Viſion upon his Miſtreſs's propoſing to go abroad.

6. *And Tuſcan Prieſts*, &c.] The Roman Hauruſpices, of whom before (Book ii. El. 6.) were called Tuſcan, becauſe their Art was founded on the religious Practice of Tuſcany. The firſt ſixteen Lines of this Elegy are an Introduction to the

Somnia fallaci ludunt temeraria nocte,
Et pavidas mentes falſa timere jubent.
Et vanum ventura hominum genus omnia noctis
Farre pio placant, et ſaliente ſale.
Et tamen, utcumque eſt, ſive illi vera moneri,
Mendaci ſomno credere ſive volent:
Efficiat vanos noctis Lucina timores,
Et fruſtra immeritum praetimuiſſe velit:
Si mea nec turpi mens eſt obnoxia facto,
Nec læſit magnos inpia lingua Deos.
Jam Nox aetherium nigris emenſa quadrigis
Mundum, caeruleas laverat amne rotas:

Nec

the Viſion: Reaſon and Philoſophy ſeemed to perſuade our Lover, that Dreams were not to be minded; but Superſtition, and thoſe Fears which are ſo natural to Love, won him over to the other Side. He therefore intreats Lucina, that as he was not conſcious of having acted any otherwiſe than as became a Man of Probity, ſhe would be pleaſed (*ut velit*) to render all his Fears groundleſs.

9. *And hence Oblations*, &c.] The Oblations mentioned in the Text, are the Holy Cake (*farre pio*), and Salt (*& ſaliente ſale.*) This the Romans alſo learnt from the Tuſcans, for whoſe Application to Haruſpicy, &c. Cicero aſſigns ſome extraordinary Reaſons. *Etruſci autem* (ſays that incomparable Writer and good Man) *quod in religione imbuti, ſtudioſius & crebrius hoſtias immolabant, extorum cognitioni ſe maxime dediderunt: quodque propter aeris craſſitudinem de cœlo apud eos multa fiebant, & quod ob eandem cauſam multa inuſitata partim ex cœli, alia ex terra oriebantur, quædam etiam ex hominum pecudumve conceptu & ſatu; portentorum exercitatiſſimi interpretes extiterunt.*

13. *Dread Juno! make*, &c.] Some Interpreters underſtand Diana to be the Lucina of the Original; but the Poet certainly

Dreams flit at Midnight round the Lover's Head,
And timorous Man alarm with idle Dread:
And hence Oblations to divert the Woe,
Weak ſuperſtitious Minds on Heaven beſtow.
But ſince whate'er the Gods foretel is true,
And Man's oft warn'd, myſterious Dreams! by you;
Dread Juno! make my nightly Viſions vain,
Vain make my boding Fears, and calm my Pain!
The bleſſed Gods, you know, I ne'er revil'd,
And nought iniquous e'er my Heart defil'd.

Now Night had lav'd her Courſers in the Main,
And left to dewy Dawn a doubtful Reign;

Bland

certainly meant Juno Lucina, or the Goddeſs of Light and of Matrimony. Feſtus and Varro derive the Appellation Lucina from *lux, lucis*; but Pliny, with whom Ovid alſo, in one Place of his Faſti, agrees, thinks that Juno was called Lucina from *lucus*. Both Etymologies, however, at laſt turn out to be the ſame. *Nam lucum* (ſays Broekhuſius) *dici a luce luminum religionis cauſa ex arboribus ſuſpenſorum ſatis conſtat.*

17. *Now Night had lav'd her Courſers in the Main.*] Tibullus is the only Poet of Antiquity who beſtows on Night a Chariot and four; as Marini is the only one among the Moderns, who has imitated him. This he does in a Prologue, prefixed to a wretched paſtoral Drama, intitled, Filli de Sciro, compoſed by Count Giudubaldo de Bonarelli.

Chiunque haver deſia
Di mia condition piena contezza,
Queſta bruna quadriga
Miri, e queſti aurei fregi: e ſaprà poi
Qual è quanta i' mi ſia.

Our

Nec me ſopierat menti Deus utilis aegrae
Somnus; ſollicitas deficit ante domos.
Tandem quum ſummo Phoebus proſpexit ab ortu,
Preſſit languentis lumina ſera quies.
Hic juvenis caſta redimitus tempora lauru
Eſt viſus noſtra ponere ſede pedem.
Intonſi crines longa cervice fluebant:
Stillabat Syrio myrtea rore coma.

Candor

Our Poet, in Imitation of Homer, calls the Ocean *cæruleus amnis*, or a cærulean Stream.

21. *At laſt, when Morn,* &c.] The Ancients thought that thoſe Viſions were truly prophetic, which appeared in the Morning. *Certiora & colatiora* (ſays Tertullian) *de anima ſomniari affirmant ſub extremis noctibus*; or, as Ovid expreſſes it, in his Epiſtle of Hero to Leander,

ſub cluroram, jam dormitante lucerna,
Somnia quo cerni tempore vera ſolent.

Mr. Pope begins his intellectual Viſion of the Temple of Fame at the ſame Time:

What Time the Morn myſterious Viſions brings,
While purer Slumbers ſpread their golden Wings.

25. *Such Charms, ſuch manly Charms,* &c.] This is not a Verſion of the Hexameter and Pentameter, which make the twenty-fifth and twenty-ſixth Lines of the Original in all the Editions the Tranſlator ever ſaw: for, as Vulpius well obſerves, theſe Lines,

Non illo quidquam formoſius ulla priorum
Ætas humanum nec videt illud opus,

cannot be applied to the Beauties of Apollo. *Certe* (ſays he) *latet malignum ulcus, quod Chironis auxilio indigeat: ego lubens*

Bland Sleep, that from the Couch of Sorrow flies,
(The Wretch's Solace) had not clos'd my Eyes;
At laſt, when Morn unbar'd the Gates of Light,
A downy Slumber ſhut my labouring Sight:
A Youth appear'd, with Virgin-laurel crown'd,
He mov'd majeſtic, and I heard the Sound.
Such Charms, ſuch manly Charms, were never ſeen,
As fir'd his Eyes, and harmoniz'd his Mein;
His Hair, in Ringlets of an auburn Hue,
Shed Syrian Sweets, and o'er his Shoulders flew;

So

lubens depono, & peritiori manui committo. Brockhuſius paſſes them over without any Remark, although he muſt have ſeen the Abſurdity of the Paſſage. But are we to think that Tibullus wrote Nonſenſe? By no Means. Place the Lines after the thirty-eighth (in the Original) and you will find they exactly correſpond with that Station; and that there is no Occaſion to change the *videt* in the Pentameter, into *fuit*, as Achilles Statius propoſes.

27. *His Hair in Ringlets of an auburn Hue.*] The *myrtea coma* which Tibullus beſtows on Apollo, Ovid thus explains:

Nec tamen ater erat, nec erat color aureus illis,
Sed quamvis neuter, miſtus uterque color.

Nor of a black, nor of a golden Hue,
They were, but of a Dye between the two.

But as the Painters (for thus Athenæus informs us) drew Apollo with black Hair, and the Poets gave him yellow or golden Locks; why does Tibullus make the God's Hair auburn? Nezra's own Hair, ſay ſome Critics, was of that Colour,

Dic

Candor erat, qualem praefert Latonia Luna:
Et color in niveo corpore purpureus.
Ut juveni primum virgo deducta marito
Inficitur teneras ore rubente genas.
Ut quum contexunt amaranthis alba puellae
Lilia: ut autumno candida mala rubent.

Ima

Dic & argutæ properet Neæræ
Myrteum nodo cohibere crinem.

Hor. lib. iii. Od. 14.

For ſo Porphyrio, and Cunningham, upon the Authority of ſeveral MSS. read it. This therefore, add they, was a delicate Compliment to his Miſtreſs. But this Solution is more ingenious than ſolid; for though Horace's Neæra had *myrteus crinis*, it by no means follows, that Tibullus's Neæra had Hair of that Colour; nor indeed is it of any Conſequence. The Emperor Commodus uſed to powder his Hair, of which he was paſſionately fond, with Gold-duſt.

29. *As white as thine, fair Luna,* &c.] The Whiteneſs of the Moon has been a favourite Reſemblance ſince the Days of Solomon; the Sun, however, for ſome Centuries paſt, appears to have been the more common Simile. Taſſo, however, has a beautiful Addreſs to the Moon, which the Reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee.

In bianca e vaga Luna,
C'hai tanti ſpecchi quanti ſono i mari
Mira queſto candor, ch'è ſenza pari.
A lei mena i tuoi balli, a lei diſtilla
Le tue dolci rugiade;
Specchiati con lei con amoroſo affetto.

But, beſides this general Reſemblance, there is a farther Propriety in Tibullus's comparing Apollo to Diana, as ſhe was his Siſter.

30. *So vein'd with Azure, and as ſmoothly thin;*] As Poetry is a great Aſſiſtant to Painting and Statuary, thoſe who have excelled in theſe Arts, have always particularly

As white as thine, fair Luna! was his Skin,
So vein'd with Azure, and as ſmoothly thin;
So ſoft a Bluſh vermilion'd o'er his Face,
As when a Maid firſt melts in Man's Embrace;
Or when the Fair with curious Art unite
The purple Amaranth, and Lilly white.
A Bloom like his, when ting'd by Autumn's Pride,
Reddens the Apple on the ſunny Side;

A Tyrian

cularly cultivated the Muſes. Thus Phidias obtained the Idea of his Olympian Jove from the Iliad of Homer, and probably was indebted to Pindar's firſt Pythian Ode for placing an Eagle on the Sceptre of the ſame God. On the other hand again, Painting has been of Uſe to Poetry; thus, in this Century, an excellent Italian Poem was compoſed from the Drawings of the famous Bolognian Painter Spagnoletto.

31 *So ſoft a Bluſh*, &c.] This is one of the Strokes which ſeems to me, ſays the Author of the Polymetis, to have been borrowed from ſome Painting in Rome, in which the Mixture of Colours here mentioned to be blended together, was remarkably well executed. Pliny, in ſpeaking of the beſt Pieces by Echion there, inſtances in one on this Subject; *nova nupta, verecundia notabilis*, lib. xxxv. 10. The famous Picture of the Aldobrandine Palace in Rome is on the ſame Subject; and the Air of the new Bride in it is remarkably modeſt. As that is ſo good, though done when the Art of Painting was extremely fallen at Rome, it was very probably copied from ſome celebrated Picture there, and poſſibly from that Piece of Echion's. The Colours are all ſo faded in it (as one may well expect, after the Courſe of almoſt ſeventeen hundred Years) that we can ſee nothing of the beautiful bluſh, that was probably on the Face of the Bride. Dialogue 8.

32. *As when a Maid*, &c.] The Word *deducta*, in the Original, has a peculiar Beauty, being only applied to the

Ima videbatur talis inludere palla,
Namque haec in nitido corpore veſtis erat.
Artis opus rarae fulgens teſtudine et auro
Pendebat laeva garula parte lyra.
(Non illo quidquam formoſius ulla priorum
Aetas, humanum nec videt illud opus.)

Hanc

modeſt, in Oppoſition to *producta*, a Term uſed for Women of the Town.

33. *Or when the Fair*, &c.] Charmed with the Beauties of his Viſion, Tibullus here, contrary to Cuſtom, multiplies his Illuſtrations: the Lilly and the Amaranth furniſhed the Ancients with favourite Alluſions; but, as the fineſt Similes, by Repetition, become unaffecting, the Moderns labour under great Difficulties in this Reſpect. It is true, they have exchanged the Amaranth for the Roſe; but that has been now ſo long employed, that it is grown ſtale, and the Poets of this Age may exclaim, with the old Grammarians, *pereant iſti, qui, ante nos, noſtra dixerunt*. It is a pity that Tibullus, who was ſo excellent an Artiſt, did not leave more Pictures of Beauty behind him.

Although Ovid and others paint Apollo in much the ſame Colours as our Poet does, we are not therefore to ſuppoſe that they copied from one another. The Figure, Features, Dreſs, &c. of the Heathen Gods, were as well known to the Ancients from Statues, Paintings, &c. of them, formed according to a common Standard, as St. Peter is now a-days to any Roman Catholic!

36. *Reddens the Apple*, &c.] Broekhuſius makes our Poet indebted to the great Sicilian Shepherd, Idyll. vii. for this Simile. But why need we ſuppoſe this? It is only ſuch as grows in the poetical Common of Nature; and what no Traveller, however little inſpired, could fail to pluck as he paſſed.

37. *A Tyrian Tunic to his Ancles flow'd.*] The Word, in the Original, is *palla*, the Name of a Robe, with which not only Apollo, but the Poets and Muſicians of old, were veſted. Valerius Flaccus clothes his Bard Mopſus with a white

A Tyrian Tunic to his Ancles flow'd,
Which thro' it's firſled Plaits his godlike Beauties
ſhow'd.
A Lyre, the Preſent Mulciber beſtow'd,
On his left Arm with eaſy Grandeur glow'd;
The peerleſs Work of Virgin Gold was made,
With Ivory, Gems, and Tortoiſe interlaid;

O'er

white *palla*. But the more common Colour of it was purple, *Tyrio bis murice tincta*.

39. *A Lyre, the Preſent Mulciber beſtow'd.*] Who the Inventor of the Lyre was, is uncertain: ſome attribute it to Apollo, and others to Mercury. Diodorus informs us, that this Inſtrument, in Conformity to the Seaſons, aſſumed at firſt four Strings; but ſoon after, it mounted ſeven, in imitation of the Planets: and hence Pindar's Epithet, when he calls it ſeven-tongued. It was at firſt made of Gold, Silver, or Ivory, ornamented with precious Stones; but, in the Auguſtan Age, the Shell of the Sea-tortoiſe coming into very high Eſtimation, the Body of the Lyre was principally compoſed of it, yet ſtill adorned with Gold, Silver, &c. Hence Horace ſays,

O mutis quoque piſcibus
Donatura cygni, ſi libeat, ſonum.

Goddeſs of the ſweet-ſounding Lute,
Which thy harmonious Touch obeys;
Who canſt the finny Race, tho' mute,
To Cygnets' dying Accents raiſe.
FRANCIS, Book iv. Od. 3.

The Lyre was played upon with a plectrum of Ivory. See a curious Diſſertation on this Subject preſented by Mr. Molyneux to the Royal Society.

Hanc primum veniens plectro modulatus eburno
Felices cantus ore ſonante dedit.
Sed poſtquam ſuerant digiti cum voce locuti,
Edidit haec dulci triſtia verba modo.
SALVE cura Deûm: caſto nam rite poëtae
Phoebuſque, et Bacchus, Pierideſque favent.
Sed proles Semelae Bacchus, doctaeque ſorores
Dicere non norunt, quid ferat hora ſequens.
At mihi fatorum leges, aevique futuri
Eventura, pater poſſe videre dedit.
Quare ego quae dico non fallax, accipe, vates:
Quodque Deus vero Cynthius ore feram.
Tantum cara tibi, quantum nec filia matri,
Quantum nec cupido bella puella viro:
Pro qua ſollicitas coeleſtia numina votis,
Quae tibi ſecuros non ſinit ire dies:
Et quum te fuſco ſomnus velavit amictu,
Vanum nocturnis fallit imaginibus:

Carminibus

50. *But neither Bacchus, &c.*] In this Paſſage Bacchus is deprived of the Power of Preſcience; and yet we know that many of the Ancients regarded him as a prophetical Deity. Thus Pauſanias tells us, that Bacchus had an Oracle in Thrace. But eſpecially (book x. chap. 33.) a Cave (ἄδυτον) at Ophitea, corruptly called Amphiclea, in which were performed his Orgies. This Cave was acceſſible by one Road only; and there was in it, no Statue of the God. There, the Inhabitants of the City and Neighbourhood, were, in their Sleep, informed by the Divinity, of Remedies appropriated to their Diſeaſes; and his Prieſt, inſpired by him, acquainted them with future Events.

O'er all the vocal Strings his Fingers ſtray,
The vocal Strings his Fingers glad obey,
And, harmoniz'd, a ſprightly Prelude play:
But when he join'd the Muſic of his Tongue,
Theſe ſoft, ſad elegiac Lays he ſung:

" All hail, thou Care of Heaven! (a virtuous Bard
" The God of Wine, the Muſes, I, regard;)
" But neither Bacchus, nor the Theſpian Nine,
" The ſacred Will of Deſtiny divine:
" The ſecret Book of Deſtiny to ſee,
" Heaven's awful Sire has given alone to me;
" And I, unerring God, to you explain
" (Attend and credit) what the Fates ordain.

" She who is ſtill your ever conſtant Care,
" Dearer to you than Sons to Mothers are,
" Whoſe Beauties bloom in every ſoftned Line,
" Her Sex's Envy, and the Love of thine:
" Not with more Warmth is female Fondneſs mov'd,
" Not with more Warmth are tendereſt Brides belov'd,
" For whom you hourly importune the Sky,
" For whom you wiſh to live, nor fear to die,
" Whoſe Form, when Night has wrap'd in Black the Pole,
" Cheats in ſoft Viſion your enamour'd Soul;

Carminibus celebrata tuis formoſa Neæra
Alterius mavult eſſe puella viri.
Diverſaſque tuis agitat mens inpia curas,
Nec gaudet caſta nupta Neaera domo.
Ah crudele genus, nec fidum femina nomen!
Ah pereat, didicit fallere ſiqua virum!
Sed flecti poterit, mens eſt mutabilis illis;
Tu modo cum multa brachia tende prece.
Saevus Amor docuit validos tentare labores.
Saevus Amor docuit verbera ſaeva pati.
Me quondam Admeti niveos paviſſe juvencos,
Non eſt in vanum fabula ficta jocum.
Tunc ego nec cithara poteram gaudere ſonora,
Nec ſimiles chordis reddere voce ſonos.
Sed perlucenti cantus meditabar avena,
Ille ego Latonae filius, atque Jovis.

Neſcis

70. *O cruel, perjur'd, falſe, intriguing Sex!*] There is a deſign'd Harſhneſs in theſe Lines, as in the Original. Engliſh Tranſlators can never be at a Loſs for unharmonious Combinations; theſe however, like Diſcord in Muſic, when properly introduced, greatly encreaſe the Harmony.

The Tranſlator cannot help thinking this a very unjuſt Deſcription of the fair Sex, as they are commonly more conſtant than Men.

75. *A patient Homage*, &c] The Poſture of a Suppliant and vanquiſhed Perſon is happily expreſſed in the Original,

Tu modo cum multa brachia tende prece,

but

" Neæra! whoſe bright Charms your Verſe diſplays,
" Seeks a new Lover, and inconſtant ſtrays!
" For thee no more with mutual Warmth ſhe burns,
" But thy chaſte Houſe, and chaſter Bed, ſhe ſpurns.

" O cruel, perjur'd, falſe, intriguing Sex!
" O born with Woes poor wretched Man to vex!
" Whoe'er has learn'd her Lover to betray,
" Her Beauty periſh, and her Name decay!

" Yet, as the Sex will change, avoid Deſpair;
" A patient Homage may ſubdue the Fair.
" Fierce Love taught Man to ſuffer, laugh at Pain;
" Fierce Love taught Man, with Joy, to drag the Chain;
" Fierce Love, nor vainly fabulous the Tale,
" Forc'd me, yes forc'd me, to the lonely Dale:
" There I Admetus' ſnowy Heifers drove,
" Nor tun'd my Lyre, nor ſung, abſorb'd in Love.
" The favourite Son of Heaven's almighty Sire,
" Prefer'd a Straw-pipe to his golden Lyre.

" Tho'

but could not be preſerved in the Verſion. Achilles Statius and Douza miſunderſtood this Paſſage.

79. *Forc'd me, yes forc'd me to the lonely Dale.*) See the Notes to Elegy 3. Book ii.

Neſcis quid ſit amor, juvenis, ſi ferre recuſas
Inmitem dominum, conjugiumque ferum.
Ergo ne dubita, blandas adhibere querelas.
Vincuntur molli pectora dura prece.
Quodſi vera canunt ſacris oracula templis,
Hæc illi noſtro nomine dicta refer:
Hoc tibi conjugium promittit Delius ipſe.
Felix hoc, alium deſine velle virum.
Dixit, et ignavus defluxit pectore ſomnus.
Ah ego non poſſum tanta videre mala.
Nec tibi crediderim votis contraria vota,
Nec tantum crimen pectori ineſſe tuo.
Nam te nec vaſti genuerunt aequora Ponti,
Nec flammam volvens ore Chimaera fero:
Nec conſanguinea redimitus terga caterva,
Cui tres ſunt linguae, tergeminumque caput.
Scyllaque virgineam canibus ſubcincta figuram:
Nec te conceptam ſaeva leaena tulit.

Barbara

92. *A Bard on you*, &c.] The Original Paſſage was incomprehenſible, till Muretus reſtored it, from an old MSS. thus,

Felix. Hoc alium deſine velle virum.

The Senſe of which, according to him, is, that Neæra muſt think of no other Huſband but this, *alium ab hoc*. But Scaliger and Douza allege, that the *felix hoc* alludes to the old Form of nuptial Contracts; as if they had ſaid, *feliciter felix hoc ſit*. Salmaſius, however, and Broekhuſius interpret it in this Manner: As this Marriage is, on the Word of

" Tho' falſe the Fair, tho' Love is wild, obey;
" Or, Youth, you know not Love's tyrannic Sway.
" In plaintive Strains addreſs the haughty Fair;
" The Haughty ſoften at the Voice of Prayer.
" If ever true my Delphian Anſwers prove,
" Bear this my Meſſage to the Maid you love.

" Pride of your Sex, and Paſſion of the Age!
" No more let other Men your Love engage;
" A Bard on you the Delian God beſtows,
" This Match alone can warrant your Repoſe."

He ſung. When Morpheus from my Pillow flew,
And plung'd me in ſubſtantial Griefs anew.

Ah! who could think that thou had'ſt broke thy Vows,
That thou, Neæra! ſought'ſt another Spouſe?
Such horrid Crimes, as all Mankind deteſt,
Could they, how could they, harbour in thy Breaſt?
The ruthleſs Deep, I know, was not thy Sire;
Nor fierce Chimæra, belching Floods of Fire;
Nor did'ſt thou from the triple Monſter ſpring,
Round whom a Coil of kindred Serpents cling;
Thou art not of the Lybian Lions' Seed,
Of barking Scylla's, nor Charybdis' Breed;
Nor

of Apollo, to be productive of real Happineſs to you, Neæra; preſume not to wiſh for another Lover; *felix hoc conjugio, deſine alium virum velle.*

Barbara nec Scythiae tellus, horrendave Syrtis:
Sed culta, et duris non habitanda domus.
Et longe ante alias omnes mitiſſima mater:
Iſque pater, quo non alter amabilior.
Haec Deus in melius crudelia ſomnia vertat,
Et jubeat tepidos inrita ferre Notos.

ELEGIA

206. *Nor Afric's Sands*, &c.] Theſe were the ſtrongeſt poetical Emblems of Barbariſm and infidel Ferocity. The Thought is originally Homer's (Il. xvi ver. 34.) but adopted by Catullus and Virgil, traveſtied by Giambattiſta Lalli, often uſed by Ovid, and parodied by Boileau in his admirable Lutrin:

Non ton pere a Paris ne fut pas Boulanger, &c.

In the famous Interview of Glaucus and Diomed, Glaucus thus deſcribes Chimæra:

Firſt dire Chimæra's Conqueſt was enjoin'd;
A mingled Monſter, of no mortal Kind;

Behind,

Nor Afric's Sands, nor Scythia gave thee Birth;
But a compaſſionate, benignant Earth.
No! thou, my Fair! deriv'ſt thy noble Race
From Parents deck'd with every human Grace.

Ye Gods! avert the Woes that haunt my Mind,
And give the cruel Phantoms to the Wind.

THE

Behind, a Dragon's fiery Tail was ſpread;
A Goat's rough Body bore a Lion's Head;
Her pitchy Noſtrils flaky Flames expire,
Her gaping Throat emits infernal Fire. POPE.

Verſes nothing inferior to the Original.

108. *No! you, my Fair, derive your noble R ce, &c.*] This was an artful Method of ſtill farther intereſting Nexra's Family in Favour of her Lover.

ELEGIA QUINTA.

VOS tenet, Etruſcis manat quae fontibus unda,
Unda ſub aeſtivum non adeunda Canem.
Nunc autem ſacris Bajarum maxima lymphis,
Quum ſe purpureo vere remittit hiems.
At mihi Perſephone nigram denuntiat horam.
Immerito juveni parce nocere, Dea.

Non.

Some Critics are of Opinion that this Elegy was written by Tibullus when very young, and diſengaged from any amorous Attachment, as in it he makes no mention of any of his former Miſtreſſes. And indeed it muſt be confeſſed, that their Conjectures are not always ſo well founded; for had his Heart been engaged, his Sickneſs, which makes the Subject of the Poem, would have ſupplied him with as many pathetic Thoughts as it did when he was left behind in the Iſland of Corfu. But be this as it will, the Elegy itſelf is valuable, for being the only one wherein our Poet gives us any Hints of his own Perſon, which, as it really was amiable, is no ſmall Proof of his Modeſty.

It is addreſſed to ſome of his Friends, who were then at the hot Baths of Tuſcany, where probably our Poet was to have been of the Party, had not a violent Fever prevented him. However deſirous the Commentators may ſhew themſelves to diſcover the Names of the Poet's Friends, that Diſcovery

THE
FIFTH ELEGY.

WHILE you at Tuſcan Baths for Pleaſure ſtay,
(Too hot when Sirius darts his ſultry Ray,
Tho' now that purple Spring adorns the Trees,
Not Baia's more medicinal than theſe,)
Me harder Fates attend, my Youth decays;
Yet ſpare, Perſephone! my blameleſs Days:

With

covery is now impoſſible; but if we are ignorant of this, the Poem itſelf informs us, that Tibullus compoſed it on the fifteenth Day of his Diſorder, which he entreats Perſephone ſpeedily to bring to a happy Criſis, as he was then young, and by his Conduct had never merited any Chaſtiſement from Heaven.

1. *While you at Tuſcan Baths, &c.*] Critics have in vain endeavoured to determine which of the Tuſcan Baths are here meant. Schoppius believes them to have been the Cluſin; but theſe were cold, as we learn from Horace, Ep. 15. Lib. i. whereas thoſe, at which Tibullus's Friends appear to have been, were warm.

4. *Not Baia's more medicinal than theſe.*] Baia was the moſt remarkable warm Bath in Italy. The Name of it came in Time to ſtand for *thermæ* in general.

9. I

Non ego tentavi, nulli temeranda virorum,
Audax laudandae ſacra docere Deae;
Nec mea mortiferis infecit pocula ſuccis
Dextera, nec cuiquam taetra venena dedit.
Nec nos ſacrilegos templis admovimus ignes:
Nec cor ſollicitant facta nefanda meum.
Nec nos inſana meditantes jurgia mente,
Ihpia in averſos ſolvimus ora Deos.

Et

9. *I ne'er the holy Myſteries proclaim'd.*] The Myſteries here meant, were thoſe of Ceres, the moſt revered of any in ancient Times. As it was piacular to divulge them, the Reader muſt not expect to find them deſcribed with the ſame Exactneſs as the other religious Ceremonies of Paganiſm. But what is known of Certainty of them, ſhall here briefly be collected.

The Eleuſinian Myſteries, for ſo they were alſo called, were divided into the greater and the leſſer, and celebrated at Athens, at ſtated Seaſons, with great Pomp of Machinery and ſolemn Shows. Theſe drew together a vaſt Concourſe of People from all Nations; and many earneſtly deſired to be initiated, but that Favour was beſtowed upon none but thoſe of the firſt Rank and Figure. The Reverence with which Cicero ſpeaks of them, and the Hints he drops of their Uſe and End, ſeem to confirm Dr. Warburton's Conjecture about them, *viz.* that they were intended to inculcate God's Unity and the Immortality of the Soul. The Shows are ſuppoſed to have repreſented Heaven, Hell, Elyſium, and whatever concerned a future State. The Poets often alluded to them; and we find Cicero, at the Requeſt of Chilias a famous Poet, requeſting Atticus to ſend him from Athens a Detail of them. This intimates, that theſe Shews were occaſionally varied; and Dr. Middleton conjectures, that the Detail here deſired from Atticus was intended by the Poet as Epiſodes to ſome of his poetical Performances. In Virgil's ſixth Æneid a Repreſentation of this kind?

The

With ſecret Wickedneſs unſtung my Soul;
I never mix'd, nor gave the baneful Bowl;
I ne'er the holy Myſteries proclaim'd;
I fir'd no Temple, and no God defam'd;
Age

The Suppoſition is highly ingenious, and Dr. Warburton has ſupported it with no leſs Fancy than Learning.

So cautious were the Athenians, in Cicero's Time, of violating the Solemnity of theſe Myſteries, that the famous Orator Craſſus, coming to Athens two Days after the Proceſſion was over, could not prevail on the Magiſtrates to re-exhibit the Shews, although he was one of the firſt Senators of Rome.

Whoever divulged the Eleuſinian Myſteries, was expelled the Society of Human kind, and abhorred as a Monſter unworthy the common Benefits of Life. It was eſteemed dangerous to converſe with him, leſt Jupiter, in his Wrath, ſhould make no Diſtinction between the innocent and the guilty. Thus Horace,

vetabo, qui Cereris ſacrum
Vulgarit arcanæ, ſub iſdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemve mecum
Solvat phaſelum. Horat. Lib. iii. Od. 2.

He who can Friendſhip's Secrets tell,
Or Ceres' hallow'd Rites reveal;
The Wretch with me ſhall never dwell,
With me ſhall never hoiſt the doubtful Sail.

Francis.

The Greeks, according to Dacier, not only puniſhed with Death thoſe who revealed, but thoſe alſo to whom the Myſteries were imparted. When the Athenians for two Years were baffled in their Attempts againſt Sicily; Alcibiades, who not only adviſed but conducted that War, was accuſed by that ſuperſtitious People of having divulged the Myſteries of Ceres.

Numenius,

Et nondum cani nigros laeſere capillos,
Nec venit tardo curva ſenecta pede.
Natalem noſtri primum videre parentes
(Quum cecidit fato conſul uterque pari)

Quid

Numenius, the celebrated Pythagorean, having publiſhed an Account of the Myſteries, ſome Goddeſſes, in the wanton Dreſs of Courteſans, appeared to him. The Philoſopher, with Surprize, aſking the Reaſon, was told by them in an angry Tone, *Ab ſe, ipſo adyto pudicitiæ abſtractas, & paſſim adeuntibus proſtitutas:* That he himſelf dragged them from the Shrine of Chaſtity, and proſtituted their Charms to every Comer. Macrob. Somn. Scip. cap. 2.

10. *I fir'd no Temple, and no God defam'd.*] Nothing tends ſo much to ſoften the Horrors of Death, as the Conſciouſneſs of a well-ſpent Life. Upon a Death-bed, every Object appears in its genuine Colours; as the Mind then often has the niceſt Perception of Right and Wrong.

13. *(When both the Conſuls fell, ah fatal Morn!*
Fatal to Roman Freedom! I was born.)] At the End of the Year U. C. 709, the famous Mark Antony, under the ſpecious Pretext of revenging the Murder of Cæſar, left Rome. Decimus Brutus (whoſe Name, next to that of Marcus Brutus, the Patrons of Liberty will ever reverence for his glorious Share in the Death of Julius) was to feel the firſt Effects of his bloody Rage. Although Gaul had chearfully declared in Favour of Brutus, and had levied a conſiderable Force; yet was that Patriot, at the Approach of Antony, obliged to throw himſelf into Modena. As Antony knew the Averſion of the better and wiſer Senators to his Conduct; how devoted the Veterans were to his political, though young Enemy, Octavius; and the Levies that were vigorouſly carrying on by Decree of the Senate, to ſupport the Conſuls elect, Hirtius and Panſa; he eaſily ſaw that no Time was to be loſt in the Reduction of that City: accordingly he inveſted it with a formidable Body of Troops, poſted to ſo great Advantage, that even after Octavius and the Conſul Hirtius arrived with a veteran Army, the Place too

defending

Age has not ſnow'd my jetty Locks with White,
Nor bent my Body, nor decay'd my Sight;
(When both the Conſuls fell, ah fatal Morn!
Fatal to Roman Freedom! I was born.)

Apples

defending itſelf with no leſs Art than Courage, he reduced the Beſieged to very great Straits, and ſeldom was worſted in his Rencounters with the conſular Army. Modena had now ſtood out near four Months, when, on the 15th of April U. C. 710, Antony having Intelligence that the other Conſul, Panſa, with four Legions, was to join the confederate Chiefs, he reſolved to attack him on his March, with two Legions, two Prætorian Cohorts, and Part of the Evocati. It is ſcarce to be imagined but the Plan would have ſucceeded, as the Enemy was made up of raw Levies, had not Hirtius privily in the Night detached the Martial Legion and two Prætorian Cohorts, to cover their March to the Camp. By the Eagerneſs of that Reinforcement, which run forward to attack Antony, Panſa was obliged to follow after with two of the new Legions, and a briſk Engagement was fought at Caſtel-Franco, in which Panſa was mortally wounded, and the Victory, by the Retreat of his Enemies, inclined to Antony. His Joy however was ſhort, for Hirtius, hearing of the Engagement, marched out with twenty veteran Cohorts, met Antony, intirely routed and put to flight his whole Army, in the very Plain ſo lately the Scene of his Glory. Antony, though now obliged to lie on the defenſive in his ſtrongly fortified Camp, ſtill hoped to make himſelf Maſter of Modena, which was now reduced to the greateſt Difficulties. Octavius and Hirtius ſaw this; and, fluſhed with their late Succeſs, were determined at all Hazards, to relieve the Town. To effectuate this, after two or three Days ſpent in finding out the weakeſt Part of Antony's Camp, they attacked the Intrenchments with ſuch Vigour, that Antony, rather than ſuffer the Town to be ſnatched at laſt from him, drew out all his Forces and came to a general Battle. Little Advantages were gained on either Side, both Armies fought like Romans, till D. Brutus, taking the Opportunity, ſallied out of the Town at the

Head

Quid fraudare juvat vitem creſcentibus uvis?
Et modo nata mala vellere poma manu? 20
Parcite,

Head of his Garriſon, and helped greatly to determine the Victory on the Side of the Republic. Hirtius puſhed his Advantages with great Spirit, drove all before him to the Middle of the Enemy's Camp, where he was unfortunately killed, near the General's Tent. This probably would have turned the Fortune of the Day, had not Octavius made good the Attempt, by keeping Poſſeſſion of Antony's Camp, while that General, after the Deſtruction of his beſt Troops, fled precipitately, with his Horſe, towards the Alps. The other Conſul died the Day after, of his Wounds, at Bologna. This was the greateſt Loſs the Republic could poſſibly ſuſtain at that Time; as the Death of the two Conſuls placed Octavius above all Controul, left him ſole Maſter of their Armies, eſpecially the Veterans, and firſt inſpired him with the Deſign of ſucceeding to his Uncle's Power as well as to his Eſtate. That with inferior martial Virtues, the Succeſſor of Julius was equally ſucceſsful; and that after the moſt bloody Proſcriptions of the beſt Families of the Empire, he reigned quietly, nay glorioufly; are Particulars which our preſent Purpoſe calls not upon us to explain: we only beg leave to remark, that if the two Lines which gave Riſe to this Note, are genuine, Tibullus muſt have been born A. U. C. 710, ſome time between the 10th and 15th of April, and perhaps on the very ſame Day with Ovid. This was the Opinion of Petrus Crinitus and Lelio Giraldi, and of every Biographer till the Time of Joſephus Scaliger. That great Scholar could not well reconcile that Date to ſome other Paſſages in Tibullus: but the Affair remained undetermined, till Janus Douza the younger attempted to prove, that the *cum cecidit fato*, &c. was ſtoln from Ovid, and inſerted in Tibullus. The Reaſons on which he, and thoſe of his Party, ground their Opinion, and the Objections which may be urged againſt them, are as follow.

In the firſt Place, it appears from the ſeventh Elegy of the firſt Book, that our Poet not only attended Meſſala to the War of Aquitaine, but that he was alſo rewarded with military

Apples unripe, what Folly 'tis to pull,
Or cruſh the Cluſter ere the Grapes are full!

Ye

litary Honours for his Behaviour at that Time. Now it is known, that the Reduction of that Province was accompliſhed A. U. C. 720; of courſe, if Tibullus was born 710, he muſt have had thoſe Marks of ſucceſsful Bravery conferred on him when he was only fifteen Years of Age: but the Romans did not put on the *toga virilis* at ſooneſt till the fifteenth Year of their Age; therefore, ſay they, Tibullus could not, if no older, ſerve with Meſſala. This Argument, however, is more ſpecious than ſolid; for it is certain that ſome Roman Youths had the manly Gown conferred on them before their fifteenth Year; and Experience ſhews us, that young Men at that Age often behave with as much Intrepidity, as thoſe who are more advanced in Life.

Again, Horace, in the Ode addreſſed to Tibullus, has the following Lines:

Albi ne deleas plus nimio memor, &c.

No more in elegiac Strain
Of cruel Glycera complain;
Tho' ſhe reſigns her faithleſs Charms
To a new Lover's younger Arms.

Francis, Lib. i. Od. 33.

Now, argues Douza, as Horace was but about forty when this Ode was wrote, Tibullus could only be about fifteen; and how could one at thoſe Years write mournful Elegies? or how could Glycera well prefer one younger than himſelf? To obviate this Objection, Dacier explains *junior* by *a new Lover*. But there is no Occaſion for this ſtrained Interpretation; for it will afterwards be proved, that younger Folks have written, and with Applauſe too, Poems of a more difficult Nature than Elegy; and he muſt know little of Life, who has not obſerved ſome Women, even in our cold Climate, prefer a Lover of fourteen even to one of twenty: and Julius Cæſar divorced Coſſutia in the ſixteenth Year of his Age. But not to inſiſt on theſe Arguments: the Critics may be defied to prove Horace's Age, when the thirty-third Ode of his firſt Book was written: for though that Poet was juſt

forty,

Parcite, pallentes undas quicumque tenetis,
Duraque ſortiti tertia regna Dei.

Elyſios

forty when ſome of the Odes of the ſecond Book were compoſed, we know that his Odes are not placed in the Order they were written: hence there is no Neceſſity of alledging, with ſome Critics, that this Ode was written to our Poet's Father.

But, ſays Vulpius, Horace, when upwards of forty *(octo luſtra prætergreſſum)*, uſed to conſult Tibullus upon his Satires, as appears from the following Line,

Albi noſtrorum ſermonum candide judex.

Ep. 4. Lib. 1.

Albius, in whom my Satires find
A candid Critic, and a kind. FRANCIS.

Now this, adds the Italian Editor, is not to be ſuppoſed; as Tibullus, at this Time, muſt, if born in 710, have been nineteen Years younger than the Poet. To this it may be anſwered, that a Perſon of nineteen, if endowed with good Senſe and ſome Practice in Poetry, may be capable of correcting the Writings of a Man of forty: thus Pope, when younger than Tibullus is ſuppoſed to be, amended Wycherley's Poems, when that Gentleman was upwards of fifty; and even wrote the Eſſay on Criticiſm at twenty. But, what is of more Conſequence, the Critics are not agreed about the Time when the fourth Epiſtle of the firſt Book was written: thus Sanadon ſays, it was compoſed about the Year 720, when Horace was thirty-one, and Tibullus thirty Years old. And the Truth is, the preciſe Time of it cannot be determined. Beſides, the Commentators have proved, that Horace wrote an Epiſtle to Lollius, when that Nobleman attended Auguſtus in the Cantabrian War, A. U. C. 727, and was only ſixteen Years of Age.

Again, ſays Broekhuſius, our Roman Knight fell ſick at Phæacia, in his Voyage with Meſſala to Syria. Now it is certain, that excellent General went thither with an extraordinary Command A. U. C. 724; therefore Tibullus, if born 710, could only then be fourteen: and yet it appears from the Elegy itſelf (which is much too fine a Piece for

Ye gloomy Gods! whom Acheron obeys,
Diſpel my Sickneſs, and prolong my Days!

Ere

for a Boy of thoſe Years), that he had been ſome Time in Love with Delia. To this Argument this ſhort Reply may be made: that it cannot be proved that Meſſala was upon his Syrian Expedition when our Poet was left behind ſick in Phæacia; and, could that even be eſtabliſhed, Inſtances are not wanting to prove, that Poems, not inferior to the third Elegy of the firſt Book, have been the Production of Youths not much older. L. Valerius Prudens gained the Prize of Poety, and was crowned, in the Reign of Domitian, when only thirteen Years old; Johannes Secundus was not twenty-five Years old when he died; and there is good Reaſon for aſſerting, that Cardinal Rovera, when only ten Years of Age, publiſhed at Pavia a Collection of his own Poems; nay, it is a Fact, that Cowley printed a Volume of Poems, all which were written before his fifteenth Year.

Well; but, ſays Vulpius, it is not to be believed, that Ovid, who was ſo ſtudious of the Memory of Tibullus, and ſo minutely exact in other Things of leſs Moment, would have paſſed by an Event which did ſuch Honour to his own Birth, had Tibullus and he been born at the ſame Time. To this it may be anſwered, that he had but a ſhort Acquaintance with our Poet, as he himſelf informs us,

nec avara Tibullo
Tempus amicitiæ fata dedere meæ.

It may however be objected, ſay Douza and others, that Domitius Marſus calls Tibullus a Youth when he died:

Te quoque Virgilio comitem non æqua, Tibulle,
Mors juvenem campos miſit ad Elyſios.

Now as Marſus lived at that Time, Tibullus muſt have died when twenty-four or twenty-five Years of Age, and therefore muſt have been born A. U. C. 710.

To

Elyſios olim liceat cognoſcere campos,
Letheamque ratem, Cimmerioſque lacus,

Quum

To this it may be oppoſed, that by the Laws of Servius Tullus, the Romans conſidered every Citizen as a *juvenis* till his forty-ſixth Year. After that Time indeed they called them *ſeniores*; and therefore, as Tibullus was only forty-five when he died, Marſus might call him *juvenis*. Doubtleſs he might, according to the Tullian Computation; but then, it may be obſerved, that Marſus does not ſay that Tibullus died the ſame Year with Virgil, *i. e.* in his forty-fifth Year; but only, that he was the firſt Poet who died after him; and therefore he muſt either have been out of the Claſs of *juvenes*; or born in 710, and conſequently then only twenty-five or twenty-ſix when he died.

But had our Author been ſo young, Ovid would not have omitted that Circumſtance, as it would have greatly added to the Pathos of his famous Elegy on his Death; eſpecially ſince, in that very Poem, he mentions the Youth of Catullus, who, by the bye, was upwards of forty when he died, contrary to the common Opinion.

Obvius huic veniet, hedera juvenilia cinctus
Tempora, cum Calvo, docte Catulle, tuo.

This Argument indeed is of Moment; but the ſame Poet affords ſome other Arguments of ſtill greater Weight to prove that Tibullus could not be born in 710. In the firſt Place, he ſays that our Poet was eminent for his Reputation as a Writer, when Auguſtus Cæſar was prince,

jam te principe notus erat.

that is, when Cæſar was *princeps ſenatus*, after having had the glorious but undeſerved Title of *pater patriæ* beſtowed on him by Meſſala and the Senate, A. U. C. 727. But how could a Youth of ſeventeen be known as a Poet? The Anſwer to this has in Part been anticipated; and when we add, that Heinſius reads *natus*, it rather is an

Argument

Ere to the Shades my dreary Steps I take,
Or ferry o'er th'irremeable Lake,

Let

Argument in Support of Tibullus's being born in 710, as Octavius Cæsar and Pedius succeeded Hirtius and Pansa in the Consulate. It must here at the same Time be confessed, that Cæsar could not be styled *princeps*, far less *princeps senatus*, for being made Consul; yet could even this be granted, Heinsius's Reading is unsupported by MS. Authority.

But the Argument to which the least Objection can be made, is that which follows, and Ovid furnishes it. It runs thus,

Virgilium vidi tantum; nec avara Tibullo
Tempus amicitiæ fata dedere meæ:
Successor fuit hic tibi, Galle; Propertius illi;
Quartus ab his serie temporis ipse fui.

Trist. lib. iv. El. 10.

That is, I only saw Virgil, and the cruel Fates did not long indulge me with the Friendship of Tibullus. He (*viz.* Tibullus) was thy Successor, Gallus; Propertius followed Gallus; and, in Order of Time, I myself was the fourth. Now as Gallus was born A. U. C. 681; and Propertius, by his own Confession, did not put on the *toga virilis* till after the Division of the municipal Lands among the Veterans, A. U. C. 711, when he was at least fifteen; Tibullus must have been born between the Year 681, and the Year 696, that is, about the Year 690, one Year after Horace. But why might he not be five Years younger, as well as one Year? And indeed, as this corresponds more with Marsus's Epigram, it seems as likely that Tibullus was born 695. Some indeed object to the Quotation from Ovid, as if that Poet meant poetical Fame, or the Order in which the Poets he there mentions were known to the World by their

Quum mea rugoſa pallebunt ora ſenecta,
Et referam pueris tempora priſca ſenex.

Atque

their Writings; and indeed, were it not for the former Paſſage from Ovid, ſuch a Suggeſtion might invalidate the Argument upon which Douza chiefly builds his Opinion.

But (add Douza, and the reſt who eſpouſe his Opinion) what if we can prove, from Tibullus himſelf, that he was not born A. U. C. 710? Had he been ſo young when ſick at Corfu, would he not in a particular Manner have mentioned it? And would not a Youth of twenty-five Years, have expreſſed himſelf differently in the Poem before us from

Et nondum cani nigros læſere capillos
Nec venit tardo curva ſenecta pede.

Beſides, in his Panegyric, which we know was written 722 (vide l. 121, &c.) he has the following Lines,

nam cura renovatur,
Cum memor ante actos ſemper dolor admonet annos.

which could not be proper from a Boy of twelve Years of Age. Nay that Poem itſelf, though inferior in every Reſpect to his Elegiac Compoſitions, is yet too great a Work for one ſo young. And if to this we add, that in this Poem he talks of the old Warrior of Arupinum, and of his having attended Meſſala in his Pannonian Expedition; and if we conſider, that this Expedition took place A. U. C. 718, or 719, it muſt appear that 710 could not be the Year of Tibullus's Birth, and that therefore the

Cum cecidit fato conſul uterque pari

is ſpurious, and foiſted in by ſome Librarian from Ovid. Nay Vulpius, not content with putting a Mark of Reprobation on that Line, even ſuſpects the following one, as it is, according to him, not only languid, but interrupts the Sentence, which is complete without it.

However

Let me (with Age when wrinkled all my Face)
Tell ancient Stories to my liſtening Race;

Thrice

However immaterial theſe Remarks may appear to the Generality, the Tranſlator hopes, that the critical Reader will pardon their Length, as they may be found of ſome Service to future Biographers.

15. *Apples unripe, what Folly 'tis to pull?*] This Sentiment would anſwer in Paſtoral; and were it not what every Man might have thought, it might be ſaid, that Ovid had almoſt tranſcribed it:

Quid plenam fraudas vitem creſcentibus uvis?
Pomaque crudeli vellis acerba manu?

El. 14. Lib. 2.

The *tolle cupidinem immitis uvæ* of Horace, is almoſt the ſame; but as the lyric Bard in the Ode where he uſes theſe Expreſſions, deſcribes Lalage as a young friſking Heifer, and her Lover as a Bull, the Metaphor is not ſo happily exact.

17. *Ye gloomy Gods,* &c.] This and the foregoing Thought are thus imitated by Mr. Hammond:

No Stealth of Time has thinn'd my flowing Hair,
Nor Age yet bent me with her Iron Hand;
Ah why ſo ſoon the tender Bloſſom tear?
Ere Autumn yet the ripen'd Fruit demand.

Ye Gods who dwell in gloomy Shades below,
Now ſlowly tread your melancholy Round;
Now wandering view the baleful Rivers flow,
And muſing hearken to their ſolemn ſound:

O let me ſtill enjoy the chearful Day,
Till many Years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my Age I triſle Life away,
And tell how much I lov'd ere I grew old.

Atque utinam vano nequidquam terrear æſtu!
Languent ter quinos ſed mea membra dies.

At

The whole fourth Elegy, from which theſe Stanzas are taken, is an Improvement upon our Author. In the Original, the Poet joins two Adjectives to one Noun, which Servius, in his Notes on Virgil, blames as a Vice in Writing; and yet not only Inſtances of this may be produced from the ancient Roman Authors, but alſo from Lucretius, Cicero, Ovid, and Virgil.

21. *Let me (with Age when wrinkled all my Face.)*] That Man ſhould be ſo ſollicitous for old Age is really aſtoniſhing, when we conſider, with a great moral Poet,

That Life protracted, is protracted Woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to deſtroy,
And ſhuts up all the Paſſages of Joy:
In vain their Gifts the bounteous Seaſons pour,
The Fruit autumnal, and the vernal Flower.
With liſtleſs Eyes the Dotard views the Store;
He views, and wonders that they pleaſe no more.
Now pall the taſteleſs Meats, and joyleſs Wines,
And Luxury, with Sighs, her Slave reſigns.
Approach, ye Minſtrels, try the ſoothing Strain,
And yield the tuneful Lenitives of Pain;
No Sound, alas! would touch th'impervious Ear,
Tho' dancing Mountains witneſs'd Orpheus near;
Nor Lute, nor Lyre his feeble Powers attend,
Nor ſweeter Muſic of a virtuous Friend;
But everlaſting Dictates crowd his Tongue,
Perverſely grave, or poſitively wrong:
The ſtill returning Tale, and lingering Jeſt,
Perplex the fawning Niece and pamper'd Gueſt,
While growing Hopes ſcarce awe the gathering Sneer,
And ſcarce a Legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful Gueſts ſtill hint the laſt Offence,
The Daughter's Petulance, the Son's Expence;
Improve his heady Rage with treacherous Skill,
And mould his Paſſions, till they make his Will.

Thrice five long Days and Nights conſum'd with Fire,
(O ſooth its Rage!) I gradually expire;
While

Unnumber'd Maladies his Joints invade,
Lay ſiege to Life, and preſs the dire Blockade:
But unextinguiſh'd Avarice ſtill remains,
And dreaded Loſſes aggravate his Pains;
He turns, with anxious Heart and crippled Hands,
His Bonds of Debt, and Mortgages of Lands;
Or views his Coffers with ſuſpicious Eyes,
Unlocks his Gold, and counts it till he dies.
But grant the Virtues of a temperate Prime,
Bleſs with an Age exempt from Scorn or Crime;
An Age that melts in unperceiv'd Decay,
And glides in modeſt Innocence away:
Whoſe peaceful Days Benevolence endears,
Whoſe Nights congratulating Conſcience chears;
The general Favorite, as the general Friend:
Such Age there is, and who could wiſh its End?
Yet ev'n on this her Load Misfortune flings,
To preſs the weary Minutes' flagging Wings:
New Sorrow riſes as the Day returns;
A Siſter ſickens, or a Daughter mourns;
Now kindred Merit fills the ſable Bier,
Now lacerated Friendſhip claims a Tear.
Year chaſes Year, Decay purſues Decay,
Still drops ſome Joy from withering Life away;
New Forms ariſe, and different Views engage,
Superfluous lags the Veteran on the Stage,
Till pitying Nature ſigns the laſt Releaſe,
And bids afflicted Worth retire to Peace.
But few there are whom Hours like theſe await,
Who ſet unclouded in the Gulphs of Fate;
From Lydia's Monarch ſhould the Search deſcend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his End,

At vobis Tuſcae celebrantur gramina Nymphae,
Et facilis lenta pellitur unda manu.
Vivite felices, memores et vivite noſtri,
Sive erimus, ſeu nos fata fuiſſe volent.
Interea nigras pecudes promittite Diti,
Et nivei lactis pocula mixta mero.

ELEGIA

In Life's laſt Scene what Prodigies ſurprize,
Fears of the Brave, and Follies of the Wiſe;
From Marlborough's Eyes the Streams of Dotage flow,
And Swift expires a Driv'ler and a Show.

Its great Beauty will, it is preſumed, excuſe the Length of this Quotation.

26. *Or lave*, &c.] Swimming was much practiſed by the Romans; an Exerciſe which they, as a military People, found ſerviceable to them on many Accounts, and which Britons, both on that Account, and as a naval People, would do well to practiſe more; for, as the Poet of the Seaſons ſings,

This is the pureſt Exerciſe for Health,
The kind Refreſher of the Summer-heats;
Nor when cold Winter keens the brightening Flood,
Would I, weak-ſhivering, linger on the Brink.
Thus Life redoubles, and is oft preſerv'd
By the bold Swimmer, in the ſwift Illapſe
Of Accident diſaſtrous. Hence the Limbs
Knit into Force; and the ſame Roman Arm
That roſe victorious o'er the conquer'd Earth,
Firſt learn'd, while tender, to ſubdue the Wave.
E'en from the Body's Purity, the Mind
Receives a ſecret ſympathetic Aid.

Summer.

28. *Joy guide your Steps, and ſtill remember me!*] Tibullus was as warm in his Friendſhip as in his Love; and certainly, if

While you the Naiad of your Fountain praiſe,
Or lave, or ſpend in gentle Sport your Days:
Yet, O my Friends! whate'er the Fates decree,
Joy guide your Steps, and ſtill remember me!

Mean Time, to deprecate the fierce Diſeaſe,
And haſten glad Returns of vigorous Eaſe,
Milk, mix'd with Wine, O promiſe to beſtow,
And ſable Victims, on the Gods below.

THE

if the Love of Fame is ever allowable, the wiſhing to be remembered, after Death, by one's Friends, is highly natural. The

Oblitus meorum, obliviſcendus & illis,

The World forgetting, by the World forgot,

of ſome Authors, is too miſanthropical; for the Love of Fame being natural to Man, and the Source from whence have ſprung moſt of the good Actions which have aſtoniſhed or benefited Humanity, the Tranſlator cannot join Iſſue with thoſe, who condemn its Exertion.

31. *Milk, mix'd with Wine,* &c.] The old Scholiaſt on Statius, whoſe Comment, Barthius had in his Poſſeſſion, calls Blood, Honey, and Milk, the Banquet of the Infernal Powers, *inferorum paſtus.* But this Paſſage in our Poet ſhews, that Wine was alſo Part of their Chear.

Black Cattle were the only Victims ſacrificed to the *Dii inferni.* The Ancients, ſay the Critics, generally offered to their Gods, thoſe Beaſts which they were ſuppoſed to hold in the greateſt Abhorrence. When they ſacrificed to the Infernal Powers, they turned their Palms downwards. There are two or three Inſtances, in the legendary Part of the Roman Story, of the ceaſing of Plagues at Rome, upon immolating on the Altars of Pluto and Proſerpine. Pluto's Altars at Tarentum were

chiefly remarkable for Miracles of this kind. Theſe Sacrifices, which in Time gave Riſe to the ſecular Games, the Jubilee of Paganiſm, were performed in the Evening; as thoſe to the Celeſtial Powers were in the Morning. The Prieſts were ſprinkled with Water, when Offerings

Offerings were made to the Infernal Deities. See the old Scholiaſt on the fourth Iſthmian Ode of Pindar. And it is certain from Homer (Iliad. ix. Lin. 566.) that thoſe who addreſſed theſe Powers, fell on their Knees when they prayed to them.

ELEGIA SEXTA.

CANDIDE Liber ades; ſic ſit tibi myſtica vitis
Semper; ſic hedera tempora vincta geras.
Aufer et ipſe meum pariter medicande dolorem.
Saepe tuo cecidit munere victus Amor.

Care

We have ſeen, with what Cruelty Neæra had treated her Lover, all his Endeavours to fix her ſolely his, having proved hitherto ineffectual. But his Miſery being now extreme, ſome Remedy muſt be attempted; and Wine, by the joint Approbation of Antiquity, being eſteemed the certain Antidote of Affliction, his Friends ſtrongly recommended his making an Experiment of its Virtues: he follows their Advice, and begins the preſent Elegy with an Addreſs to the God of Wine, in full Confidence of his being able to free him from his amorous Inquietude.

This Poem, which is one continued Struggle between the Powers of Love and Wine, but in which the latter triumphs over the former, the Tranſlator has thrown into a Dialogue between the Lover and one of his boon Companions. This gives it a more ſpirited Air, but does not entirely remove all its Obſcurities; and hence the Tranſlator has been led to believe, that it is imperfect; unleſs, with ſome judicious Critics, it is ſuppoſed, that as the Author was agitated with a Diverſity of Paſſions at the Time of his compoſing it, ſo the Hyperbaton and diſorderly Connection was the Reſult of judicious Choice, and not the Fault of Imperfection.

In

THE SIXTH ELEGY.

LOVER.

COME, Bacchus, come! ſo may the myſtic Vine
And verdant Ivy round thy Temples twine!
My Pains, the Anguiſh I endure, remove;
Oft haſt thou vanquiſh'd the fierce Pangs of Love.
Haſte,

In ſome Editions this Elegy is improperly ſplit into two.

1. — *ſo may the myſtic Vine.*] Why myſtic? Becauſe thoſe who were initiated in the Myſteries of Ceres and Bacchus carried *thyrſi*, round which were twiſted Vine Branches; or becauſe thoſe who aſſiſted at the Orgies of Bacchus, wore Vine Garlands. See a Deſcription of theſe frantic Ceremonies in the ſixth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoſis, ver. 587.

2. *And verdant Ivy, &c.*] Bacchus wore Grapes on his Horns, ſee Notes on the firſt Elegy of the ſecond Book; and Ivy round his Temples.

Cur hedera cincta eſt? hedera eſt gratiſſima Baccho:
Hoc quoque cur ita ſit, dicere nulla mora eſt.
Nyſiades Nymphæ, puerum quærente noverca,
Hanc frondem cunis appoſuere novis.

Lib. iii. Faſt. ver. 769.

Care puer, madeant generoſo pocula Baccho :
I, nobis prona funde Falerna manu.
Ite procul durum curae genus, ite labores.
Fulſerit hic niveis Delius alitibus.
Vos modo propoſito dulces faveatis amici,
Neve neget quiſquam me duce ſe comitem.
Aut ſi quis vini certamen mite recuſat,
Fallat eum tecto cara puella dolo.
Ille facit dites animos Deus ; ille ferocem
Contudit, et dominae miſit in arbitrium.
Armeniae tigres, et fulvas ille leaenas
Vicit, et indomitis mollia corda dedit.
Haec Amor, et majora valet, ſed poſcite Bacchi
Munera ; quem veſtrûm pocula ſicca juvant ?

Convenit

But Conſtantinus Cæſar, in the eleventh Book of his Geopon. ſays, that Bacchus loved the Ivy becauſe his favourite Boy Ciſſus was metamorphoſed into that Plant. BROEKH.

The true Reaſon however ſeems to have been, that the Ancients thought Ivy Chaplets had a Power of preventing Intoxication.

Thoſe who conquered in poetical Conteſts, had, of old, a Wreath of Ivy beſtowed upon them. Andreas Alciatus gives the following Reaſon for it :

Haud quaquam areſcens hederæ eſt arbuſcula, Ciſſo
Quæ puero Bacchum dona dediſſe ferunt :
Errabunda, procax, auratis fulva corymbis,
Exterius viridis, cætera pallor habet.
Hinc aptis vates cingunt ſua tempora ſertis ;
Paleſcunt ſtudiis, laus diuturna viret. Emb. 204.

15. *But Love the Monſters of the Wood can tame.*] The two great Italian Paſtoral Poets have enlarged upon this Thought in their Tragi-comedies.

Va

Haſte, Boy, with old Falernian crown the Bowl,
In the gay Cordial let me drench my Soul.
Hence, gloomy Care! I give you to the Wind;
The God of Fancy frolicks in my Mind!
My dear Companions! favour my Deſign,
Let's drown our Senſes all, in roſy Wine!

COMPANION.

Thoſe may the Fair with practis'd Guile abuſe,
Who, ſourly wiſe, the gay Diſpute refuſe:
The jolly God can Cheerfulneſs impart,
Enlarge the Soul, and pour out all the Heart.

LOVER.

But Love the Monſters of the Wood can tame,
The wildeſt Tygers own the powerful Flame:
He bends the ſtubborn to his awful Sway,
And melts Inſenſibility away:
So wide the Reign of Love!

COMPANION.

Wine, Wine, dear Boy!
Can any here in empty Goblets joy?

No,

Van le tigre in amore
Ama il leon ſuperbo, &c. Amynt.
Rugge il leon al boſco
Ne quel rugito è d'ira
Ceſi d'amor ſoſpira, &c. Paſt. Fido.

Convenit ex aequo, nec torvus Liber in illis,
Qui ſe, quique una vina jocoſa colunt.
Jam venit iratus nimium, nimiumque ſeveris.
Qui timet irati numina magna, bibat.
Quales his poenas qualis quantuſque minetur,
Cadmaeae matris praeda cruenta docet.
Sed procul a nobis hic ſit timor: illaque, ſiqua eſt,
Quid valeat laeſi, ſentiat, ira Dei.
Quid precor ah demens? venti temeraria vota,
Aeriae et nubes diripienda ferant.

Quamvis

21. *What Terrors arm,* &c.] When the Gods appeared in Anger to Mortals, they were ſuppoſed to become much taller than uſual. Thus Ceres, when ſhe appeared to Eryſychton, who had violated her ſacred Grove, trod indeed on the Ground, but with her Head ſhe touched the Skies:

Δαμάλης δ' ἀφαλὸν &c.
Callim. Hymn. in Cerer. ver. 58.

23. *Her Son who mock'd his Rites,* &c.] Pentheus, King of Thebes, was torn in Pieces by his Mother and the other Mænades, for having ridiculed the newly-introduced Orgies of Bacchus. See Ovid, Met. lib. iii. and Theocritus, Idyll. 26. See alſo the Βακχαι of Euripides.

29. *What pray'd I raſhly for,* &c.] This is a fine Inſtance of amorous Irreſolution; and the Prayer the Poet puts up to Heaven for the Happineſs of his inconſtant Fair, makes us compaſſionate him more, than if he had broke out into the moſt direful Execrations.

Taſſo has given us a no leſs beautiful inſtance of this paſſionate Figure in his Gieruſalem. Liberat. Canto xx. where Armida, being abandoned by Rinaldo, breathes Fury and Revenge; and, purſuing him through the Ranks of the Battle,

No, no! the God can never diſapprove,
That thoſe who praiſe him, ſhould a Bumper love.
What Terrors arm his Brow? the Goblet drain:
To be too ſober, is to be profane!
Her Son, who mock'd his Rites, Agave tore,
And furious ſcatter'd round the yelling Shore!
Such Fears be far from us, dread God of Wine!
Thy Rites we honour, we are wholly thine!
But let the ſober Wretch thy Vengeance prove:

LOVER.

Or her, whom all my Sufferings cannot move!
— What pray'd I raſhly for? my madding Prayer,
Ye Winds! diſperſe, unratified, in Air:

For

Battle, aims an Arrow at his Heart; but ſcarce had the Shaft left the Bow, when returning Love compelled her to wiſh it might miſs its Aim:

Lo ſtral volò; ma con lo ſtral, un voto
Subito uſcì, che vada il colpo a voto.

Swift flies the Shaft, as ſwiftly flies her Prayer
That all its Vehemence be ſpent in Air.

SPENCE.

Such ſudden Changes of Paſſion give a vaſt Energy to poetical Compoſitions. They are frequent in the elegiac Poets; but no Inſtance of this Kind ever afforded the Tranſlator more Pleaſure than the following of Lotichius, who deſiring his deceaſed Miſtreſs's Shade often to appear to him, ſuddenly checks himſelf:

Quid

Quamvis nulla mei ſupereſt tibi cura, Neaera:
Sis felix, et ſint candida fata tua.
At nos ſecurae reddamus tempora menſae.
Venit poſt multos una ſerena dies.
Hei mihi, difficile eſt imitari gaudia falſa:
Difficile eſt triſti fingere mente jocum.
Nec bene mendaci riſus componitur ore,
Nec bene ſollicitis ebria verba ſonant.
Quid queror infelix? turpes diſcedite curae.
Odit Lenaeus triſtia verba pater.
Gnoſia, Theſeae quondam perjuria linguae
Fleviſti ignoto, ſola relicta, mari.
Sic cecinit pro te doctus, Minoi, Catullus,
Ingrati referens inpia facta viri.

Vos

Quid precor imprudens? non fas ita velle priumve
Otia ſint cineri, ſit ſopor uſque tuo.
Et tumulum myrti virides, & amaricus ornet;
Et ſedeat cuſtos ad tua buſta Venus. B. iii. El. 3.

37. *How forc'd the drunken Catch*, &c.] This double Paſſion is aptly termed Diſſimulation by Mr. Spence, in his ingenious Obſervations on Pope's Odyſſey. Such Figures are viewed in a juſter Light, when we look upon them as naturally expreſſive of what we feel within us, than when we regard them only as the artful Machineries of Writing.

43. *But learn'd Catullus*, &c.] Catullus is here called learned; and Antiquity, with one Conſent, beſtows upon him that diſtinguiſhed Epithet. He certainly underſtood the Greek Language, and tranſlated, with ſome Applauſe, Callimachus's beautiful Poem on Berenice's Hair: but his Verſion from Sappho is very indifferent. Yet theſe perhaps

For tho', my Love! I'm blotted from your Soul,
Serenely riſe your Days, ſerenely roll!

COMPANION.

The Love-ſick Struggle paſt, again be gay:
Come, crown'd with Roſes, let's drink down the Day!

LOVER.

Ah me! loud-laughing Mirth how hard to feign!
When doom'd a Victim to Love's dreadful Pain:
How forc'd the drunken Catch, the ſmiling Jeſt,
When black Sollicitude annoys the Breaſt!

COMPANION.

Complaints, away! the blythſome God of Wine
Abhors to hear his genuine Votaries whine.

* * * * *

LOVER.

You, Ariadne! on a Coaſt unknown,
The perjur'd Theſeus wept, and wept alone;
But learn'd Catullus, in immortal Strains,
Has ſung his Baſeneſs, and has wept your Pains.

COM-

haps obtained him the Reputation of Learning; or perhaps it aroſe from his frequent Uſe of cramp Words. Men are often called learned even now-a-days, for no better Reaſons. The Tranſlator, however, is not of Opinion, that he merited that Diſtinction, ſo much at leaſt as ſome of his Roman Predeceſſors. Nay, are not the beſt Critics

Vos ego nunc moneo: felix, quicumque dolore
Alterius diſces poſſe carere tuo.
Nec vos aut capiant pendentia brachia collo,
Aut fallat blanda ſordida lingua prece.
Etſi perque ſuos fallax jurarit ocellos,
Junonemque ſuam, perque ſuam Venerem,

Nulla

Critics now agreed, that had all his Poems periſhed, the World would have been at no very great Loſs, except for the Piece here alluded to, his Epithalamium on Peleus and Thetis, and one or two more?

The moſt remarkable Part of Catullus's Character is, the Freedom with which, in his Writings, he attacked Julius Cæſar, at a Time when he was the ſovereign Maſter of the World. That great, but wicked Roman underſtood the Importance of having the Men of Abilities and Learning on his Side, and therefore invited the Poet to ſup with him on the Night his Paſquin was publiſhed. Could the Poet ſatirize after ſuch an Act of Condeſcenſion? Something of the ſame Kind is alſo told us, of that moſt conſummate of Politicians Philip, who more than paved the Way for his Son's Conqueſt of the Eaſt. See Dr. Leland's excellently written Life of that Monarch.

In the Poem which Tibullus here had in his Eye, there is an exquiſite Stroke of Nature, where Ariadne runs into the Sea, as if to reach Theſeus, who was ſailing off.

Tum tremuli ſalis adverſas percurrere in undas
Mollia nudatæ tollentem tegmina ſuræ, &c.

Ovid has written on the ſame Subject: but there is more real Beauty in the pathetic Exclamations and frantic Behaviour of Catullus's Ariadne, than in the witty but unaffecting Epiſtle of Naſo.

There appears no Connexion between this Story of Ariadne, and what either goes before or follows it. But if the

COMPANION.

Thrice happy they, who hear Experience call,
And ſhun the Precipice where others fall.
When the Fair claſps you to her Breaſt, beware,
Nor truſt her, by her Eyes altho' ſhe ſwear;
Not tho', to drive Suſpicion from your Breaſt,
Or Love's ſoft Queen, or Juno ſhe atteſt;

No

the Tranſlator durſt venture upon a Tranſpoſition, he would join

Thrice happy they,

and ſo on, to

Hence, ſerious Thoughts!

to the forty-ſecond Line, and make it Part of the Advice which our Poet's Companion gave him. This Manner of diſpoſing and connecting theſe Verſes, would make the Story of Ariadne appear as Part of Tibullus's Anſwer, by which he would inſinuate, that if the Women were deceitful, the Men are not much better, as witneſs the Treatment which Theſeus, whom they all deemed a Hero, gave Ariadne.

50. *Or Love's ſoft Queen, or Juno ſhe atteſt.*] The common Editions read

Junonemque ſuam, perque ſuam venerem.

But Broekhuſius is of Opinion that Tibullus wrote

Junonemque ſuam, per Veneremque ſuam,

and produces ſeveral Inſtances of his uſing the *que* in that Manner. He cloſes his Quotations on that Subject with the following Sentence, which is in the true Spirit of a verbal Critic: *Hæc palæmonibus noſtris exilia videbuntur, neque ſatis digna in quibus otium ponatur: mihi vero, quæ mea eſt humilitas, nihil*

Nulla fides inerit; perjuria ridet amantum
Jupiter, et ventos irrita ferre jubet.
Ergo quid toties fallacis verba puellae
Conqueror? ite a me ſeria verba procul.
Quam vellem tecum longas requieſcere noctes,
Et tecum longos pervigilare dies!
Perfida, nec merito nobis inimica merenti.
Perfida, ſed quamvis perfida, cara tamen.

Naiada

nihil exile habetur, quod faciat ad inluſtrationem ſermonis Latini.

51. *No Truth the Women know*, &c.] Female Infidelity has been a common Topic of Invective with the Wits of all Ages; and yet, had they looked into their own Conduct with the ſame virulent Penetration, they would have found that the Lion made a juſt Obſervation to the Man, who vauntingly ſhewed him a Picture wherein one of the Lion-kind was repreſented as conquered by a Man, when that Monarch of the Woods ſaid, "We Lions are not Painters."

52. *And Jove connives*, &c.] Plato aſſigns a whimſical Reaſon for Jupiter's Good-nature in this Affair; the Pleaſures (ſays he) are Infants, incapable of Underſtanding and Judgment, and therefore not liable to Puniſhment for Perjury, or Breach of Promiſe.

59. *O let my Paſſion*, &c.] *Nobis merenti*, in the Original, as Broekhuſius obſerves, is an elegant Græciſm (*archaiſmus*), which Terence and the moſt correct Roman Poets have admitted. There are many ſuch Græciſms in both Milton and Shakeſpear; the former, no doubt, thought the joining a Singular with a Plural an Elegance; but it is a Queſtion whether the Inſtances of this Kind which occur in the tragic Bard are not the Effect of Chance, or Fault of Tranſcribers, &c. This Pentameter is the only Turn on Words to be found in Tibullus. When ſparingly admitted, ſuch Turns are doubtleſs Beauties. Mr. Dryden makes Virgil the Parent of this Elegance in Compoſition: that

No Truth the Women know; their Looks are Lies.

LOVER.

Yet Jove connives at amorous Perjuries.
Hence, ſerious Thoughts! then why do I complain?
The Fair are licenc'd by the Gods to feign.
Yet would the Guardian Powers of gentle Love,
This once indulgent to my Wiſhes prove,
Each Day we then ſhould laugh, and talk, and toy,
And paſs each Night in hymeneal Joy.
O let my Paſſion fix thy faithleſs Heart!
For ſtill I love thee, faithleſs as thou art!

Bacchus

that Critic however is miſtaken, as Homer has a Turn on the Words, Il. xx. where Hector ſays, that at all Events he will attack Achilles:

και ει πυρι χειρας ισικεν
Ει πυρι χειρας ισικε· μενω αιθωνι Σιδηρω.

Not from yon Boaſter ſhall your Chief retire,
Not tho' his Heart were Steel, his Hands were Fire:
That Fire, that Steel, your Hector ſhould withſtand,
And brave the vengeful Heart, and dreadful Hand.

So very attentive was Mr. Pope not to loſe any of the Beauties of his Original. And if Mr. Dryden (Dedicat. to Juvenal) had looked, he would have found that Catullus uſed this Charm in Writing before Virgil.

Ut flos in ſeptis ſecretus naſcitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo convulſus aratro,
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat ſol, educat imber:
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:

Idem

Naida Bacchus amat; ceſſas ô lente miniſter?
Temperet annoſum Marcia lympha merum.
Non ego, ſi fugiat noſtrae convivia menſae
Ignotum cupiens vana puella torum, 60
Sollicitus

Idem cum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ.
Sic virgo dum intacta manet, dum cara ſuis eſt.
Cum caſtum amiſit polluto corpore florem,
Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.

Carm. Nupt. 60.

It muſt indeed be owned, that Virgil and Ovid more frequently uſe Turns, both on Words and Thoughts. Neither is Milton wholly deſtitute of that Beauty, though Mr. Dryden ſays he could find none ſuch in his Poems, as witneſs the following charming Verſes, where Eve addreſſes our general Anceſtor:

With thee converſing, I forget all Time!
All Seaſons, and their Change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Riſing ſweet
With Charm of earlieſt Birds; pleaſant the Sun,
When firſt on this delightful Land he ſpreads
His orient Beams, on Herb, Tree, Fruit, and Flower
Gliſtering with Dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After ſoft Showers; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; then ſilent Night,
With this her ſolemn Bird, and this fair Moon,
And theſe the Gems of Heaven, her ſtarry train:
But neither Breath of Morn, when ſhe aſcends
With Charm of earlieſt Birds; nor riſing Sun
On this delightful Land; nor Herb, Fruit, Flower,
Gliſt'ring with Dew; nor Fragrance after Showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor ſilent Night,
With this her ſolemn Bird; nor Walk by Moon,
Or glittering Star-light, without thee is ſweet.

This

Bacchus the Naiad loves; then haste, my Boy!
My Wine to temper cooler Streams employ.
What tho' the smiling Board Neæra flies,
And in a Rival's Arms perfidious lies,

The

This Quotation Mr. Addison has inserted in one of the Tatlers (No. 114.) and indeed Mr. Mason makes this Turn on Words characteristical of Milton's Manner, in that beautiful Poem of his, intitled Musæus.

Various this peaceful Scene, this mineral Roof;
This 'Semblance meet of Coral, Ore, and Shell;
These pointed Chrystals fair, 'mid each Obscure
Bright glistering; all these slowly-dripping rills,
That tinkling stray amid the cooly Cave.
Yet not this various peaceful Scene, with this
Its mineral Roof, nor this Assemblage meet
Of Coral, Ore, and Shell; nor 'mid th'Obscure
These pointed Crystals glittering fair; nor Rills
That straying tinkle thro' the cooly Cave,
Deal Charms more various to the raptur'd Sense,
Than thy mellifluous Lay.

61. *Bacchus the Naiad loves*, &c.] Bacchus was brought up by the Nymphs; which, says Vulpius, is a poetical Figment, signifying that Wine ought to be mixed with Water.

Αι Νυμφαι τον Βακχον οτ' εκ πυρος ηλαθ' ὁ κυρος
Νιψαν, ὑπερ τεφρης αρτι κυλιομενον.
Τουνεκα σην Νυμφαις βρομιος φιλος, ην δε νιν ειρξης
Μισγεσθαι, δεξη πυρ' ετι καιομενον.
Ανθολογια.

E cinere ut Bacchum nymphæ cessere sorores,
Membraque lavarunt fonte perennis aquæ,
Junctus amicitia est Nymphis. Si forte repellas,
Natum de flammis experiere Deum.

And Plato, in his poetical Language, calls the mixing of Wine with Water, the taming a mad God with a sober one.

68. *Let*

Sollicitus repetam tota ſuſpiria nocte.

Tu puer, i, liquidum fortius adde merum.

Jam dudum Syrio madefactus tempora nardo

Debueram ſertis inplicuiſſe comas.

ELEGIA

68. *Let roſy Garlands*, &c.] *Jam dudum* in the Original, ſays Broekhuſius, *formula venuſta de tempore non longo in re præſente, & ſcriptoribus elegantibus adamata.*

Feſtus obſerves, that the boon Companions, of old uſed ſometimes to tye Birds to their Garlands, not only to amuſe themſelves with their Songs, but alſo to be kept awake by their pecking; ſo ingenious were they in the article of drinking!

The Garlands uſed at firſt upon theſe Occaſions, were made of fine Wool; and therefore Theocritus calls them ἄνθος ἀωτου, the Flower of the Sheep.

Parſley,

The live-long Night, all ſleepleſs, muſt I whine?
Not I—

COMPANION.

Quick, Servants! bring us ſtronger Wine.

LOVER.

Now Syrian Odours ſcent the feſtal Room,
Let roſy Garlands on our Foreheads bloom.

THE

Parſley, Roſes, Ivy, &c. came afterwards to be worn; for which, as well as for the Introduction of Eſſences in Drinking, the Topers of Antiquity were indebted to the fair Sex. Lipſius has given us the *leges convivales* of the Ancients.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

NULLA tuum nobis ſubducet femina lectum.
Hoc primum juncta eſt foedere noſtra Venus.
Tu mihi ſola places: nec jam, te praeter, in urbe
Formoſa eſt oculis ulla puella meis.
Atque utinam poſſis uni mihi bella videri!
Diſpliceas aliis! ſic ego tutus ero.
Nil opus invidia eſt; procul abſit gloria vulgi:
Qui ſapit, in tacito gaudeat ille ſinu.

Sic

Although this Poem is uſually publiſhed at the End of the fourth Book, yet as ſome old Critics aſſert, that Tibullus wrote only three Books of Elegies, and as this Piece, in the Opinion of Broekhuſius, has all the Marks of Tibullian Legitimacy, the Tranſlator has taken the Liberty to place it here; not ſtrictly rendered, but more paraphraſtically, as, in his Opinion, better ſuited to the Genius of the alternate Stanza. What induced the Tranſlator to turn Paraphraſt with this Elegy, was, that though the Critics unanimouſly aſcribed it to Tibullus, yet did he think, that the Thoughts had not that Simplicity, which conſtitutes one of the characteriſtical Beauties of our Poet. And though Tibullus is mentioned in the Poem, no Argument can thence be drawn of its being the Work of our Poet,

THE SEVENTH ELEGY.

I.

TO you my Tongue eternal Fealty ſwore,
My Lips the Deed with conſcious Rapture own;
A fickle Libertine I rove no more,
You only pleaſe, and lovely ſeem alone.

II.

The numerous Beauties that gay Rome can boaſt,
With you compar'd, are Uglineſs at beſt;
On me their Bloom and practis'd Smiles are loſt,
Drive then, my Fair! Suſpicion from your Breaſt.

III.

Ah no! Suſpicion is the Teſt of Love:
I too dread Rivals, I'm ſuſpicious grown;
Your Charms the moſt inſenſate Heart muſt move;
Would you were beauteous in my Eyes alone!

IV.

I want not Man to envy my ſweet Fate,
I little care that others think me bleſt;
Of happy Conqueſts let the Coxcomb prate;
Vainglorious Vaunts the ſilent Wiſe deteſt.

V. Su-

Poet, as in After-times, thoſe who excelled in Elegy affected to ſtyle themſelves Tibullus: and it is known that Nero uſed to call the poet Nerva by that Appellation.

Sic ego ſecretis poſſim bene vivere ſilvis,
Qua nulla humano ſit via trita pede.
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra
Lumen, et in ſolis tu mihi turba locis.
Nunc licet e coelo mittatur amica Tibullo:
Mittetur fruſtra, deficietque Venus.
Haec tibi ſancta tuae Jononis numina juro,
Quae ſola ante alios eſt mihi magna Deos.

Quid

11. *Your Charms the moſt inſenſate Heart muſt move;*
Would you were charming in my Eyes alone!] This, exclaims the polite Dutch Commentator, is Ruſticity itſelf! For what more cruel, to a fine Woman, could he wiſh, than that ſhe ſhould pleaſe one Man only? And what do the Ladies aim at, in all their Finery and Variety of Dreſs, but to appear amiable even to thoſe whom they neither can, nor wiſh to love?

Delectant etiam caſtas præconia formæ.

And what Woman did you ever ſee, however vile and wretched, whoſe Face or Perſon you dared, in her own Preſence, to contemn with Impunity; or who thought herſelf ugly? Beauty they prefer to Life itſelf; and Death they view without Diſmay, if they carry their Charms along with them. Thus far Broekhuſius.

D'Urfey, who was the firſt, that gave the French an Idea of Paſtoral Romance, has copied this Thought of our Author; and, indeed, it better ſuited ſuch languid unnatural Compoſitions as the Aſtrea, than the ſerious Senſibility of the Elegiac Muſe.

12 — *in ſolis tu mihi turba locis.*] Cowley has imitated this; or rather, ſuch Conceits were in his Way.

How happy here, ſhould I
And one dear She, live, and embracing die;
She who is all the World, and can exclude
From Deſarts, Solitude.

I ſhould

V.

Supremely pleas'd with you, my heavenly Fair!
In any trackleſs Deſert I could dwell;
From our Receſs your Smiles would baniſh Care,
Your Eyes give Luſtre to the Midnight Cell.

VI.

For various Converſe I ſhould long no more,
The blythe, the moral, witty, and ſevere;
Its various Arts are her's, whom I adore;
She can depreſs, exalt, inſtruct, and cheer.

VII.

Should mighty Jove ſend down from Heaven a Maid,
With Venus' Ceſtus zon'd, my Faith to try,
(So, as I Truth declare, me Juno aid!)
For you I'd ſcorn the Charmer of the Sky.

VI. For

I ſhould have then this only Fear,
Leſt Men, when they my Pleaſure ſee,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And ſo make a City here.

How much more truly does Prior repreſent the Contentment which Lovers feel in one another's Company?

My Conqueror now, my lovely Abra held
My Freedom in her Chains; my Heart was fill'd
With her; with her alone, in her alone
It ſought its Peace and Joy; while ſhe was gone,
It ſigh'd and griev'd, impatient of her Stay;
Return'd, ſhe chas'd thoſe Sighs, that Grief, away;
Her Abſence made the Night, her Preſence made the Day.

Quid facio demens? heu heu mea pignora cedo.
Juravi ſtulte; proderit iſte timor.
Nunc tu fortis eris, nunc tu me audacius ures.
Hoc peperit miſero garrula lingua malum.
Jam faciam quodcumque voles: tuus uſque manebo,
Nec fugiam notae ſervitium dominae.
Sed Veneris ſancte confidam vinctus ad aras.
Haec notat injuſtos, ſupplicibuſque favet.

The Paſtoral Writers often aſcribe ſtill greater Force to the Charms of their Galateas and Phylliſes, perhaps very impertinently.

25. *Should mighty Jove*, &c.] Thus finely imitated by Croxal:

Were I invited to a Nectar Feaſt
In Heaven, and Venus nam'd me for her Gueſt;
Tho' Mercury the Meſſenger ſhould prove,
Or her own Son, the mighty God of Love;
At the ſame Inſtant let but honeſt Tom
From Sylvia's dear terreſtrial Lodging come,
With Look important ſay — "Deſires — at Three,
"Alone — your Company — to drink ſome Tea."
Tho' Tom were mortal, Mercury divine,
Tho' Sylvia gave me Water, Venus Wine;
Tho' Heaven was here, and Bow-ſtreet lay as far
As the vaſt diſtance of the utmoſt Star;
To Sylvia's arms with all my Strength I'd fly;
Let who would meet the Beauty of the Sky.

VIII.

But hold! you're mad to vow, unthinking Fool!
Her boundleſs Sway you're mad to let her know:
Safe from Alarms, ſhe'll treat you as a Tool —
Ah, babbling Tongue! from thee what Miſchiefs flow!

IX.

Yet let her uſe me with Neglect, Diſdain;
In all, ſubſervient to her Will I'll prove;
Whate'er I feel, her Slave I'll ſtill remain,
Who ſhrinks from Sorrow, cannot be in Love!

X.

Imperial Queen of Bliſs! with Fetters bound,
I'll ſit me down before your holy Fane;
You kindly heal the conſtant Lover's Wound,
Th'inconſtant torture with Increaſe of Pain.

THE
POEMS
OF
SULPICIA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SOME of the beſt modern Commentators contend, that the little Poems which compoſe this Fourth Book, are not the Work of Tibullus. Their chief Arguments are derived from the Language and Sentiment; in both which, it is ſaid, and with more Juſtice than is common on ſuch Occaſions, that they bear no Reſemblance to our Poet's Productions.

But if the following little Pieces are not the Compoſition of Tibullus, to whom ſhall we impute them? Shall we, with Caſpar Barthius, and Broekhuſius, aſcribe them to Sulpicia, the Wife of Calenus, who flouriſhed in the Reign of Domitian? This Opinion is by no means improbable, for we know from Martial and Sidonius Apolinaris, that Sulpicia was eminent in thoſe Days for her Poetry.

Omnes Sulpiciam legant puellæ,
Uni quæ cupiunt viro placere.
Omnes Sulpiciam legant mariti,
Uni qui cupiunt placere nuptæ.
Non hæc Colchidos adſerit furorem,
Diri prandia nec refert Thyeſtæ;

Scyllam, Byblida, nec fuiſſe credit:
Sed caſtos docet & pios amores,
Luſus, delicias, facetiaſque.
Cujus carmina qui bene æſtimarit,
Nullam dixerit eſſe nequiorem,
Nullam dixerit eſſe ſanctiorem.
Tales egregiæ jocos fuiſſe.
Udo crediderim Numæ ſub antro.
Hac condiſcipula, vel hac magiſtra
Eſſes doctior & pudica Sappho:
Sed tecum pariter ſimulque viſam
Durus Sulpiciam Phaon amaret.
Fruſtra: namque ea nec Tonantis uxor,
Nec Bacchi, nec Apollinis puella,
Erepto ſibi viveret Calæno. Mart. L. x. Ep. 35.

But to this Proof, it is objected by Vulpius, that as the following Pieces are of a Strain different from thoſe celebrated by Martial, ſo they could not be written by the Wife of Calenus, but are Tibullus's; and that the Sulpicia they praiſe, was the Daughter of Servius Sulpicius, the famous Lawyer, ſome of whoſe Epiſtles to Cicero are ſtill extant: For, ſhe who is called Sulpicia in this Book, adds he, certainly lived in the Reign of Auguſtus, as Horace himſelf mentions Cerinthus, and Meſſala is named in the eighth Poem. To this it may be anſwered, that it cannot be proved, that Sulpicia had never been in Love before ſhe married Calenus; or had never compoſed any other Poems, beſides thoſe of the conjugal kind,

kind, ſo much extolled by Martial? Nay, have we not her own Teſtimony, that ſhe wrote ſome thouſands of Pieces?

Cetera quin etiam, quot denique milia luſi!

And we know from ſome of Sulpicia's Lines, preſerved by the old Scholiaſt on Juvenal, that ſhe ſometimes wrote in a Manner the very reverſe of that which the Epigrammatiſt celebrates; and of courſe ſhe may ſtill be the Author of theſe Poems. Nor does it follow from Horace's having made mention of one Cerinthus (lib. i. ſat. 2. lin. 81.) who was fond of a rich Miſtreſs, that therefore this Miſtreſs was Sulpicia; unleſs it could be proved, that Cerinthus never loved any but Sulpicia; and that there never was a Perſon of the Name of Cerinthus, but in the Age of Auguſtus. Again, though Meſſala is mentioned in the eighth Poem of this Book, it cannot thence be inferred, that this was our Poet's Patron; unleſs it could be proved that the Name Meſſala (which is not true) expired with that illuſtrious Roman. Therefore the following Poems may ſtill be the offspring of Martial's Sulpicia.

But againſt this Opinion it is farther urged by Vulpius, that Quintilian (lib. i. cap. 11.) plainly alludes to,

Illam quidquid agit, quoquo veſtigia movet
Componit, furtim ſubſequiturque decor,

in the following Sentence: *Neque enim geſtum oratoris componi ad ſimilitudinem ſaltationis volo, ſed ſubeſſe aliquid ex hac exercitatione puerili, unde nos non id agentes,* furtim decor *ille diſcentibus traditus proſequatur.* But that eloquent Rhetorician, ſays Vulpius, would have been aſhamed to uſe the Words of a Woman, who was then alive; and therefore it is more probable, that he borrowed his Illuſtration from Tibullus, a Poet of an eſtabliſhed Reputation.

We cannot ſee any Reaſon, however, why Quintilian ſhould be more aſhamed to borrow from a cotemporary Poeteſs, if her Words ſuited his Purpoſe, than from a dead Poet, let his Character be ever ſo great. Nay, the great Rhetorician, we apprehend, would rather have choſen to have expreſſed himſelf in the Words of a Woman, who was honoured with the Epithet of Learned, which was Sulpicia's Caſe, than to have uſed the Language of Tibullus, or any other Perſon, when treating of a Subject (viz. Decency of Geſture) wherein the Fair Sex muſt be allowed to be the moſt competent Judges. But why might not Quintilian ſtumble upon *componit* and *furtim decor*, without having ever read this Poem? Can any Reaſon be aſſigned to the contrary? Or rather, did not his Subject naturally lead him to expreſs his Sentiments of Oratorial Geſture in theſe very Words?

Some Critics, however, whom the Tranſlator has conſulted, and who acknowlege the Futility of Vulpius's Arguments, are yet of Opinion, that the firſt, third, and fifth Poems of this Book cannot be of Sulpicia's

picia's writing, but muſt be the Work of Cerinthus, or ſome Poet; as Sulpicia, they ſay, could not, with any Grace, write the Encomium on her own Perſon; nor can the Poem on her Birth-day be, with any more Propriety, aſcribed to her; and it is evident, they think, that the fifth Poem is the Compoſition of a common Friend.

Nor, granting this, every Difficulty is not yet ſurmounted: the twelfth Poem, according to ſome others, cannot be Sulpicia's, for from the following Lines;

Nunc licet, e cælo, mittatur amica Tibullo;
Mittetur fruſtra, deficietque Venus.

it is, they aſſert, plainly the Compoſition of Tibullus. *Tibulli carmen arbitror* (ſays Broekhuſius) *ipſa dictione ita perſuadente & numeris ad Albianum characterem artificioſe conformatis*: adding, that it has certainly ſlipt out of its Place, and muſt belong to the third Book, as the old Critics inform us, that Tibullus wrote no more than three Books of Elegies.

Although we have ſo far admitted this Opinion, as to place that Poem at the End of the third Book, yet that our Poet certainly wrote more Elegies than we have of his at preſent, is obvious, both from his Works themſelves, and from Horace: nor can the Tranſlator help being of Opinion, that, however ſimilar the metrical Compoſition in the twelfth Poem may be to that of Tibullus, yet the Mode of Thinking is very different from his; and therefore, if Tibullus is the Author, he either in this Piece, imitated Ovid, or the Piece itſelf was written by ſomebody elſe, perhaps in the

Age

Age of Domitian, who was ſo fond of Tibullus, as to be willing to uſher his own Productions into the World under the Sanction of his Name.

But if the fourth Book was compoſed by Sulpicia, how comes it, objects Vulpius, to be found in all the ancient MSS. of Tibullus? To this it may be anſwered, that the old Librarians uſed commonly, in order to enhance the Price of their MSS. to join to an Author, who had not left many Works behind him, any Writer who compoſed in what they thought a ſimilar Taſte. By this Means, a Satire, which our Sulpicia certainly wrote, was long aſcribed by ſome to Juvenal, and by others to Auſonius, from having been found in the MS. Works of thoſe two Poets; till ſome Critics of more Underſtanding * proved to the Learned, neither Juvenal, nor Auſonius, but Martial's Sulpicia wrote it.

Such are the Arguments by which the Commentators ſupport their different Opinions. The Reader muſt determine for himſelf. But if the Tranſlator might be permitted to pronounce on the Subject, he would ſay, that if any Weight might be laid on Difference of Style, and eſpecially of Thought, the following Poems cannot be the Work of Tibullus: — but whether Martial's Sulpicia, or who elſe wrote them, is not in his Power to determine. But as Sulpicia is the only Perſon to whom the Critics attribute them, the Tranſlator, not knowing any one elſe, who can ſhew

* Scaliger, &c.

a pre-

a preferable Claim, has retained her Name in the Title Page.

Notwithſtanding, however, it cannot be abſolutely aſcertained (and how can Controverſies of this Sort be abſolutely aſcertained?) who was the Perſon to whoſe happy Talent we owe the following Poems; every Reader of Taſte will allow, that they abound with ſtriking Beauties; and that upon the whole, thoſe Critics do no great Injury to Tibullus, who ſtill aſcribe them to that Poet.

As Sulpicia and Cerinthus perfectly underſtood one another, we muſt not expect in their Poems thoſe Sallies and Tranſitions of Paſſion, that frantic and deſpondent Air, ſo obſervable in Tibullus: for theſe are the natural Emanations of a heated Fancy and a diſtracted Heart. But the Poems before us abound in what the Moderns denominate Gallant Flattery. Moſt of them ſhew the Poet and happy Lover. They give us little Anecdotes of their Paſſion, and make us regret we have not more.

SULPICIÆ

POEMATA.

POEMA PRIMUM.

SULPICIA eſt tibi culta tuis, Mars magne, kalendis,
Spectatum a coelo, ſi ſapis, ipſe veni.
Hoc Venus ignoſcet; at tu, violente, caveto,
Ne tibi miranti turpiter arma cadant.

Illius

4. *Even Cytherea will indulge the Sight.*] One of the Critics has obſerved upon this Paſſage, that Venus muſt either have had great Confidence in her own Charms; or have been little ſollicitous what became of her Paramour Mars, to indulge him in this Interview.

6. *Beware your Hands unnerv'd*, &c.] When Euryclea, in the Odyſſey (lib. xix.) diſcovers Ulyſſes (whom ſhe was bathing) by the Scar in his Leg, her joyful Surprize is finely imagined, by her being ready to faint, and her droping the Jar of Water. Nor leſs beautiful is the Surprize teſtified by Paris, when by Chance he beheld the fair Boſom of Helen:

Dum

SULPICIA's
POEMS.

POEM THE FIRST.

GREAT God of War! Sulpicia, lovely Maid,
To grace your Calends, is in Pomp array'd.
If Beauty warms you, quit th'ethereal Height,
E'en Cytherea will indulge the Sight:
But while you gaze o'er all her matchleſs Charms,
Beware your Hands ſhould meanly drop your Arms!

When

Dum ſtupeo viſis (nam pocula forte tenebam)
Tortilis e digitis excidit anſa meis.

Ep. Her. lin. 251.

Menage, in his Bird-catcher and Adonis, gives a no leſs fine Inſtance of Aſtoniſhment; but Milton has ſurpaſſed them all, in the Picture he has drawn of Adam's Conſternation and Horror, upon being told by Eve that ſhe had eat of the forbidden Fruit, which is a beautiful Contraſt to the Joy which ſhe ſhewed in narrating the Fact:

Thus Eve, with Count'nance blythe, her Story told,
But in her Cheek Diſtemper flushing glow'd.

On

Illius ex oculis, quum vult exurere Divos,
Accendit geminas lampidas acer Amor.

Illam

On th'other Side, Adam, ſoon as he heard
The fatal Treſpaſs done by Eve, amaz'd,
Aſtoned ſtood, and blank; while Horror dull
Ran thro' his Veins, and all his Joints relax'd;
From his ſlack Hand the Garland, wreath'd for Eve,
Down dropt, and all the faded Roſes ſhed:
Speechleſs he ſtood, and pale; till thus at length
Firſt to himſelf he inward Silence broke.

Book ix. l. 886.

What the Author of this Poem aſcribes to the Power of Beauty, Pindar aſcribes (perhaps no leſs truly) to the Force of Harmony.

Χρυσεα φορμιγξ Απολλωνος, &c. Pyth. Od. 1.

which the late Mr. Weſt has thus poetically rendered:

Hail, golden Lyre! whoſe heaven-invented String
To Phœbus and the black-hair'd Nine belongs,
Who in ſweet Chorus, round their tuneful King,
Mix with thy ſounding Chords their ſacred Songs.
The Dance, gay Queen of Pleaſure! thee attends;
Thy jocund Strains her liſtening Feet inſpire:
And each melodious Tongue its Voice ſuſpends,
Till thou, great Leader of the heavenly Choir!
With wanton Art preluding, giv'ſt the Sign —
Swells the full Concert then with Harmony divine.

DECADE II.

Then, of their ſtreaming Lightnings all diſarm'd,
The ſmouldering Thunder-bolts of Jove expire:
Then, by the Muſic of thy Numbers charm'd,
The Birds fierce Monarch drops his vengeful Ire;
Perch'd on the Sceptre of th'Olympian King,
The thrilling Darts of Harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid Wing,
While gentle Sleep his cloſing Eye-lid ſeals;

And

When Cupid would the Gods with Love ſurprize,
He lights his Torches at her radiant Eyes.

A ſecret

And o'er his heaving Limbs, in loſe Array,
To every balmy Gale, the ruffling Feathers play.

But what gave Riſe to this Quotation, follows Decade III.

Ev'n Mars, ſtern God of Violence and War,
Sooths with thy lulling Strains his furious Breaſt,
And, driving from his Heart each bloody Care,
His pointed Lance conſigns to peaceful Reſt.

Which Image, as well as that of the Eagle, are thus imitated by two excellent Poets of our own Days.

O! Sovereign of the willing Soul
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing Airs,
Enchanting Shell! the ſullen Cares
And frantic Paſſions hear thy ſoft Controul.
On Thracia's Hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the Fury of his Car,
And dropp'd his thirſty Lance at thy Command.
Perching on the ſcepter'd Hand
Of Jove, thy Magic lulls the feather'd King
With ruffled Plumes and flagging Wing;
Quench'd in dark Clouds of Slumber lie
The Terror of his Beak, and Lightning of his Eye.

Ode by Gray.

What follows, is from Dr. Akenſide's Hymn to the Naiads:

With Emulation all the ſounding Choir,
And bright Apollo, Leader of the Song,
Their Voices thro' the liquid Air exalt,
And ſweep their lofty Wings: thoſe awful Strings,
That charm the Mind of Gods; that fill the Courts
Of wide Olympus with Oblivion ſweet
Of Evils, with immortal Reſt from Cares;
Aſſuage the Terrors of the Throne of Jove;
And quench the formidable Thunderbolt

Of

Illam quidquid agit, quoquo veſtigia movit,
Componit furtim, ſubſequiturque Decor.
Seu ſolvit crines, fuſis decet eſſe capillis:
Seu comſit, comtis eſt veneranda comis.
Urit, ſeu Tyria voluit procedere palla:
Urit, ſeu nivea candida veſte venit.

Talis

Of unrelenting Fire, with ſlacken'd Wings,
While now the ſolemn Concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the Sceptre of his Lord
Sleeps the ſtern Eagle, by the number'd Notes
Poſſeſs'd, and ſatiate with the melting Tone;
Sovereign of Birds. The furious God of War,
His Darts forgetting, and the rapid Wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er th'embattled Plain,
Relents, and ſooths his own fierce Heart to Eaſe.
Dodſley's Collect. vol. vi.

While ſuch Imitations make it doubtful, to whom the Palm of Preference ſhould be given, all Complaints of Decay of poetical Genius among us, muſt be imputed, either to Ignorance or Malice.

8. *He lights his Torches*, &c.] Andreas Schottus makes our Authoreſs indebted to Euripides for this Thought; and yet what he quotes from that excellent tragic Poet, has little or no Reference to the Text. The Words are,

Ἔρως ἔρως, ὁ κατ' ὀμμάτων
Στάξεις πόθον, εἰσάγων γλυκεῖαν
Ψυχᾷ χάριν, ὡς ἐπιζήλωτον. Hippol. ver. 525.

Broekhuſius has collected moſt of the Paſſages from the antient and modern (Latin) Poets, where Love is either ſaid to lurk in the Eye, or baſk in the Cheek of a fine Woman, but gives juſtly the Preference to the Text. Thoughts of this Kind however, are now-a-days too threadbare even to pleaſe a Chambermaid.

9. *A ſecret Grace her every Act*, &c.] Cardinal Bembow and Count Caſtiglione have both imitated this Paſſage. The latter inſerted his Imitation in a Poem he addreſſed to his Wife Elizabeth Gonzaga, on her ſinging, and is as follows:

Quidquid

A ſecret Grace her every Act improves,
And pleaſing follows whereſoe'er ſhe moves:
If looſe her Hair upon her Boſom plays,
Unnumber'd Charms that Negligence betrays:
Or if 'tis plaited with a labour'd Care,
Alike the labour'd Plaits become the Fair.
Whether rich Tyrian Robes her Charms inveſt,
Or all in ſnowy White the Nymph is dreſt,
All, all ſhe graces, ſtill ſupremely fair,
Still charms Spectators with a fond Deſpair.

A thou-

Quidquid agit, certant pariter componere furtim
Et Decor & charitis, & pudor ingenuus.

Elizabeth had a fine Genius for Poetry.

13. *Or if 'tis plaited with a labour'd Care.*] *Comæ, ἀπὸ τῦ κοσμεῖν, dicuntur Capilli aliqua cura compoſiti; teſte Feſto.* And Servius adds, that *coma* belongs to Women's, as *cæſaries* does to Men's Hair: but this Diſtinction is too refined; Tibullus himſelf applies *coma* to the Hair of a Boy. Vide Book i. El. 10.

17. *All, all ſhe graces,* &c.] Lord Lanſdown has ſome Thoughts analogous to theſe of our Poteſs.

When Myra walks, ſo charming is her Mien,
In every Motion every Grace is ſeen.

And again,

With Charms ſo numerous Myra can ſurprize,
The Gazer knows not by what Darts he dies;
So thick the Volley, and the Wound ſo ſure,
No Flight can ſave, no Remedy can cure.

Ovid's Vertumnus is a Maſter-piece. See Metamorphoſis, lib. xiv.

21. *The*

Talis in aeterno felix Vertumnus Olympo,
Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.
Sola puellarum digna eſt, cui mollia caris
Vellera det fucis bis madefacta Tyros;
Poſſideatque, metit quidquid bene olentibus arvis
Cultor odoratae dives Arabs ſegetis;
Et quaſcumque niger rubro de litore conchas
Proximus Eois colligit Indus equis.
Hanc vos, Pierides, feſtis cantate kalendis,
Et teſtudinea Phoebe ſuperbe lyra.
Hoc ſolenne ſacrum multos celebretur in annos.
Dignior eſt veſtro nulla puella choro.

ELEGIA

21. *The richeſt Tints*, &c.] This and the Remainder of the Poem are alſo imitated by Caſtiglione; and tho, he hath well performed, yet Francius, who has alſo adopted the Sentiments of our Author, hath ſurpaſſed the Count in a Poem addreſſed to that great Scholar, but midling Poet, Monſ. Menage.

23. *To thee th'Arabian Huſbandman*, &c.] It was ſo commonly believed, in the Time of Auguſtus, that Arabia, beſides

A thouſand Dreſſes thus Vertumnus wears,
And beauteous equally in each appears.

The richeſt Tints and deepeſt Tyrian Hue,
To thee, O wonderous Maid! are ſolely due:
To thee th'Arabian Huſbandman ſhould bring
The ſpicy Produce of his eaſtern Spring:
Whatever Gems the ſwarthy Indians boaſt,
Their ſhelly Treaſures, and their golden Coaſt,
Alone thou merit'ſt! Come, ye tuneful Choir!
And come, bright Phœbus! with thy plauſive Lyre!
This ſolemn Feſtival harmonious praiſe,
No Theme ſo much deſerves harmonious Lays.

THE

ſides Spices, contained immenſe Quantities of Gold, that the Emperor marched thither a conſiderable Army, A. U. C. 729. which periſhed by Sickneſs. A like Fate attend every Army, which invades any Country on ſuch an Account.

POEMA SECUNDUM.

PARCE meo juveni, ſeu quis bona paſcua campi,
Seu colis umbroſi devia montis, aper.
Nec tibi ſit duros acuiſſe in praelia dentes.
Incolumem cuſtos hunc mihi ſervet Amor.
Sed procul abducit venanti Delia curas.
O pereant ſilvae, deficiantque canes.
Quis furor eſt, demens denſos indagine colles
Claudentem, teneras laedere velle manus?
Quidve juvat furtim latebras intrare ferarum?
Candidaque hamatis crura notare rubis?
Sed tamen, ut tecum liceat, Cerinthe, vagari,
Ipſa ego per montes retia torta feram.

Ipſa

3. ——— *my lov'd Cerinthus ſpare!*] The Cerinthus whom Horace mentions, was a beautiful Slave from Chalcis; and under this Name, applied only to the handſome, Sulpicia probably veiled her regard for ſome young Perſon of Faſhion.

4. *Know, Cupid! I conſign him,* &c.] Mr. Gay, in his fine Ballad, intitled William and Suſan, has the following pretty if not true Thought,

Love

THE SECOND POEM.

WHETHER, fierce churning Boars! in Meads ye ſtray,
Or haunt the ſhady Mountain's devious Way;
Whet not your Tuſks, my lov'd Cerinthus ſpare!
Know, Cupid! I conſign him to your Care.
What Madneſs 'tis, ſhagg'd tractleſs Wilds to beat,
And wound, with pointed Thorns, your tender Feet:
O! why to ſavage Beaſts your Charms oppoſe?
With Toils and Blood-hounds why their Haunts incloſe?
The Luſt of Game decoys you far away;
Ye Blood-hounds periſh, and ye Toils decay!

Yet, yet could I with lov'd Cerinthus rove
Thro' dreary Deſarts, and the thorny Grove:
The cumbrous Meſhes on my Shoulders bear,
And dare the Monſters with my barbed Spear:
Could
Love will ward off the Bullets as they fly,
Leſt precious Drops ſhould fall from Sufan's Eye.

11. *Yet, yet could I with lov'd Cerinthus rove.*] However diſagreeable Field-ſports were to the amiable Sulpicia, yet to

Ipſa ego velocis quaeram veſtigia cervae,
Et demam celeri ferrea vincla cani.
Tunc mihi, tunc placeant ſilvae; ſic, lux mea tecum
Arguar ante ipſas concubuiſſe plagas.
Tunc veniat licet ad caſſes, illaeſus abibit,
Ne Veneris cupidae gaudia turbet, aper.
Nunc ſine me ſit nulla Venus; ſed lege Dianae,
Caſte puer, caſta retia tende manu.
Et quaecumque meo furtim ſubrepet amori,
Incidat in ſaevas diripienda feras.
At tu venandi ſtudium concede parenti,
Et celer in noſtros ipſe recurre ſinus.

POEMA

have the Pleaſure of Cerinthus's Company, ſhe was willing to undergo all the Fatigues and Dangers of Boar-hunting. Such is the Nature of Love!

Had Guarini our Sulpicia in his Mind, when he made Dorinda thus addreſs Sylvio?

Te ſeguiro compagna
Del tuo fido, Melampo aſſai piu fida:
E quando ſarai ſtanco
T'auſcbiugerò la fronte:
E ſovra queſto fianco,
Che per ti mai non poſa, havrai ripoſo.

It is thus that Prior deſcribes the Diſguiſes which Henry aſſumed, in order to obtain the Affection of the beautiful Emma:

When Emma hunts, in Huntſman's Habit dreſt,
Henry on Foot purſues the bounding Beaſt;
In his right Hand his beachen Pole he bears,
And graceful at his Side his Horn he wears, &c.

Again,

Could track the bounding Stags thro' tainted Grounds,
Beat up their Cover, and unchain the Hounds:
But moſt to ſpread our artful Toils I'd joy,
For while we watch'd them, I could claſp the Boy!
Then, as entranc'd in amorous Bliſs we lay,
Mix'd Soul with Soul, and melted all away!
Snar'd in our Nets, the Boar might ſafe retire,
And owe his Safety to our mutual Fire.
O! without me ne'er taſte the Joys of Love,
But a chaſte Hunter in my Abſence prove.
And O! may Boars the wanton Fair deſtroy,
Who would Cerinthus to their Arms decoy!
Yet, yet I dread!—Be Sports your Father's Care;
But you, all Paſſion! to my Arms repair!

THE

Again,

A Falc'ner Henry is, when Emma hawks;
With her of Tarſels and of Lures he talks;
Upon his Wriſt the towering Merlin ſtands,
Practis'd to run, and ſtoop, at her Commands, &c.

Again,

A Shepherd now along the plain he roves,
And with his jolly Pipe delights the Groves:
The neighbouring Swains around the Stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his Song, &c.

And laſtly,

A frantic Gypſy, now, the Houſe he haunts,
And in wild Phraſes ſpeaks diſſembled Wants:
With the fond Maids in Palmeſtry he deals;
They tell the Secret firſt, which he reveals, &c.

POEMA TERTIUM.

HUC ades, et tenerae morbos expelle puellae:
Huc ades intonſa Phoebe ſuperbe coma.
Crede mihi, propera, nec te jam Phoebe pigebit,
Formoſae medicas adplicuiſſe manus.
Effice, ne macies tabentes occupet artus,
Neu notet informis pallida membra color.
Et quodcumque mali eſt, et quidquid triſte timemus,
In pelagus rapidis devehat amnis aquis.
Sancte veni, tecumque feras quicumque ſopores,
Quicumque et cantus corpora feſſa levant.
Neu

1. *Come, Phœbus, &c.*] Would not a long Enumeration of the Epithets of Apollo have been extremely improper here? and does not his immediate Call for Aſſiſtance ſhew the Greatneſs of the Writer's Concern?

When Laura was at the Point of Death, how very coldly does Petrarch place her next to Jupiter, inſtead of breaking forth into paſſionate Exclamations? and how poorly conſolitary is his Viſion? Prim. Part. Canzon. 12, 13, 14, &c.

9. *Or real Ills, or whate'er Ills we fear.*] Hence Apollo, from the Greeks, had the Appellation of Θεὸς ἀλεξικακος, *(deus malorum depulſor)*, beſtowed on him; as the Latins called him *Averruncus*.

10. *To Ocean's fartheſt Verge, &c.*] All Expiations and *purga-*

menta

THE THIRD POEM.

COME, Phœbus! with your looſely-floating Hair,
O ſooth her Torture, and reſtore the Fair!
Come, quickly come! we ſupplicant implore,
Such Charms your happy Skill ne'er ſav'd before!
Let not her Frame, conſumptive pine away,
Her Eyes grow languid, and her Bloom decay;
Propitious come! and with you bring along
Each pain-ſubduing Herb, and ſoothing Song;
Or real Ills, or whate'er Ills we fear,
To Ocean's fartheſt Verge let Torrents bear.
O! rack

menta were, by the Ancients, performed either on the Brink of a River, or on the Sea-ſhore: this Practice continued long after the Introduction of Chriſtianity, for we are informed by Petrarch, that he ſaw the Women of Cologne, with Garlands on their Heads, waſh their Arms in the Rhine, while they muttered ſome foreign Charm. The Poet, wondering both at the Crowd and the Action, enquired the Reaſon, and was told, that it was a very ancient Rite, the common People believing that all the Calamities of the enſuing Year were prevented by the ſolemn Ablution of that Day. Vide lib. i. Ep. 4.

Neu juvenem torque, metuit qui fata puellae,
Votaque pro domina vix numeranda facit.
Interdum vovet: interdum, quod langueat illa,
Dicit in aeternos aſpera verba Deos.
Pone metum, Cerinthe: Deus non laedit amantes:
Tu modo ſemper ama: ſalva puella tibi eſt.
At nunc tota tua eſt; te ſola candida ſecum
Cogitat, et fruſtra credula turba ſedet.
Nil opus eſt fletu; lacrimis erit aptius uti,
Si quando fuerit triſtior illa tibi.
Phoebe fave; laus magna tibi tribuetur, in uno
Corpore ſervato reſtituiſſe Duos.
Jam celeber, jam laetus eris, quum debita reddet
Certatim ſanctis lotus uterque focis.
Tunc te felicem dicent pia turba Deorum:
Optabunt artes et ſibi quiſque tuas.

ELEGIA

Petrarch flouriſhed in the fourteenth Century, and was no leſs eminent for his Latin (inſomuch that he obtained the Appellation of the Reſtorer of that Language), than for his Italian Compoſitions. In Propriety, Exactneſs, Elegance, and Melody he ſurpaſſed all his poetic Predeceſſors; and ſo much was he eſteemed, that a Man, for having ſhot, out of Wantonneſs, at his Statue in Padua, and broke its Noſe, was hanged by the Venetians. Vindelino Spira publiſhed the firſt Edition of his *Rime*, at Venice, A.D. 1470.

18. *And*

O! rack no more, with harſh, unkind Delays,
The Youth, who ceaſeleſs for her Safety prays;
'Twixt Love and Rage his tortur'd Soul is torn;
And now he prays, now treats the Gods with Scorn.

Take Heart, fond Youth! you have not vainly pray'd,
Still perſevere to love th'inchanting Maid:
Sulpicia is your own! for you ſhe ſighs,
And ſlights all other Conqueſts of her Eyes:
Dry then your Tears; your Tears would fitly flow
Did ſhe on others her Eſteem beſtow.

O come! what Honour will be yours, to ſave
At once two Lovers from the doleful Grave?
Then both will emulous exalt your Skill;
With grateful Tablets, both your Temples fill;
Both heap with ſpicy Gums your ſacred Fire;
Both ſing your Praiſes to th'harmonious Lyre:
Your Brother-Gods will prize your healing Powers,
Lament their Attributes, and envy yours.

THE

18. *And ſlights all other Conqueſts of her Eyes.*] Some Editions read *ſedula*; and indeed the Epithet is more conſonant to the Interpretation which Broukhuſius and the Tranſlator have given of the Paſſage. Vulpius explains the *credula turba* to be thoſe, who, either about Sulpicia's Bed, or in the Temples of the Gods, put up Petitions for her Recovery.

27. *Your Brother-Gods*, &c.] This is an elegant Compliment on the Profeſſors of Medicine.

POEMA QUARTUM.

ESTNE tibi, Cerinthe, tuae pia cura puellae,
Dum mea nunc vexat corpora feſſa calor?
Ah ego non aliter triſtes evincere morbos
Optarim, quam te ſi quoque velle putem.
Nam mihi quid proſit morbos evincere, ubi tu
Noſtra potes lento pectore ferre mala?

POEMA QUINTUM.

QUI mihi te, Cerinthe, dies dedit, hic mihi ſanctus,
Atque inter feſtos ſemper habendus erit.
Te naſcente novum Parcae cecinere puellis
Servitium, et dederunt regna ſuperba tibi.
Uror ego ante alias: juvat hoc, Cerinthe, quod uror,
Si tibi de nobis mutuus ignis adeſt,
Mutuus adſit amor; per te dulciſſima furta,
Perque tuos oculos, per Geniumque rogo.

Magne

THE
FOURTH POEM.

ON my Account, to Grief a ceaſeleſs Prey,
Doſt thou a ſympathetic Anguiſh prove?
I would not wiſh to live another Day,
If my Recovery did not charm my Love:
For what were Life, and Health, and Bloom to me,
Were they diſpleaſing, beauteous Youth! to thee.

THE
FIFTH POEM.

WITH Feaſts I'll ever grace the ſacred Morn,
When my Cerinthus, lovely Youth! was born.
At Birth, to you th'unerring Siſters ſung
Unbounded Empire o'er the Gay and Young:
But I, chief I! (if you my Love repay,)
With Rapture own your ever-pleaſing Sway.
This I conjure you, by your charming Eyes,
Where Love's ſoft God in wanton Ambuſh lies!

Magne Geni, cape tura libens, votiſque faveto:
Si modo, quum de me cogitat ille, calet.
Quod ſi forte alios jam nunc ſuſpirat amores;
Tu, precor, infidos, ſancte, relinque focos.
Nec tu ſis injuſta Venus; vel ſerviat aeque
Vinctus uterque tibi, vel mea vincla leva.
Sed potius valida teneamur uterque catena,
Nulla queat poſthac nos ſoluiſſe dies.
Optat idem juvenis, quod nos: ſed tectius optat.
Nam pudet haec illum dicere verba palam.
At tu, Natalis, quoniam Deus omnia ſentis,
Adnue; quid refert clamne, palamne roget?

POEMA

19. *In ſecret my Cerinthus begs the ſame.*] In this manner he prayed, leſt any of the Auditors ſhould envy him, ſay the Commentators; or leſt a faſcinating Tongue *(lingua faſcinatrix)* ſhould prevent the Completion of his Prayers. None, add they, choſe in an audible Voice to lay open their real Wants to the Gods, leſt the Byſtanders ſhould over-hear them; and therefore all thoſe, who deſired of the Gods, what was extravagant, or what was immodeſt, or in ſhort what they did not chuſe to own, either muttered their Vows, or whiſpered them in the Ear of their Deity. And thus the Ancients, as Seneca expreſſes it, told that to God,

This by your Genius, and the Joys we ſtole,
Whoſe ſweet Remembrance ſtill enchants my Soul!

Great natal Genius! grant my Heart's Deſire,
So ſhall I heap with coſtly Gums your Fire!
Whenever Fancy paints me to the Boy,
Let his Breaſt pant with an impatient Joy:
But if the Libertine for others ſigh
(Which Love forbid!) O Love! your Aid deny.
Nor, Love! be partial, let us both confeſs
The pleaſing Pain, or make my Paſſion leſs.
But O! much rather 'tis my Soul's Deſire,
That both may feel an equal, endleſs Fire.

In ſecret my Cerinthus begs the ſame,
But the Youth bluſhes to confeſs his Flame:
Aſſent, thou God! to whom his Heart is known,
Whether he public aſk, or ſecret own.

THE

God, which they were aſhamed a Mortal ſhould be made privy to. *Quanta dementia eſt hominum? turpiſſima vota Diis inſuſurrant: ſi quis admoverit aurem, conticeſcent; & quod ſcire hominem nolunt, Deo narrant.* Ep. 10. See this Impiety ſeverely treated by Perſius, in his ſecond Satire.

POEMA SEXTUM.

NATALIS Juno, ſanctos cape turis honores,
Quos tibi dat tenera docta puella manu.
Tota tibi eſt hodie; tibi ſe laetiſſima comſit,
Staret ut ante tuos conſpicienda focos.
Illa quidem ornandi cauſſas tibi, Diva, relegat:
Eſt tamen, occulte cui placuiſſe velit.
At tu, ſancte, fave, ne nox divellat amantes:
Sed juveni, quaeſo, mutua vincla para.
Sed bene compones; ulli non ille puellae
Servire, aut cuiquam dignior illa viro.

Nec

2. *The Incenſe offer'd by the learned Fair.*] Sulpicia had a good Title to that Epithet; for in the following Line, ſhe ſaid no more of her poetical Endowments, than ſhe modeſtly might,

Primaque Romanas docui contendere Graiis.

That the Romans ſhould have produced not one Poeteſs before Sulpicia, to put them more upon a Level with the Greeks, is Matter of no ſmall Aſtoniſhment; ſince, as Cato obſerved, the Romans governed the World, but the Women governed the Romans. How many fair Poeteſſes has this Iſland produced? and in particular, how many does Britain at preſent boaſt of, whoſe Writings, both in Proſe and Verſe, may be compared, much to their Advantage, with all the female Productions of Antiquity?

Beſides

THE SIXTH POEM.

ACCEPT, O natal Queen! with placent Air,
The Incenſe offer'd by the learned Fair.
She's rob'd in cheerful Pomp, O Power divine!
She's rob'd to decorate your Matron-ſhrine;
Such her Pretence; but well her Lover knows
Whence her gay Look, and whence her Finery flows.

Thou, who doſt o'er the nuptial Bed preſide,
O! let not envious Night their Joys divide,
But make the Bridegroom amorous as the Bride!
So ſhall they tally, matchleſs lovely Pair!
A Youth all Tranſport, and a melting Fair!

Then

Beſides Sulpicia, the Poets mention Perilla and Theophila. Perilla lived in the Auguſtan Age, and is praiſed by Ovid, Triſt. lib. iii. El. 7. The other was a Cotemporary of Martial's, who celebrates her, Lib. 7. Ep. 68. Their Works, if ever they publiſhed any, are now loſt. But we have a Virgilian Canto on the Life of our Saviour, written in the Reign of Theodoſius and Honorius, by Proba Falconia. This Poeteſs, who was married to a Perſon of proconſular Dignity, is accuſed by ſome of having betrayed Rome into the Hands of Alaric the Goth; but Cæſar Baronius has fully cleared her from that diſloyal Imputation.

Juvenal,

Nec poſſit cupidos vigilax deprendere cuſtos,
Fallendique vias mille miniſtret Amor.
Adnue, purpureaque veni pellucida palla.
Ter tibi ſit libo, ter, Dea caſta, mero.
Praecipit en natae mater ſtudioſa, quid optet,
Illa aliud tacita clam ſibi mente rogat.
Uritur, ut celeres urunt altaria flammae;
Nec, liceat quamvis, ſana fuiſſe velit.
Sic juveni gratis, veniet quum proximus annus,
Hic idem votis jam vetus adſit Amor.

POEMA

Juvenal, Boileau, and others, have expreſſed, in their Writings a vaſt Averſion to learned Women; and indeed were all of the Sex, who have Learning, to be ſuch as they repreſent them, the Tranſlator would heartily join with the Satiriſts: but how can he do it, whilſt he has the Honour to know ſome Ladies, who poſſeſs as great a Fund of Erudition, as moſt Men are enriched with, and who, nevertheleſs, are intirely free from all thoſe diſagreeable Concomitants, with which thoſe Poets have loaded their learned Women? In ſhort, when we conſider in what Manner the Welfare of Society depends upon the Fair Sex, we cannot but own, that their Underſtandings ought to be cultivated with much Aſſiduity: a fine Woman, with a good Heart, and an improved Head, is the loveliеſt Object in the Creation.

9. *So ſhall they tally*, &c.] The Word *componere*, in the Original, is a Metaphor taken from Gladiators, who were then ſaid *componi*, when they fought together, and were well matched. VULPIUS.

13. ——— *in purple Pomp appear.*] That is, in a Palla of Purple; which not only Apollo and his Votaries, with Oſiris, wore, but in which alſo Bacchus, Mercury, Pallas, Night, the Furies, Diſcord, and even Rivers were habited. *Adeo ſemper* (ſays Macrobius) *ita ſe & ſciri & coli numina maluerunt, qualiter in vulgus antiquitas fabulata eſt; quæ & imagines*

Then let no Spies their ſecret Haunts explore;
Teach them thy Wiles, O Love! and guard the Door.
Aſſent, chaſte Queen! in purple Pomp appear;
Thrice Wine is pour'd, and Cakes await you, here.
Her Mother tells her for what Boon to pray;
Her Heart denies it, tho' her Lips obey.
She burns, that Altar as the Flames devour;
She burns, and ſlights the Safety in her Power.
So may the Boy, whoſe Chains you proudly wear,
Thro' Youth the ſoft indulgent Anguiſh bear;
And when old Age has chill'd his every Vein,
The dear Remembrance may he ſtill retain!

THE

gines & ſimulacra formarum talium prorſus alienis, & ætates tam incrementi quam diminutionis ignaris, & amictus ornatuſque varios corpus non habentibus adſignavit. BROEKH.

16. *Her Heart denies it, tho' her Lips obey.*] Vulpius retains the old Reading,

jam ſua mente rogat,

and explains it, as if Sulpicia were now *ſui juris & arbitrii*, of Age and fit to make Vows for herſelf; but had that ingenious Commentator attended to the Words *clam & tacita* in the ſame Line, he would have ſeen that the true Reading was that which is retained in the Text.

17. *She burns, that Altar as the Flames, &c.*] Menage obſerves of the Original of this Paſſage, that an active ſhould not follow a paſſive Verb; and therefore contends that the *urunt* ſhould be *uruntur*: and yet we know that the contrary Practice is warranted by ſome of the pureſt Writers of the Auguſtan Age; and, if the Tranſlator is not miſtaken, that learned Grammarian himſelf has, in his Latin Poems, fallen into the mode of Expreſſion, which he here condemns in Sulpicia.

POEMA SEPTIMUM.

INVISUS natalis adeſt, qui rure moleſto,
Et ſine Cerintho triſtis agendus erit.
Dulcius urbe quid eſt? an villa ſit apta puellae,
Atque Eretino frigidus annus agro?
Jam nimium, Meſſala, mei ſtudioſe quieſcas,
Non tempeſtivae ſaepe propinque viae.
Hic animum, ſenſuſque meos abducta relinquo:
Arbitrii quoniam non ſinis eſſe mei.

POEMA

2. *When to your cold, cold Villa I muſt go.*] The Villa, mentioned in the Original, is Eretum, now Monte Ritondo. It was ſituated upon a high Hill, not far from the Banks of the Tiber, and was therefore cool, even in the Midſt of Summer. Cluverius places it at the Diſtance of fourteen Miles from Rome; but Holſtenius, in his Annot. Geogr. on the Authority of Antoninus's Itinerary, and Ferrarius removes it four Miles farther off.

THE SEVENTH POEM.

I.

AT laſt the natal odious Morn draws nigh,
When to your cold, cold Villa I muſt go;
There, far, too far from my Cerinthus Sigh:
Oh why, Meſſala! will you plague me ſo?

II.

Let ſtudious Mortals prize the ſylvan Scene;
And ancient Maidens hide them in the Shade;
Green Trees perpetually give me the Spleen;
For Crowds, for Joy, for Rome, Sulpicia's made!

III.

Your too officious Kindneſs gives me Pain.
How fall the Hail-ſtones! hark! how howls the Wind!
Then know, to grace your Birth-day ſhould I deign,
My Soul, my All, I leave at Rome behind.

THE

POEMA OCTAVUM.

SCIS iter ex animo ſublatum triſte puellae;
Natali Romae jam ſinis eſſe tuo.
Omnibus ille dies nobis natalis agatur,
Qui necopinanti nunc tibi forte venit.

POEMA NONUM.

GRATUM eſt, ſecurus multum quod jam tibi de me
Promittis, ſubito ne male inepta cadam.
Si tibi cura toga eſt potior, preſſumque quaſillo
Scortum, quam Servi filia Sulpicia:

Solliciti

1. *That I deſcended,* &c.] From the Original, the Commentators conclude, that Sulpicia was the Daughter of that famous Servius Sulpicius, who died at Modena, whilſt he was engaged in an Embaſſy to Antony, which he had undertaken at the Requeſt of the Conſuls Hirtius and Panſa, and of the Senate: but then they ſeem to forget that Servius was a Prænomen common to all the Males of the Sulpician Family, and therefore not diſtinguiſhingly characteriſtic of any of them. Thoſe who ſuppoſe that Tibullus wrote theſe Poems, and believe he was born in 710, make him a Poet before his Birth; for, ſays Broekhuſius, Sulpicia

THE
EIGHTH POEM.

AT laſt the Fair's determin'd not to go:
My Lord! you know the Whimſies of the Sex.
Then let us gay carouze, let Odours flow;
Your Mind no longer with her Abſence vex:
For oh! conſider, Time inceſſant flies;
But every Day's a Birth-day to the Wiſe!

THE
NINTH POEM.

THAT I, deſcended of Patrician Race,
With Charms of Fortune, and with Charms of Face,
Am ſo indifferent grown to you of late,
So little car'd for, now excites no Hate.
Rare Taſte, and worthy of a Poet's Brain,
To prey on Garbage, and a Slave adore!
In ſuch to find out Charms, a Bard muſt feign
Beyond what Fiction ever feign'd of Yore.

Her

cia ſpeaks of her Parents as if both were alive. Although the Tranſlator is perſuaded that the Pieces in this Book are

Solliciti ſunt pro nobis, quibus illa dolori eſt,
Ne cedam ignoto, maxima cura, toro.

are not Tibullus's, yet he can ſee nothing in the Poem to ſupport this Aſſertion. Sure Sulpicia might call herſelf the Daughter of Servius Sulpicius, notwithſtanding her Father's Death;

POEMA DECIMUM.

NE tibi ſim, mea lux, aeque jam fervida cura,
Ac videor paucos ante fuiſſe dies;
Si quidquam tota commiſi ſtulta juventa,
Cujus me fatear poenituiſſe magis,
Heſterna quam te ſolum quod nocte reliqui,
Ardorem cupiens diſſimulare meum.

POEMA

Her Friends may think Sulpicia is diſgrac'd;
No! no! ſhe honours your tranſcendent Taſte.

Death; and the two laſt Lines of the Original may be applied to her neareſt Relations or Guardians, with as much Propriety as to her Parents.

THE TENTH POEM.

IF from the Bottom of my love-ſick Heart,
Of laſt Night's Coyneſs I do not repent,
May I no more your tender Anguiſh hear,
No longer ſee you ſhed th'impaſſion'd Tear.
You graſp'd my Knees, and yet to let you part —
O Night more happy with Cerinthus ſpent!
My Flame with Coyneſs to conceal I thought,
But this Concealment was too dearly bought.

THE

POEMA UNDECIMUM.

RUMOR ait, crebro noſtram peccare puellam.
Nunc ego me ſurdis auribus eſſe velim.
Crimina non haec ſunt jacta ſine noſtro dolore.
Quid ſurdum torques? rumor acerbe tace!

POEMA DUODECIMUM.

TANDEM venit Amor, qualem texiſſe pudore,
Quam nudaſſe alicui, ſit mihi fama minor.
Exorata meis illum Cytherea camoenis
Attulit, in noſtrum depoſuitque ſinum.
Exſolvit promiſſa Venus; mea gaudia narret,
Dicetur ſi quis non habuiſſe ſuam.
Non ego ſignatis quidquam madare tabellis,
Ne legat id nemo, quam meus ante, velim:
Sic peccaſſe juvat; vultus componere famae
Taedet; cum digno digna fuiſſe ferar.

FINIS.

THE
ELEVENTH POEM.

FAME ſays, my Miſtreſs loves another Swain;
Would I were deaf, when Fame repeats the Wrong!
All Crimes to her imputed, give me Pain,
Not change my Love: Fame, ſtop your ſawcy Tongue!

THE
TWELFTH POEM.

LET other Maids, whoſe Eyes leſs proſperous prove,
Publiſh my Weakneſs, and condemn my Love.
Exult, my Heart! at laſt the Queen of Joy,
Won by the Muſic of her Votary's Strain,
Leads to the Couch of Bliſs herſelf the Boy;
And bids Enjoyment thrill in every Vein:
Laſt Night entranc'd in Extacy we lay,
And chid the quick, too quick Return of Day!
But ſtop, my Hand! beware what looſe you ſcrawl,
Leſt into curious Hands the Billet fall.
No—the Remembrance charms!—begone, Grimace!
Matrons! be yours Formality of Face.
Know, with a Youth of Worth, the Night I ſpent,
And cannot, cannot, for my Soul repent!

THE END.